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MODELS *and* VALUES

A Course of Reading for Students

Chosen by

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&
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PREFACE

MODELS AND VALUES, as its name implies, is a book of models arranged in a progressive order for student practice, and of significant recent discussions designed to exemplify the mental temper and prevailing point of view in our day.

The book of models has doubtless come to stay, but fifteen years in which it has been the chief reliance of composition courses indicates that it is no panacea. It has possibly stimulated ideas; it has not produced literacy. The weakness of the model-method has perhaps been that it cherished ideas, so-called, at the expense of the art of writing. For while there has been much talk of reading as an incentive to writing, little has been heard of writing as a means of developing an appreciation of the art of letters. Yet that students should know good writing when they see it — and prefer it — is only less important than ability to use language skilfully. Believing that the course in composition should be more frankly concerned with literary values than it now appears to be, the editors have included copious materials in literary criticism, and ordered the models according to an elementary classification which it seems advisable to follow in student practice.

First, come the simplest kinds of narrative — autobiography, which is easiest to write, and historical episode, in which the plot does not have to be invented. As a logical introduction to these, a variety of separate incidents, concise portraits, and isolated states of mind are included as providing the basis of all narration. Secondly, from narrative of fact to character, knowledge of which lies at the bottom of all literature as of all life, transition is easy. Young folk find character an attractive field of exercise and constantly surprise their elders by the shrewdness of their observation, if not by the power of their analysis. It is attempted, in the third place, to supply the rough materials for a basis of criticism, es-

pecially of the kind of reading which undergraduates are likely to meet and be interested in at present. Finally, a group of formal studies suggests the experimental and tentative way in which the contemporary mind is disposed to regard the world and to deal with some of the age-old questions.

Inasmuch as the book of models has so long held its position, elaborate suggestions for the use of this one would be impertinence. Still a recommendation and a disclaimer may perhaps be tolerated. It is recommended, on the strength of considerable experience, that practice proceed in the order of the selections — from particular to general, from concrete to abstract, from simple narrative and description to exposition. It will not be supposed that there is any intention here of proposing to freshmen and sophomores the task of writing like Mr. Santayana or Mr. Dickinson; but these authors do suggest a hundred matters from which the undergraduate can profit by examining his mind and setting down results. Moreover, serious writing affords excellent opportunities for summary. The art of restating just what an accomplished writer has argued or expounded is humble but exacting; for precision there is no better practice. It provides proof of comprehension, which is the first condition of any intelligent criticism. Summaries and expressions of opinion on the particulars of Lord Bryce or Professor Murray are perhaps as good for the brain as the old familiar themes on Making Chocolate Layer Cake or Selling Aluminum Ware.

In the controversial section two principles have been considered. That which is merely clever and noisy has been dismissed. In a world that is revaluating most of its fundamental ideas, sobriety and thoughtfulness seem in the end best. But from the very uncertainty in which we must needs live, it little behooves the wisest to be dogmatic or oracular. Here are neither oracles nor dogmatists. The editors would call especial attention, however, to the contrasted opinions, among others those on literature, national character, education, and religion. The object is to supply both criticism of some of the dubious commonplaces by which we are prone to live and materials which are helpful in the formation of personal opinions on a modern basis. In the bewildering increase of knowledge, liberal training in the future — if it survives — will more and more aim to provide not mere information, but aids to a

point of view from which the student can intelligently regard and take part in the transitional age into which it has been his fortune to be born. The writers levied upon in *Models and Values* seem eminently fitted, in their various domains, to contribute to that result.

W. C. P.
W. G. C.
F. R. B.

May, 1928.

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H. G. WELLS

KIPPS RENOUNCES SOCIAL AMBITION[1]

KIPPS endured splendour at the Royal Grand Hotel for three nights and days, and then he retreated in disorder. The Royal Grand defeated and overcame and routed Kipps not of intention, but by sheer royal grandeur, grandeur combined with an organization for his comfort carried to excess. On his return he came upon a difficulty, he had lost his circular piece of cardboard with the number of his room, and he drifted about the hall and passages in a state of perplexity for some time, until he thought all the porters and officials in gold lace caps must be watching him, and jesting to one another about him. Finally, in a quiet corner down below near the hairdresser's shop, he found a kindly-looking personage in bottle green, to whom he broached his difficulty. "I say," he said, with a pleasant smile, "I can't find my room nohow." The personage in bottle green, instead of laughing in a nasty way, as he might well have done, became extremely helpful, showed Kipps what to do, got his key, and conducted him by lift and passage to his chamber. Kipps tipped him half a crown.

Safe in his room, Kipps pulled himself together for dinner. He had learnt enough from young Walshingham to bring his dress clothes, and now he began to assume them. Unfortunately in the excitement of his flight from his Aunt and Uncle he had forgotten to put in his other boots, and he was some time deciding between his purple cloth slippers with a golden marigold and the prospect of cleaning the boots he was wearing with a towel, but finally, being a little footsore, he took the slippers.

Afterwards, when he saw the porters and waiters and the other guests catch sight of the slippers, he was sorry he had not chosen

[1] From *Kipps: The Story of a Simple Soul.* Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission.

the boots. However, to make up for any want of style at that end, he had his crush hat under his arm.

He found the dining-room without excessive trouble. It was a vast and splendidly decorated place, and a number of people, evidently quite *au fait*, were dining there at little tables lit with electric red-shaded candles, gentlemen in evening dress, and ladies with dazzling astonishing necks. Kipps had never seen evening dress in full vigour before, and he doubted his eyes. And there were also people not in evening dress, who no doubt wondered what noble family Kipps represented. There was a band in a decorated recess, and the band looked collectively at the purple slippers, and so lost any chance they may have had of a donation so far as Kipps was concerned. The chief drawback to this magnificent place was the excessive space of floor that had to be crossed before you got your purple slippers hidden under a table.

He selected a little table — not the one where a rather impudent-looking waiter held a chair, but another — sat down, and, finding his gibus in his hand, decided after a moment of thought to rise slightly and sit on it. (It was discovered in his abandoned chair at a late hour by a supper-party and restored to him next day.)

He put the napkin carefully on one side, selected his soup without difficulty, "Clear please," but he was rather floored by the presentation of a quite splendidly bound wine-card. He turned it over, discovered a section devoted to whisky, and had a bright idea.

"'Ere," he said to the waiter, with an encouraging movement of the head; and then in a confidential manner, "You 'aven't any Old Methuselah Three Stars, 'ave you?"

The waiter went away to inquire, and Kipps went on with his soup with an enhanced self-respect. Finally, Old Methuselah being unattainable, he ordered a claret from about the middle of the list. "Let's 'ave some of this," he said. He knew claret was a good sort of wine.

"A half bottle?" said the waiter.

"Right you are," said Kipps.

He felt he was getting on. He leant back after his soup, a man of the world, and then slowly brought his eyes round to the ladies in evening dress on his right. . . .

He couldn't have thought it!

They were scorchers. Jest a bit of black velvet over the shoulders!

He looked again. One of them was laughing with a glass of wine half raised — wicked-looking woman she was; the other, the black velvet one, was eating bits of bread with nervous quickness and talking fast.

He wished old Buggins could see them.

He found a waiter regarding him and blushed deeply. He did not look again for some time, and became confused about his knife and fork over the fish. Presently he remarked a lady in pink to the left of him eating the fish with an entirely different implement.

It was over the *vol au vent* that he began to go to pieces. He took a knife to it; then saw the lady in pink was using a fork only, and hastily put down his knife, with a considerable amount of rich creaminess on the blade, upon the cloth. Then he found that a fork in his inexperienced hand was an instrument of chase rather than capture. His ears became violently red, and then he looked up to discover the lady in pink glancing at him, and then smiling, as she spoke to the man beside her.

He hated the lady in pink very much.

He stabbed a large piece of the *vol au vent* at last, and was too glad of his luck not to make a mouthful of it. But it was an extensive fragment, and pieces escaped him. Shirt-front! "Desh it!" he said, and had resort to his spoon. His waiter went and spoke to two other waiters, no doubt jeering at him. He became very fierce suddenly. "'Ere!" he said, gesticulating; and then, "Clear this away!"

The entire dinner-party on his right, the party of the ladies in advanced evening dress, looked at him. . . . He felt that every one was watching him and making fun of him, and the injustice of this angered him. After all, they had had every advantage he hadn't. And then, when they got him there doing his best, what must they do but glance and sneer and nudge one another. He tried to catch them at it, and then took refuge in a second glass of wine.

Suddenly and extraordinarily he found himself a Socialist. He did not care how close it was to the lean years when all these things would end.

Mutton came with peas. He arrested the hand of the waiter.

"No peas," he said. He knew something of the danger and difficulty of eating peas. Then, when the peas went away, he was embittered again. . . . Echoes of Masterman's burning rhetoric began to reverberate in his mind. Nice lot of people these were to laugh at any one! Women half undressed — It was that made him so beastly uncomfortable. How could one eat one's dinner with people about him like that? Nice lot they were. He was glad he wasn't one of them anyhow. Yes, they might look. He resolved, if they looked at him again, he would ask one of the men who he was staring at. His perturbed and angry face would have concerned any one. The band, by an unfortunate accident, was playing truculent military music. The mental change Kipps underwent was, in its way, what psychologists call a conversion. In a few moments all Kipps' ideals were changed. He who had been "practically a gentleman," the sedulous pupil of Coote, the punctilious raiser of hats, was instantly a rebel, an outcast, the hater of everything "stuck up," the foe of Society and the social order of to-day. Here they were among the profits of their robbery, these people who might do anything with the world. . . .

"No, thenks," he said to a dish.

He addressed a scornful eye at the shoulders of the lady to his left.

Presently he was refusing another dish. He didn't like it — fussed-up food! Probably cooked by some foreigner. He finished up his wine and his bread. . . .

"No, thenks."

"No, thenks. . . ."

He discovered the eye of a diner fixed curiously upon his flushed face. He responded with a glare. Couldn't he go without things if he liked?

"What's this? " said Kipps, to a great green cone.

"Ice," said the waiter.

"I'll 'ave some," said Kipps.

He seized fork and spoon and assailed the bombe. It cut rather stiffly. "Come up! " said Kipps, with concentrated bitterness, and the truncated summit of the bombe flew off suddenly, travelling eastward with remarkable velocity. Flop, it went upon the floor a yard away, and for a while time seemed empty.

At the adjacent table they were laughing altogether.

Shy the rest of the bombe at them?

Flight?

At any rate, a dignified withdrawal.

"No!" said Kipps, "no more," arresting the polite attempt of the waiter to serve him with another piece. He had a vague idea he might carry off the affair as though he meant the ice to go on the floor — not liking ice, for example, and being annoyed at the badness of his dinner. He put both hands on the table, thrust back his chair, disengaged a purple slipper from his napkin, and rose. He stepped carefully over the prostrate ice, kicked the napkin under the table, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and marched out — shaking the dust of the place as it were from his feet. He left behind him a melting fragment of ice upon the floor, his gibus hat, warm and compressed in his chair, and, in addition, every social ambition he had ever entertained in the world.

THOMAS HARDY

A COURTSHIP IN WESSEX[1]

BATHSHEBA'S aunt was indoors. "Will you tell Miss Everdene that somebody would be glad to speak to her?" said Mr. Oak. (Calling one's self merely Somebody, without giving a name, is not to be taken as an example of the ill-breeding of the rural world: it springs from a refined sense of modesty, of which townspeople, with their cards and announcements, have no notion whatever.)

Bathsheba was out. The voice had evidently been hers.

"Will you come in, Mr. Oak?"

"Oh, thank ye," said Gabriel, following her to the fireplace. "I've brought a lamb for Miss Everdene. I thought she might like one to rear; girls do."

"She might," said Mrs. Hurst, musingly; "though she's only a visitor here. If you will wait a minute, Bathsheba will be in."

[1] From *Far from the Madding Crowd.* Harper & Brothers. Reprinted by permission.

"Yes, I will wait," said Gabriel, sitting down. "The lamb isn't really the business I came about, Mrs. Hurst. In short, I was going to ask her if she'd like to be married."

"And were you indeed?"

"Yes. Because if she would, I should be very glad to marry her. D'ye know if she's got any other young man hanging about her at all?"

"Let me think," said Mrs. Hurst, poking the fire superfluously. . . . "Yes — bless you, ever so many young men. You see, Farmer Oak, she's so good-looking, and an excellent scholar besides — she was going to be a governess once, you know, only she was too wild. Not that her young men ever come here — but, Lord, in the nature of women, she must have a dozen!"

"That's unfortunate," said Farmer Oak, contemplating a crack in the stone floor with sorrow. "I'm only an every-day sort of man, and my only chance was in being the first comer. . . . Well, there's no use in my waiting, for that was all I came about: so I'll take myself off home-along, Mrs. Hurst."

When Gabriel had gone about two hundred yards along the down, he heard a "hoi-hoi!" uttered behind him, in a piping note of more treble quality than that in which the exclamation usually embodies itself when shouted across a field. He looked round, and saw a girl racing after him, waving a white handkerchief.

Oak stood still — and the runner drew nearer. It was Bathsheba Everdene. Gabriel's color deepened: hers was already deep, not, as it appeared, from emotion, but from running.

"Farmer Oak — I —" she said, pausing for want of breath, pulling up in front of him with a slanted face, and putting her hand to her side.

"I have just called to see you," said Gabriel, pending her further speech.

"Yes — I know that," she said, panting like a robin, her face red and moist from her exertions, like a peony petal before the sun dries off the dew. "I didn't know you had come to ask to have me, or I should have come in from the garden instantly. I ran after you to say — that my aunt made a mistake in sending you away from courting me —"

Gabriel expanded. "I'm sorry to have made you run so fast,

my dear," he said, with a grateful sense of favors to come. "Wait a bit till you've found your breath."

"— It was quite a mistake — aunt's telling you I had a young man already," Bathsheba went on. "I haven't a sweetheart at all — and I never had one, and I thought that, as times go with women, it was *such* a pity to send you away thinking I had several."

"Really and truly I am glad to hear that!" said Farmer Oak, smiling one of his long special smiles, and blushing with gladness. He held out his hand to take hers, which, when she had eased her side by pressing it there, was prettily extended upon her bosom to still her loud-beating heart. Directly he seized it she put it behind her, so that it slipped through his fingers like an eel.

"I have a nice snug little farm," said Gabriel, with half a degree less assurance than when he had seized her hand.

"Yes; you have."

"A man has advanced me money to begin with, but still, it will soon be paid off, and though I am only an every-day sort of man, I have got on a little since I was a boy." Gabriel uttered "a little" in a tone to show her that it was the complacent form of "a great deal." He continued: "When we be married, I am quite sure I can work twice as hard as I do now."

He went forward and stretched out his arm again. Bathsheba had overtaken him at a point beside which stood a low stunted holly bush, now laden with red berries. Seeing his advance take the form of an attitude threatening a possible enclosure, if not compression, of her person, she edged off round the bush.

"Why, Farmer Oak," she said, over the top, looking at him with rounded eyes, "I never said I was going to marry you."

"Well — this *is* a tale!" said Oak, with dismay. "To run after anybody like this, and then say you don't want me!"

"What I meant to tell you was only this," she said eagerly, and yet half conscious of the absurdity of the position she had made for herself — "that nobody has got me yet as a sweetheart, instead of my having a dozen, as my aunt said; I *hate* to be thought men's property in that way, though possibly I shall be had some day. Why, if I'd wanted you I shouldn't have run after you like this; 'twould have been the *forwardest* thing! But there was no harm in hurrying to correct a piece of false news that had been told you."

"Oh no — no harm at all." But there is such a thing as being too generous in expressing a judgment impulsively, and Oak added with a more appreciative sense of all the circumstances — "Well, I'm not quite certain it was no harm."

"Indeed, I hadn't time to think before starting whether I wanted to marry or not, for you'd have been gone over the hill."

"Come," said Gabriel, freshening again; "think a minute or two. I'll wait a while, Miss Everdene. Will you marry me? Do, Bathsheba. I love you far more than common!"

"I'll try to think," she observed, rather more timorously; "if I can think out of doors; but my mind spreads away so."

"But you can give a guess."

"Then give me time." Bathsheba looked thoughtfully into the distance, away from the direction in which Gabriel stood.

"I can make you happy," said he to the back of her head, across the bush. "You shall have a piano in a year or two — farmers' wives are getting to have pianos now — and I'll practise up the flute right well to play with you in the evenings."

"Yes; I should like that."

"And have one of those little ten-pound gigs for market — and nice flowers, and birds — cocks and hens I mean, because they be useful," continued Gabriel, feeling balanced between poetry and prose.

"I should like it very much."

"And a frame for cucumbers — like a gentleman and lady."

"Yes."

"And when the wedding was over, we'd have it put in the newspaper list of marriages."

"Dearly I should like that!"

"And the babies in the births — every man jack of 'em! And at home by the fire, whenever you look up, there I shall be — and whenever I look up, there will be you."

"Wait, wait, and don't be improper!"

His countenance fell, and she was silent awhile. He regarded the red berries between them over and over again, to such an extent, that holly seemed in his after life to be a cypher signifying a proposal of marriage. Bathsheba decisively turned to him.

"No; 'tis no use," she said. "I don't want to marry you."

"Try."

"I have tried hard all the time I've been thinking; for a marriage would be very nice in one sense. People would talk about me, and think I had won my battle, and I should feel triumphant, and all that. But a husband — "

"Well! "

"Why, he'd always be there, as you say; whenever I looked up, there he'd be."

"Of course, he would — I, that is."

"Well, what I mean is that I shouldn't mind being a bride at a wedding, if I could be one without having a husband. But since a woman can't show off in that way by herself, I shan't marry — at least yet."

"That's a terrible wooden story."

At this criticism of her statement Bathsheba made an addition to her dignity by a slight sweep away from him.

"Upon my heart and soul, I don't know what a maid can say stupider than that," said Oak. "But dearest," he continued in a palliative voice, "don't be like it! " Oak sighed a deep honest sigh — none the less so in that, being like the sigh of a pine plantation, it was rather noticeable as a disturbance of the atmosphere. "Why won't you have me? " he said appealingly, creeping round the holly to reach her side.

"I cannot," she said, retreating.

"But why? " he persisted, standing still at last in despair of ever reaching her, and facing over the bush.

"Because I don't love you."

"Yes, but — "

She contracted a yawn to an inoffensive smallness, so that it was hardly ill-mannered at all. "I don't love you," she said.

"But I love you — and, as for yourself, I am content to be liked."

"Oh, Mr. Oak — that's very fine! You'd get to despise me."

"Never," said Mr. Oak, so earnestly that he seemed to be coming, by the force of his words, straight through the bush and into her arms. "I shall do one thing in this life — one thing certain — that is, love you, and long for you, and *keep wanting you* till I die."

His voice had a genuine pathos now, and his large brown hands perceptibly trembled.

"It seems dreadfully wrong not to have you when you feel so much!" she said with a little distress, and looking hopelessly around for some means of escape from her moral dilemma. "How I wish I hadn't run after you!" However, she seemed to have a short cut for getting back to cheerfulness, and set her face to signify archness. "It wouldn't do, Mr. Oak. I want somebody to tame me; I am too independent; and you would never be able to, I know."

Oak cast his eyes down the field in a way implying that it was useless to attempt argument.

"Mr. Oak," she said, with a luminous distinctness and common sense, "you are better off than I. I have hardly a penny in the world — I am staying with my aunt for my bare sustenance. I am better educated than you — and I don't love you a bit: that's my side of the case. Now yours: you are a farmer just beginning, and you ought in common prudence, if you marry at all (which you should certainly not think of doing at present) to marry a woman with money, who would stock a larger farm for you than you have now."

Gabriel looked at her with a little surprise and much admiration.

"That's the very thing I had been thinking myself!" he naïvely said.

Farmer Oak had one-and-a-half Christian characteristics too many to succeed with Bathsheba: his humility, and superfluous moiety of honesty. Bathsheba was decidedly disconcerted.

"Well, then, why did you come and disturb me?" she said, almost angrily, if not quite, an enlarging red spot rising in each cheek.

"I can't do what I think would be — would be —"

"Right?"

"No: wise."

"You have made an admission *now*, Mr. Oak," she exclaimed, with even more hauteur, and rocking her head disdainfully. "After that, do you think I could marry you? Not if I know it."

He broke in passionately: "But don't mistake me like that! Because I am open enough to own what every man in my shoes would have thought of, you make your colors come up your face, and get crabbed with me. That about your not being good enough for me is nonsense. You speak like a lady — all the parish notice it, and

your uncle at Weatherbury is, I have heerd, a large farmer — much larger than ever I shall be. May I call in the evening, or will you walk along with me o' Sundays? I don't want you to make up your mind at once, if you'd rather not."

"No — no — I cannot. Don't press me any more — don't. I don't love you — so 'twould be ridiculous," she said, with a laugh.

No man likes to see his emotions the sport of a merry-go-round of skittishness. "Very well," said Oak, firmly, with the bearing of one who was going to give his days and nights to Ecclesiastes for ever. "Then I'll ask you no more."

MARK TWAIN

A LESSON IN PILOTING[1]

I HAD become a good steersman; so good, indeed, that I had all the work to do on our watch, night and day. Mr. Bixby seldom made a suggestion to me; all he ever did was to take the wheel on particularly bad nights or in particularly bad crossings, land the boat when she needed to be landed, play gentleman of leisure nine-tenths of the watch, and collect the wages. The lower river was about bank-full, and if any body had questioned my ability to run any crossing between Cairo and New Orleans without help or instruction, I should have felt irreparably hurt. The idea of being afraid of any crossing in the lot, in the *daytime*, was a thing too preposterous for contemplation. Well, one matchless summer's day I was bowling down the bend above Island 66, brimful of self-conceit and carrying my nose as high as a giraffe's, when Mr. Bixby said:

"I am going below a while. I suppose you know the next crossing?"

This was almost an affront. It was about the plainest and simplest crossing in the whole river. One couldn't come to any harm, whether

[1] From *Life on the Mississippi*. Harper & Brothers. Reprinted by permission.

he ran it right or not; and as for depth, there never had been any bottom there. I knew all this, perfectly well.

"Know how to *run* it? Why, I can run it with my eyes shut."

"How much water is there in it?"

"Well, that is an odd question. I couldn't get bottom there with a church steeple."

"You think so, do you?"

The very tone of the question shook my confidence. That was what Mr. Bixby was expecting. He left, without saying any thing more. I began to imagine all sorts of things. Mr. Bixby, unknown to me, of course, sent somebody down to the forecastle with some mysterious instructions to the leadsmen, another messenger was sent to whisper among the officers, and then Mr. Bixby went into hiding behind a smoke-stack where he could observe results. Presently the captain stepped out on the hurricane deck; next the chief mate appeared; then a clerk. Every moment or two a straggler was added to my audience; and before I got to the head of the island I had fifteen or twenty people assembled down there under my nose. I began to wonder what the trouble was. As I started across, the captain glanced aloft at me and said, with a sham uneasiness in his voice:

"Where is Mr. Bixby?"

"Gone below, sir."

But that did the business for me. My imagination began to construct dangers out of nothing, and they multiplied faster than I could keep the run of them. All at once I imagined I saw shoal water ahead! The wave of coward agony that surged through me then came near dislocating every joint in me. All my confidence in that crossing vanished. I seized the bell-rope; dropped it, ashamed; seized it again; dropped it once more; clutched it tremblingly once again, and pulled it so feebly that I could hardly hear the stroke myself. Captain and mate sang out instantly, and both together:

"Starboard lead there! and quick about it!"

This was another shock. I began to climb the wheel like a squirrel; but I would hardly get the boat started to port before I would see new dangers on that side, and away I would spin to the other; only to find perils accumulating to starboard, and be crazy to get to port again. Then came the leadsman's sepulchral cry:

"D-e-e-p four!"

Deep four in a bottomless crossing! The terror of it took my breath away.

"M-a-r-k three! M-a-r-k three! Quarter-less-three! Half twain!"

This was frightful! I seized the bell-ropes and stopped the engines.

"Quarter twain! Quarter twain! *Mark* twain!"

I was helpless. I did not know what in the world to do. I was quaking from head to foot, and I could have hung my hat on my eyes, they stuck out so far.

"Quarter-*less*-twain! Nine-and-a-*half!*"

We were *drawing* nine! My hands were in a nerveless flutter. I could not ring a bell intelligibly with them. I flew to the speaking-tube and shouted to the engineer:

"Oh, Ben, if you love me, *back* her! Quick, Ben! Oh, back the immortal *soul* out of her!"

I heard the door close gently. I looked around, and there stood Mr. Bixby, smiling a bland, sweet smile. Then the audience on the hurricane deck sent up a thundergust of humiliating laughter. I saw it all, now, and I felt meaner than the meanest man in human history. I laid in the lead, set the boat in her marks, came ahead on the engines, and said:

"It was a fine trick to play on an orphan, *wasn't* it? I suppose I'll never hear the last of how I was ass enough to heave the lead at the head of 66."

"Well, no, you won't, maybe. In fact I hope you won't; for I want you to learn something by that experience. Didn't you *know* there was no bottom in that crossing?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Very well, then. You shouldn't have allowed me or any body else to shake your confidence in that knowledge. Try to remember that. And another thing: when you get into a dangerous place, don't turn coward. That isn't going to help matters any."

It was a good enough lesson, but pretty hardly learned. Yet about the hardest part of it was that for months I so often had to hear a phrase which I had conceived a particular distaste for. It was, "Oh, Ben, if you love me, back her!"

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

A FALSE ACCUSATION[1]

I WAS always on the eve of being dismissed, and yet was always striving to show how good a public servant I could become, if only a chance were given me. But the chance went the wrong way. On one occasion, in the performance of my duty, I had to put a private letter containing bank-notes on the secretary's table, which letter I had duly opened, as it was not marked Private. The letter was seen by the colonel, but had not been moved by him when he left the room. On his return it was gone. In the meantime I had returned to the room again, in the performance of some duty. When the letter was missed I was sent for, and there I found the colonel much moved about this letter, and a certain chief clerk, who, with a long face, was making suggestions as to the probable fate of the money. "The letter has been taken," said the colonel, turning to me angrily, "and, by G—! there has been nobody in the room but you and I." As he spoke, he thundered his fist down upon the table. "Then," said I, "by G—! you have taken it," and I also thundered my fist down — but, accidentally, not upon the table. There was there a standing movable desk, at which, I presume, it was the colonel's habit to write, and on this movable desk was a large bottleful of ink. My fist unfortunately came on the desk, and the ink at once flew up, covering the colonel's face and shirt-front. Then it was a sight to see that senior clerk, as he seized a quire of blotting-paper, and rushed to the aid of his superior officer, striving to mop up the ink; and a sight also to see the colonel, in his agony, hit right out through the blotting paper at that senior clerk's unoffending stomach. At that moment there came in the colonel's private secretary, with the letter and the money, and I was desired to go back to my own room.

[1] From *The Autobiography of Anthony Trollope.*

ALEXANDER SMITH

A HANGING [1]

I GOT a glimpse of the doomed, blanched faces which had haunted me so long, at the turn of the road, where, for the first time, the black crossbeam with its empty halters first became visible to them. Both turned and regarded it with a long, steady look; that done, they again bent their heads attentively to the words of the clergyman. I suppose in that long, eager, fascinated gaze they practically *died* — that for them death had no additional bitterness. When the mound was reached on which the scaffold stood, there was immense confusion. Around it a wide space was kept clear by the military; the cannon were placed in position; out flashed the swords of the dragoons; beneath and around on every side was the crowd. Between two brass helmets I could see the scaffold clearly enough, and when in a little while the men, bareheaded and with their attendants, appeared upon it, the surging crowd became stiffened with fear and awe. And now it was that the incident so simple, so natural, so much in the ordinary course of things, and yet so frightful in its tragic suggestions, took place. Be it remembered that the season was early May, that the day was fine, that the wheat-fields were clothing themselves in the green of the young crop, and that around the scaffold, standing on a sunny mound, a wide space was kept clear. When the men appeared beneath the beam, each under his proper halter, there was a dead silence — every one was gazing too intently to whisper to his neighbor even. Just then, out of the grassy space at the foot of the scaffold, in the dead silence audible to all, a lark rose from the side of its nest, and went singing upward in its happy flight. O heaven! how did that song translate itself into dying ears? Did it bring in one wild burning moment father, and mother, and poor Irish cabin, and prayers said at bedtime, and the smell of turf-fires, and innocent sweethearting, and rising and setting suns? Did it — but the dragoon's horse has be-

[1] From *A Lark's Flight.*

come restive, and his brass helmet bobs up and down and blots everything; and there is a sharp sound, and I feel the great crowd heave and swing, and hear it torn by a sharp shiver of pity, and the men whom I saw so near but a moment ago are at immeasurable distance, and have solved the great enigma — and the lark has not yet finished his flight: you can see and hear him yonder in the fringe of a white May cloud.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

UNWRITTEN LAW[1]

SOME days after leaving Memphis, I arrived at a small town, where I was surprised to see an unusual amount of bustle, the surrounding country for miles having sent in all its able-bodied men. Every man was armed with a gun, and they stood in small groups talking outside the various stores. It seemed as though there had been rumours of an invasion, and that these men were organising to defend their homes and country, but I had not the least idea of what had really happened. The small groups now began to join together into larger ones, and the larger groups joined until they became one large body of men. This one body then shouldered guns and moved quickly along the main street, the men's faces being drawn and pale. I followed on, perhaps the one unarmed man among them, curious to know the meaning of it all. They came at last to a halt, and, to see the reason for this, I stepped across the way, and saw that they had halted before a large building, which, by its barred windows, I had no difficulty in recognising as the jail. One man had curled around his shoulders a long rope, and this man with two others knocked loudly with the butt ends of their guns on the prison door. Almost in an instant the door was flung wide open, and the sheriff stood in the open way to know their wants. The men must have demanded the prison keys, for I saw the sheriff at once produce them, which he handed to these men without the least show of

[1] From *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp.*

resistance. This man with the rope and several others then entered the jail, and the silent crowd without cast their eyes in that direction. Up to the present time I had not heard a distinct voice, nothing but the buzz of low whispering. But suddenly from the jail's interior there came a loud shriek and a voice crying for mercy. Men now appeared in the open doorway, dragging after them a negro at the end of a rope. This unfortunate wretch was possessed of a terror that is seldom seen in a human being. He fell on his knees to pray, but was jerked to his feet ere he could murmur the first words, O Lord. He staggered to and fro and sideways, at the same time howling and jabbering, foaming at the mouth, and showing the horrible white of his eyes. I can well understand a man screaming, trembling and crying for mercy, when actually enduring bodily pain, but that one should show such a terror at the thought of it, filled me more with disgust than pity. That this prisoner should have been so brutal and unfeeling in inflicting pain on another, and should now show so much cowardice in anticipation of receiving punishment inadequate to his offence, dried in me the milk of human kindness, and banished my first thoughts, which had been to escape this horrible scene without witnessing its end. For it was now I remembered reading of this man's offence, and it was of the most brutal kind, being much like the work of a wild beast. They now marched him from the jail, their strong arms supporting his terror-stricken limbs, but no man reviled him with his tongue, and I saw no cowardly hand strike him. Soon they came to a group of trees on the outskirts of the town, and, choosing the largest of these, they threw the rope's end over its strongest branch, the prisoner at the same time crying for mercy, and trying to throw his body full on the ground. When this was done a dozen hands caught the rope's end, made one quick jerk, and the prisoner's body was struggling in the air. Then all these men shouldered their guns, fired one volley, and in a second the body was hanging lifeless with a hundred shots. In five minutes after this, nothing but the corpse remained to tell what had occurred, the men having quietly scattered towards their homes.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

THE FIGHT

I HAD got a good stand; a bustle, a buzz, ran through the crowd; and from the opposite side entered Neate, between his second and bottle-holder. He rolled along, swathed in his loose greatcoat, his knock-knees bending under his huge bulk; and, with a modest, cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring. He then just looked round, and begun quietly to undress; when from the other side there was a similar rush and an opening made, and the Gasman came forward with a conscious air of anticipated triumph, too much like the cock-of-the-walk. He strutted about more than became a hero, sucked oranges with a supercilious air, and threw away the skin with a toss of his head and went up and looked at Neate, which was an act of supererogation. The only sensible thing he did was, as he strode away from the modern Ajax, to fling out his arms, as if he wanted to try whether they would do their work that day. By this time they had stripped, and presented a strong contrast in appearance. If Neate was like Ajax, "with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear" the pugilistic reputation of all Bristol, Hickman might be compared to Diomed, light, vigorous, elastic, and his back glistened in the sun, as he moved about, like a panther's hide. There was now a dead pause — attention was awe-struck. Who at that moment, big with a great event, did not draw his breath short — did not feel his heart throb? All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gasman won. They were led up to the *scratch* — shook hands, and went at it.

In the first round every one thought it was all over. After making play a short time, the Gasman flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds, three first, and then following him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a mighty ruin. There was a shout, and I said, "There is no standing this." Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gasman's blows played with the rapidity

of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in that right hand of his and directed it against an unarmed body. They met again, and Neate seemed, not cowed, but particularly cautious. I saw his teeth clenched together and his brows knit close against the sun. He held out both his arms at full length straight before him, like two sledge hammers, and raised his left an inch or two higher. The Gasman could not get over this guard — they struck mutually and fell, but without advantage on either side. It was the same in the next round; but the balance of power was thus restored — the fate of the battle was suspended. No one could tell how it would end. This was the only moment in which opinion was divided; for, in the next, the Gasman aiming a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eyebrow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face. The Gasman went down and there was another shout — a roar of triumph as the waves of fortune rolled tumultuously from side to side. This was a settler. Hickman got up, and "grinned horrible a ghastly smile," yet he was evidently dashed in his opinion of himself; it was the first time he had ever been so punished; all one side of his face was perfect scarlet, and his right eye was closed in dingy blackness, as he advanced to the fight, less confident, but still determined. After one or two rounds, not receiving another such remembrancer, he rallied and went at it with his former impetuosity. But in vain. His strength had been weakened — his blows could not tell at such a distance — he was obliged to fling himself at his adversary, and could not strike from his feet; and almost as regularly as he flew at him with his right hand, Neate warded the blow, or drew back out of its reach, and felled him with the return of his left. There was little cautious sparring — no half-hits — no tapping and trifling, none of the *petit-maîtreship* of the art — they were almost all knock-down blows: — the fight was a good stand-up fight. The wonder was the half-minute time. If there had been a minute or more allowed between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution; but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned,

senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies; and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand ready to inflict or receive mortal offence, and rush upon each other "like two clouds over the Caspian" — this is the most astonishing thing of all: — this is the high and heroic state of man! From this time forward the event became more certain every round; and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me; but in the scuffle, he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a minute or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's *Inferno*. Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do; and it was not till the Gasman was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over.

CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT

THE END[1]

(Captain Scott's expedition reached the South Pole on January 18, 1912, only to find that they had been anticipated about forty days by Amundsen. Five men comprised the party that made the last dash — Captain R. F. Scott, Dr. E. A. Wilson, Lieutenant H. R. Bowers, Lieutenant L. E. G. Oates, and Edgar Evans. Grievously

[1] From *Scott's Last Expedition,* arranged by Leonard Huxley. Copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

disappointed at the loss of priority, they turned northward toward their starting point, Ross Island, eight hundred miles distant across the antarctic ice. The natural severity of the journey was fatally aggravated by numerous blizzards, unseasonably low temperatures, and bad surface, which slowed their progress, undermined their strength, and interfered with the provisioning from various depots left along the way. On February 17th Evans, severely frost-bitten and injured by bad falls, collapsed and died. Two weeks later Lieutenant Oates was evidently at the end of his tether. By that time the remaining members of the party understood that the chance of getting through was small. Relief was awaiting them at the camp, only a dozen miles away, toward which they were struggling, when a four-day blizzard again arrested their progress. These entries from Captain Scott's Journal recount the last stages of their fight against hunger and storm.)

THURSDAY, MARCH 8. — Lunch. Worse in morning; poor Oates' left foot can never last out, and time over foot gear something awful. Have to wait in night foot gear for nearly an hour before I start changing, and then am generally first to be ready. Wilson's feet giving trouble now, but this mainly because he gives so much help to others. We did 4½ miles this morning and are now 8½ miles from the depot — a ridiculously small distance to feel in difficulties, yet on this surface we know we cannot equal half our old marches, and that for that effort we expend nearly double the energy. The great question is, What shall we find at the depot? If the dogs have visited it, we may get along a good distance; but if there is another short allowance of fuel, God help us indeed. We are in a very bad way, I fear, in any case.

Saturday, March 10. — Things steadily downhill. Oates' foot worse. He has rare pluck and must know that he can never get through. He asked Wilson if he had a chance this morning, and of course Bill had to say he didn't know. In point of fact he has none. Apart from him, if he went under now, I doubt whether we could get through. With great care we might have a dog's chance, but no more. The weather conditions are awful, and our gear gets steadily more icy and difficult to manage. At the same time, of course, poor Titus is the greatest handicap. He keeps us waiting in the morning until we have partly lost the warming effect of our good breakfast, when the only wise policy is to be up and away at once; again at

lunch. Poor chap! It is too pathetic to watch him; one cannot but try to cheer him up.

Yesterday we marched up to the depot, Mt. Hooper. Cold comfort. Shortage on our allowance all round. I don't know that any one is to blame. The dogs which would have been our salvation have evidently failed. Meares had a bad trip home, I suppose.

This morning it was calm when we breakfasted, but the wind came from W. N. W. as we broke camp. It rapidly grew in strength. After travelling for half an hour, I saw that none of us could go on facing such conditions. We were forced to camp and are spending the rest of the day in a comfortless blizzard camp, wind quite foul. (R. 52.)

Sunday, March 11. — Titus Oates is very near the end, one feels. What we or he will do, God only knows. We discussed the matter after breakfast; he is a brave fine fellow and understands the situation, but he practically asked for advice. Nothing could be said but to urge him to march as long as he could. One satisfactory result of the discussion; I practically ordered Wilson to hand over the means of ending our troubles to us, so that any one of us may know how to do so. Wilson had no choice between doing so and our ransacking the medicine case. We have 30 opium tabloids apiece, and he is left with a tube of morphine. So far the tragical side of our story. (R. 53.)

The sky completely overcast when we started this morning. We could see nothing, lost the tracks, and doubtless have been swaying a good deal since — 3.1 miles for the forenoon — terribly heavy dragging — expected it. Know that 6 miles is about the limit of our endurance now, if we get no help from wind or surfaces. We have 7 days' food, and should be about 55 miles from One Ton Camp tonight, $6 \times 7 = 42$, leaving us 13 miles short of our distance, even if things get no worse. Meanwhile the season rapidly advances.

Monday, March 12. — We did 6.9 miles yesterday, under our necessary average. Things are left much the same, Oates not pulling much, and now with hands as well as feet pretty well useless. We did 4 miles this morning in 4 hours and 20 minutes — we may hope

for 3 this afternoon, $7 \times 6 = 42$. We shall be 47 miles from the depot. I doubt if we can possibly do it. The surface remains awful, the cold intense, and our physical condition running down. God help us! Not a breath of favorable wind for more than a week, and apparently liable to head winds at any moment.

Wednesday, March 14. — No doubt about the going downhill, but everything going wrong for us. Yesterday we woke to a strong northerly wind with temp. —37°. Couldn't face it, so remained in camp (R. 54.) till 2, then did 5¼ miles. Wanted to march later, but party feeling the cold badly as the breeze (N.) never took off entirely, and as the sun sank the temp. fell. Long time getting supper in dark (R. 55.)

This morning started with southerly breeze, set sail and passed another cairn at good speed; half-way, however, the wind shifted to W. by S. or W. S. W., blew through our wind clothes and into our mits. Poor Wilson horribly cold, could not get off ski for some time. Bowers and I practically made camp, and when we got into the tent at last we were all deadly cold. Then temp. now midday down —43° and the wind strong. We must go on, but now the making of every camp must be more difficult and dangerous. It must be near the end, but a pretty merciful end. Poor Oates got it again in the foot. I shudder to think what it will be like tomorrow. It is only with greatest pains rest of us keep off frostbites. No idea there could be temperatures like this at this time of year with such winds. Truly awful outside the tent. Must fight it out to the last biscuit, but can't reduce rations.

Friday, March 16 or Saturday 17. — Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch the day before yesterday poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come. Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in

which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not — would not — give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning — yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him till two hours after his death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can only write at lunch and then only occasionally. The cold is intense, —40° at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frostbites, and though we constantly talk of fetching through I don't think any of us believes it in his heart.

We are cold on the march now, and at all times except meals. Yesterday we had to lay up for a blizzard and today we moved dreadfully slowly. We are at No. 14 pony camp, only two pony marches from One Ton Depot. We leave here our theodolite, a camera, and Oates' sleeping-bags. . . .

Sunday, March 18. — Today, lunch, we are 21 miles from the depot. Ill fortune presses, but better may come. We have had more wind and drift from ahead yesterday; had to stop marching; wind N. W., force 4, temp. —35°. No human being could face it, and we are worn out *nearly*.

My right foot has gone, nearly all the toes — two days ago I was proud possessor of best feet. These are the steps of my downfall. Like an ass I mixed a small spoonful of curry powder with my

melted pemmican — it gave me violent indigestion. I lay awake and in pain all night; woke and felt done on the march; foot went and I didn't know it. A very small measure of neglect and have a foot which is not pleasant to contemplate. Bowers takes first place in condition, but there is not much to choose after all. The others are still confident of getting through — or pretend to be — I don't know! We have the last *half* fill of oil in our primus and a very small quantity of spirit — this alone between us and thirst. The wind is fair for the moment, and that is perhaps a fact to help. The mileage would have seemed ridiculously small on our outward journey.

Monday, March 19. — Lunch. We camped with difficulty last night, and were dreadfully cold till after our supper of cold pemmican and biscuit and a half a pannikin of cocoa cooked over the spirit. Then contrary to expectations, we got warm and all slept well. To-day we started in the usual dragging manner. Sledge dreadfully heavy. We are 15½ miles from the depot and ought to get there in three days. What progress! We have two day's food but barely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad — Wilson's best, my right foot worst, left all right. There is no chance to nurse one's feet till we can get hot food into us. Amputation is the least I can hope for now, but will the trouble spread? That is the serious question. The weather doesn't give us a chance — the wind from N. to N. W. and —40° temp. today.

Wednesday, March 21. — Got within 11 miles of depot Monday night; had to lay up all yesterday in severe blizzard. Today forlorn hope, Wilson and Bowers going to depot for fuel.

Thursday, March 22 and 23. — Blizzard bad as ever — Wilson and Bowers unable to start — tomorrow last chance — no fuel and only one or two of food left — must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural — we shall march for the depot with or without our effects and die in our tracks.

Thursday, March 29. — Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W. S. W. and S. W. We had fuel to make two cups

of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot *11 miles* away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker of course, and the end cannot be far. It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. Scott.

For God's sake look after our people.

William Makepeace Thackeray

CAPTAIN COSTIGAN[1]

He began life rather brilliantly with a pair of colors, a fine person and legs, and one of the most beautiful voices in the world. To his latest day he sang, with admirable pathos and humor, those wonderful Irish ballads which are so mirthful and so melancholy; and was always the first himself to cry at their pathos. Poor Cos! he was at once brave and maudlin, humorous and an idiot; always good-natured, and sometimes almost trustworthy. Up to the last day of his life he would drink with any man, and back any man's bill: and his end was in a spunging-house, where the sheriff's officer, who took him, was fond of him. In his brief morning of life, Cos formed the delight of regimental messes, and had the honor of singing his songs, bacchanalian and sentimental, at the tables of the most illustrious generals and commanders-in-chief, in the course of which period he drank three times as much claret as was good for him, and spent his doubtful patrimony. What became of him subsequently to his retirement from the army, is no affair of ours. I take it, no foreigner understands the life of an Irish gentleman without money, the way in which he manages to keep afloat — the wind-raising conspiracies in which he engages with

[1] From *Pendennis*.

heroes as unfortunate as himself — the means by which he contrives, during most days of the week, to get his portion of whiskey-and-water: all these are mysteries to us inconceivable: but suffice it to say, that through all the storms of life Jack had floated somehow, and the lamp of his nose had never gone out.

EDITH WHARTON

MRS. MINGOTT[1]

THE immense accretion of flesh which had descended on her in middle life like a flood of lava on a doomed city had changed her from a plump active little woman with a neatly-turned foot and ankle into something as vast and august as a natural phenomenon. She had accepted this submergence as philosophically as all her other trials, and now, in extreme old age, was rewarded by presenting to her mirror an almost unwrinkled expanse of firm pink and white flesh, in the centre of which the traces of a small face survived as if awaiting excavation. A flight of smooth double chins led down to the dizzy depths of a still-snowy bosom veiled in snowy muslins that were held in place by a miniature portrait of the late Mr. Mingott; and around and below, wave after wave of black silk surged away over the edges of a capacious armchair, with two tiny white hands poised like gulls on the surface of the billows.

[1] From *The Age of Innocence*. Copyright by D. Appleton and Company, New York. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

GEORGE GISSING

RICHARD MUTIMER AND DANIEL DOBBS[1]

RICHARD represented — too favourably to make him anything but an exception — the best qualities his class can show. He was the English artisan as we find him on rare occasions, the issue of a good strain which has managed to procure a sufficiency of food for two or three generations. His physique was admirable; little short of six feet in stature, he had shapely shoulders, an erect well-formed head, clean strong limbs, and a bearing which in natural ease and dignity matched that of the picked men of the upper class — those fine creatures whose career, from public school to regimental quarters, is one exclusive course of bodily training. But the comparison, on the whole, was to Richard's advantage. By no possibility could he have assumed that aristocratic vacuity of visage which comes of carefully induced cerebral atrophy. The air of the workshop suffered little colour to dwell upon his cheeks; but to features of so pronounced and intelligent a type this pallor added a distinction. He had dark brown hair, thick and long, and a cropped beard of hue somewhat lighter. His eyes were his mother's — keen and direct; but they had small variety of expression; you could not imagine them softening to tenderness, or even to thoughtful dreaming. Terribly wide awake, they seemed to be always looking for the weak points of whatever they regarded, and their brightness was not seldom suggestive of malice. His voice was strong and clear; it would ring out well in public places, which is equivalent to saying that it hardly invited too intimate conference. You will take for granted that Richard displayed, alike in attitude and tone, a distinct consciousness of his points of superiority to the men among whom he lived; probably he more than suspected that he could have held his own in spheres to which there seemed small chance of his being summoned.

[1] From *Demos*.

Just now he showed at once the best and the weakest of his points. Coming in a state of exaltation from a meeting of which he had been the eloquent hero, such light as was within him flashed from his face freely; all the capacity and the vigour which impelled him to strain against the strait bonds of his lot set his body quivering and made music of his utterance. At the same time, his free movements passed easily into swagger, and as he talked on, the false notes were not few. A working man gifted with brains and comeliness must, be sure of it, pay penalties for his prominence.

Quite another man was Daniel Dobbs: in him you saw the proletarian pure and simple. He was thick-set, square-shouldered, rolling in gait; he walked with head bent forward and eyes glancing uneasily, as if from lack of self-confidence. His wiry black hair shone with grease, and no accuracy of razor-play would make his chin white. A man of immense strength, but bull-necked and altogether ungainly — his heavy fist, with its black veins and terrific knuckles, suggested primitive methods of settling dispute; the stumpy fingers, engrimed hopelessly, and the filthy broken nails, showed how he wrought for a living. His face, if you examined it without prejudice, was not ill to look upon; there was much good humour about the mouth, and the eyes, shrewd enough, could glimmer a kindly light. His laughter was roof-shaking — always a good sign in a man.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

SIR THOMAS MORE[1]

THE keen, irregular face, the gray restless eye, the thin mobile lips, the tumbled brown hair, the careless gait and dress, as they remain stamped on the canvas of Holbein, picture the inner soul of the man, his vivacity, his restless, all-devouring intellect, his keen and even reckless wit, the kindly, half-sad humor that drew its strange veil of laughter and tears over the deep, tender reverence

[1] From *A History of the English People.*

of the soul within. In a higher, because in a sweeter and more lovable form than Colet, More is the representative of the religious tendency of the new learning in England. The young law student who laughed at the superstition and asceticism of the monks of his day wore a hair shirt next his skin, and schooled himself by penances for the cell he desired among the Carthusians. It was characteristic of the man, that among all the gay, profligate scholars of the Italian renascence he chose as the object of his admiration the disciple of Savonarola, Pico di Mirandola. Free-thinker as the bigots who listened to his daring speculations termed him, his eye would brighten and his tongue falter as he spoke with friends of heaven and the after-life. When he took office, it was with the open stipulation "first to look to God, and after God to the king."

In his outer bearing, indeed, there was nothing of the monk or recluse. The brightness and freedom of the new learning seemed incarnate in the young scholar with his gay talk, his winsomeness of manner, his reckless epigrams, his passionate love of music, his omnivorous reading, his paradoxical speculations, his gibes at monks, his school-boy fervor of liberty. But events were soon to prove that beneath his sunny nature lay a stern inflexibility of conscientious resolve. The Florentine scholars penned declamations against tyrants while they covered with their flatteries the tyranny of the house of Medici. More no sooner entered parliament in 1504 than his ready argument and keen sense of justice led to the rejection of the demand for a heavy subsidy. "A beardless boy," said the courtiers — and More was only twenty-six — "has disappointed the king's purpose;" and during the rest of Henry the Seventh's reign the young lawyer found it prudent to withdraw from public life. But the withdrawal had little effect on his buoyant activity. He rose at once into repute at the bar. He wrote his "Life of Edward the Fifth," the first work in which what we may call modern English prose appears written with purity and clearness of style, and a freedom either from antiquated forms of expression or classical pedantry. His ascetic dreams were replaced by the affections of home. It is when we get a glimpse of him in his house at Chelsea that we understand the endearing epithets which Erasmus always lavishes upon More. The delight of the young husband was to train the girl he had chosen for his wife in his own taste for letters and

for music. The reserve which the age exacted from parents was thrown to the winds in More's intercourse with his children. He loved teaching them, and lured them to their deeper studies by the coins and curiosities he had gathered in his cabinet. He was as fond of their pets and their games as his children themselves, and would take grave scholars and statesmen into the garden to see his girls' rabbit-hutches or to watch the gambols of their favorite monkey. "I have given you kisses enough," he wrote to his little ones in merry verse when far away on political business, "but stripes hardly ever."

THOMAS CARLYLE

COLERIDGE AT HIGHGATE [1]

COLERIDGE sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other Transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by "the reason" what "the understanding" had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and print to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua.* A sublime man; who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the black materialisms, and revolutionary deluges, with "God, Freedom, Immortality" still his: a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not

[1] From *The Life of John Sterling.*

much need him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer: but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove (Mr. Gillman's house at Highgate) whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon.

The Gillmans did not much encourage company, or excitation of any sort, round their sage; nevertheless access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place, — perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all. A really charming outlook, in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery leafy gardens, their few houses mostly hidden, the very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill; gloriously issuing in wide-tufted undulating plain-country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum: and behind all swam, under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable limitary ocean of London, with its domes and steeples definite in the sun, big Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grander prospect on a bright summer day, with the set of the air going southward, — southward, and so draping with the city-smoke not *you* but the city. Here for hours would Coleridge talk, concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world, — and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent.

The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspira-

tion; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching, — you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his "object" and "subject," terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and how he sang and snuffled them into "om-m-mject" and "sum-m-mject," with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

Sterling, who assiduously attended him, with profound reverence, and was often with him by himself, for a good many months, gives a record of their first colloquy. Their colloquies were numerous, and he had taken note of many; but they are all gone to the fire, except this first, which Mr. Hare has printed, — unluckily without date. It contains a number of ingenious, true and half-true observations, and is of course a faithful epitome of the things said; but it gives small idea of Coleridge's way of talking; — this one feature is perhaps the most recognizable, "Our interview lasted for three hours, during which he talked two hours and three quarters." Nothing could be more copious than his talk; and furthermore it was always, virtually or literally, of the nature of a monologue; suffering no interruption, however reverent; hastily putting aside all foreign additions, annotations, or most ingenuous desires for elucidation, as well-meant superfluities which would never do. Besides, it was talk not flowing anywhither like a river, but spreading everywhither in inextricable currents and regurgitations like a lake or sea; terribly deficient in goal or aim, nay often in logical intelligibility; *what* you were to believe or do, on any earthly or heavenly thing, obstinately refusing to appear from it. So that, most times, you felt logically lost; swamped near to drowning in this tide of in-

genious vocables, spreading out boundless as if to submerge the world.

To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long run be exhilarating to no creature; how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you! — I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers, — certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own. He began anywhere: you put some question to him, made some suggestive observation: instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out towards answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear, for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way, — but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that, into new courses; and ever into new; and before long into all the Universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any.

His talk, alas, was distinguished, like himself, by irresolution: it disliked to be troubled with conditions, abstinences, definite fulfilments; — loved to wander at its own sweet will, and make its auditor and his claims and humble wishes a mere passive bucket for itself! He had knowledge about many things and topics, much curious reading; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantean transcendentalism, with its "sum-m-mjects" and "om-m-mjects." Sad enough; for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable manner.

Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and intelligible: — on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming,

and hang breathless upon the eloquent words; till once your islet got wrapped in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. Eloquent artistically expressive words you always had; piercing radiances of a most subtle insight came at intervals; tones of noble pious sympathy, recognizable as pious though strangely coloured, were never wanting long: but in general you could not call this aimless, cloudcapped, cloudbased, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason by the name of "excellent talk," but only of "surprising"; and were reminded bitterly of Hazlitt's account of it: "Excellent talker, very, — if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion." Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasm in him, contemptuous enough of the world and its idols and popular dignitaries; he had traits even of poetic humour: but in general he seemed deficient in laughter; or indeed in sympathy for concrete human things either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid Earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantean haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air-castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning singsong of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling. . . .

Let me not be unjust to this memorable man. Surely there was here, in his pious, ever-labouring, subtle mind, a precious truth, or prefigurement of truth; and yet a fatal delusion withal. Prefigurement that, in spite of beaver sciences and temporary spiritual hebetude and cecity, man and his Universe were eternally divine; and that no past nobleness, or revelation of the divine, could or would ever be lost to him. Most true, surely, and worthy of all acceptance. Good also to do what you can with old Churches and practical Symbols of the Noble: nay quit not the burnt ruins of them while you find there is still gold to be dug there. But, on the whole do not think you can, by logical alchemy, distil astral spirits from them; or if you could, that said astral spirits, or defunct logical phantasms, could serve you in anything. What the light of your mind,

which is the direct inspiration of the Almighty, pronounces incredible, — that, in God's name, leave uncredited; at your peril do not try believing that. No subtlest hocus-pocus of "reason" *versus* "understanding" will avail for that feat; — and it is terribly perilous to try it in these provinces!

The truth is, I now see, Coleridge's talk and speculation was the emblem of himself: in it as in him, a ray of heavenly inspiration struggled, in a tragically ineffectual degree, with the weakness of flesh and blood. He says once, he "had skirted the howling deserts of Infidelity"; this was evident enough: but he had not had the courage, in defiance of pain and terror, to press resolutely across said deserts to the new firm lands of Faith beyond; he preferred to create logical fatamorganas for himself on this hither side, and laboriously solace himself with these.

To the man himself Nature had given, in high measure, the seeds of a noble endowment; and to unfold it had been forbidden him. A subtle lynx-eyed intellect, tremulous pious sensibility to all good and all beautiful; truly a ray of empyrean light; — but imbedded in such weak laxity of character, in such indolences and esuriences as had made strange work with it. Once more, the tragic story of a high endowment with an insufficient will. An eye to discern the divineness of the Heaven's splendours and lightnings, the insatiable wish to revel in their godlike radiances and brilliances; but no heart to front the scathing terrors of them, which is the first condition of your conquering an abiding place there. The courage necessary for him, above all things, had been denied this man. His life, with such ray of the empyrean in it, was great and terrible to him; and he had not valiantly grappled with it, he had fled from it; sought refuge in vague day-dreams, hollow compromises, in opium, in theosophic metaphysics. Harsh pain, danger, necessity, slavish harnessed toil, were of all things abhorrent to him. And so the empyrean element, lying smothered under the terrene, and yet inextinguishable there, made sad writhings. For pain, danger, difficulty, steady slaving toil, and other highly disagreeable behests of destiny, shall in no wise be shirked by any brightest mortal that will approve himself loyal to his mission in this world; nay, precisely the higher he is, the deeper will be the disagreeableness, and the detestability to flesh and blood, of the tasks laid on him, and the heavier too, and more tragic, his penalties, if he neglect them. . . .

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

VILLON AND HIS CREW[1]

A GREAT pile of living embers diffused a strong and ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicolas the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth. His dilated shadow cut the room in half; and the firelight only escaped on either side of his broad person, and in a little pool between his outspread feet. His face had the beery, bruised appearance of the continual drinker's; it was covered with a network of congested veins, purple in ordinary circumstances, but now pale violet, for even with his back to the fire the cold pinched him on the other side. His cowl had half fallen back, and made a strange excrescence on either side of his bull neck. So he straddled, grumbling, and cut the room in half with the shadow of his portly frame.

On the right, Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment; Villon making a ballade which he was to call the "Ballade of Roast Fish," and Tabary spluttering admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He carried his four-and-twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomime. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips: he had become a thief, just as he might have become the most decent of burgesses, by the imperious chance that rules the lives of human geese and human donkeys.

At the monk's other hand, Montigny and Thevenin Pensete played a game of chance. About the first there clung some flavor of good

[1] From *A Lodging for the Night.*

birth and training, as about a fallen angel; something long, lithe, and courtly in the person; something aquiline and darkling in the face. Thevenin, poor soul, was in great feather: he had done a good stroke of knavery that afternoon in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and all night he had been gaining from Montigny. A flat smile illuminated his face; his bald head shone rosily in a garland of red curls; his little protuberant stomach shook with silent chucklings as he swept in his gains.

THOMAS HARDY

EUSTACIA VYE [1]

EUSTACIA VYE was the raw material of a divinity. On Olympus she would have done well with a little preparation. She had the passions and instincts which make a model goddess, that is, those which make not quite a model woman. Had it been possible for the earth and mankind to be entirely in her grasp for a while, had she handled the distaff, the spindle, and the shears at her own free will, few in the world would have noticed the change of government. There would have been the same inequality of lot, the same heaping up of favours here, of contumely there, the same generosity before justice, the same perpetual dilemmas, the same captious alternation of caresses and blows that we endure now.

She was in person full-limbed and somewhat heavy; without ruddiness, as without pallor; and soft to the touch as a cloud. To see her hair was to fancy that a whole winter did not contain darkness enough to form its shadow: it closed over her forehead like nightfall extinguishing the western glow.

Her nerves extended into those tresses, and her temper could always be softened by stroking them down. When her hair was brushed she would instantly sink into stillness and look like the Sphinx. If, in passing under one of the Egdon banks, any of its thick skeins were caught, as they sometimes were, by a prickly tuft

[1] From *The Return of the Native.*

of the large *Ulex Europæus* — which will act as a sort of hair-brush — she would go back a few steps, and pass against it a second time.

She had Pagan eyes, full of nocturnal mysteries. Their light, as it came and went, and came again, was partially hampered by their oppressive lids and lashes; and of these the under lid was much fuller than it usually is with English women. This enabled her to indulge in reverie without seeming to do so: she might have been believed capable of sleeping without closing them up. Assuming that the souls of men and women were visible essences, you could fancy the colour of Eustacia's soul to be flame-like. The sparks from it that rose into her dark pupils gave the same impression.

The mouth seemed formed less to speak than to quiver, less to quiver than to kiss. Some might have added, less to kiss than to curl. Viewed sideways, the closing-line of her lips formed, with almost geometric precision, the curve so well known in the arts of design as the cima-recta, or ogee. The sight of such a flexible bend as that on grim Egdon was quite an apparition. It was felt at once that that mouth did not come over from Sleswig with a band of Saxon pirates whose lips met like the two halves of a muffin. One had fancied that such lip-curves were mostly lurking underground in the South as fragments of forgotten marbles. So fine were the lines of her lips that, though full, each corner of her mouth was as clearly cut as the point of a spear. This keenness of corner was only blunted when she was given over to sudden fits of gloom, one of the phases of the night-side of sentiment which she knew too well for her years.

Her presence brought memories of such things as Bourbon roses, rubies, and tropical midnights; her moods recalled lotus-eaters and the march in "Athalie"; her motions, the ebb and flow of the sea; her voice, the viola. In a dim light, and with a slight rearrangement of her hair, her general figure might have stood for that of either of the higher female deities. The new moon behind her head, an old helmet upon it, a diadem of accidental dewdrops round her brow, would have been adjuncts sufficient to strike the note of Artemis, Athena, or Hera respectively, with as close an approximation to the antique as that which passes muster on many respected canvases.

But celestial imperiousness, love, wrath, and fervour had proved

to be somewhat thrown away on netherward Egdon. Her power was limited, and the consciousness of this limitation had biassed her development. Egdon was her Hades, and since coming there she had imbibed much of what was dark in its tone, though inwardly and eternally unreconciled thereto. Her appearance accorded well with this smouldering rebelliousness, and the shady splendour of her beauty was the real surface of the sad and stifled warmth within her. A true Tartarean dignity sat upon her brow, and not factitiously or with marks of constraint, for it had grown in her with years.

Across the upper part of her head she wore a thin fillet of black velvet, restraining the luxuriance of her shady hair, in a way which added much to this class of majesty by irregularly clouding her forehead. "Nothing can embellish a beautiful face more than a narrow band drawn over the brow," says Richter. Some of the neighbouring girls wore coloured ribbon for the same purpose, and sported metallic ornaments elsewhere; but if any one suggested coloured ribbon and metallic ornaments to Eustacia Vye she laughed and went on.

Why did a woman of this sort live on Egdon Heath? Budmouth was her native place, a fashionable seaside resort at that date. She was the daughter of the bandmaster of a regiment which had been quartered there — a Corfiote by birth, and a fine musician — who met his future wife during her trip thither with her father the captain, a man of good family. The marriage was scarcely in accord with the old man's wishes, for the bandmaster's pockets were as light as his occupation. But the musician did his best; adopted his wife's name, made England permanently his home, took great trouble with his child's education, the expenses of which were defrayed by the grandfather, and throve as the chief local musician till her mother's death, when he left off thriving, drank, and died also. The girl was left to the care of her grandfather, who, since three of his ribs became broken in a shipwreck, had lived in this airy perch on Egdon, a spot which had taken his fancy because the house was to be had for next to nothing, and because a remote blue tinge on the horizon between the hills, visible from the cottage door, was traditionally believed to be the English Channel. She hated the change; she felt like one banished; but here she was forced to abide.

Thus it happened that in Eustacia's brain were juxtaposed the strangest assortment of ideas, from old time and from new. There was no middle distance in her perspective: romantic recollections of sunny afternoons on an esplanade, with military bands, officers, and gallants around, stood like gilded letters upon the dark tablet of surrounding Egdon. Every bizarre effect that could result from the random intertwining of watering-place glitter with the grand solemnity of a heath, was to be found in her. Seeing nothing of human life now, she imagined all the more of what she had seen.

Where did her dignity come from? By a latent vein from Alcinous' line, her father hailing from Phæacia's isle? — or from Fitzalan and De Vere, her maternal grandfather having had a cousin in the peerage? Perhaps it was the gift of Heaven — a happy convergence of natural laws. Among other things opportunity had of late years been denied her of learning to be undignified, for she lived lonely. Isolation on a heath renders vulgarity well-nigh impossible. It would have been as easy for the heath-ponies, bats, and snakes to be vulgar as for her. A narrow life in Budmouth might have completely demeaned her.

The only way to look queenly without realms or hearts to queen it over is to look as if you had lost them; and Eustacia did that to a triumph. In the captain's cottage she could suggest mansions she had never seen. Perhaps that was because she frequented a vaster mansion than any of them, the open hills. Like the summer condition of the place around her, she was an embodiment of the phrase "a populous solitude" — apparently so listless, void, and quiet, she was really busy and full.

To be loved to madness — such was her great desire. Love was to her the one cordial which could drive away the eating loneliness of her days. And she seemed to long for the abstraction called passionate love more than for any particular lover.

She could show a most reproachful look at times, but it was directed less against human beings than against certain creatures of her mind, the chief of these being Destiny, through whose interference she dimly fancied it arose that love alighted only on gliding youth — that any love she might win would sing simultaneously with the sand in the glass. She thought of it with an ever-growing consciousness of cruelty, which tended to breed actions of reckless

unconventionality, framed to snatch a year's, a week's, even an hour's passion from anywhere while it could be won. Through want of it she had sung without being merry, possessed without enjoying, outshone without triumphing. Her loneliness deepened her desire. On Egdon, coldest and meanest kisses were at famine prices; and where was a mouth matching hers to be found?

Fidelity in love for fidelity's sake had less attraction for her than for most women: fidelity because of love's grip had much. A blaze of love, and extinction, was better than a lantern glimmer of the same which should last long years. On this head she knew by prevision what most women learn only by experience: she had mentally walked round love, told the towers thereof, considered its palaces; and concluded that love was but a doleful joy. Yet she desired it, as one in a desert would be thankful for brackish water.

She often repeated her prayers; not at particular times, but, like the unaffectedly devout, when she desired to pray. Her prayer was always spontaneous, and often ran thus, " O deliver my heart from this fearful gloom and loneliness: send me great love from somewhere, else I shall die."

Her high gods were William the Conqueror, Strafford, and Napoleon Buonaparte, as they had appeared in the Lady's History used at the establishment in which she was educated. Had she been a mother she would have christened her boys such names as Saul or Sisera in preference to Jacob or David, neither of whom she admired. At school she had used to side with the Philistines in several battles, and had wondered if Pontius Pilate were as handsome as he was frank and fair.

FANNY KEMBLE

THE DEBUT OF A FAMOUS ACTRESS [1]

My mother, who had left the stage for upward of twenty years, determined to return to it on the night of my first appearance, that I might have the comfort and support of her being with me in my trial. We drove to the theater very early, indeed while the late autumn sunlight yet lingered in the sky; it shone into the carriage upon me, and as I screened my eyes from it, my mother said, "Heaven smiles on you, my child." My poor mother went to her dressing-room to get herself ready, and did not return to me for fear of increasing my agitation by her own. My dear aunt Dall and my maid and the theater dresser performed my toilet for me, and at length I was placed in a chair, with my satin train carefully laid over the back of it; and there I sat, ready for execution, with the palms of my hands pressed convulsively together, and the tears I in vain endeavoured to repress welling up into my eyes and brimming slowly over, down my rouged cheeks — upon which my aunt, with a smile full of pity, renewed the color as often as these heavy drops made unsightly streaks in it. Once and again my father came to the door, and I heard his anxious, "How is she?" to which my aunt answered, sending him away with words of comforting cheer. At last, "Miss Kemble called for the stage, ma'am!" accompanied with a brisk tap at the door, started me upright on my feet, and I was led round to the side scene opposite to the one from which I saw my mother advance on the stage; and while the uproar of her reception filled me with terror, dear old Mrs. Davenport, my nurse, and dear Mr. Keely, her Peter, and half the *dramatis personae* of the play (but not my father, who had retreated, quite unable to endure the scene) stood round me as I lay, all but insensible, in my aunt's arms. "Courage, courage, dear child! poor thing, poor thing!" reiterated Mrs. Davenport. "Never mind 'em, Miss Kemble!" urged Keely, in that irresistibly comical,

[1] From *Records of a Girlhood.*

nervous, lachrymose voice of his, which I have never since heard without a thrill of anything but comical association; "never mind 'em! don't think of 'em, any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages!" "Nurse!" called my mother, and on waddled Mrs. Davenport, and, turning back, called in her turn, "Juliet!" My aunt gave me an impulse forward, and I ran straight across the stage, stunned with the tremendous shout that greeted me, my eyes covered with mist, and the green baize flooring of the stage feeling as if it rose up against my feet; but I got hold of my mother, and stood like a terrified creature at bay, confronting the huge theater full of gazing human beings. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been audible; in the next, the ballroom, I began to forget myself; in the following one, the balcony scene, I had done so, and, for aught I knew, I was Juliet; the passion I was uttering sending hot waves of blushes all over my neck and shoulders, while the poetry sounded like music to me as I spoke it, with no consciousness of anything before me, utterly transported into the imaginary existence of the play. After this I did not return into myself till all was over, and amid a tumultuous storm of applause, congratulation, tears, embraces, and a general joyous explosion of unutterable relief at the fortunate termination of my attempt, we went home. And so my life was determined, and I devoted myself to an avocation which I never liked or honoured, and about the very nature of which I have never been able to come to any decided opinion.

W. H. HUDSON

THE PLAINS OF PATAGONIA[1]

It was elation of this kind, the feeling experienced on going back to a mental condition we have outgrown, which I had in the Patagonian solitude; for I had undoubtedly *gone back;* and that state of intense watchfulness, or alertness rather, with suspension of the higher intellectual faculties, represented the mental state of

[1] From *Idle Days in Patagonia.*

the pure savage. He thinks little, reasons little, having a surer guide in his instinct; he is in perfect harmony with nature, and is nearly on a level, mentally, with the wild animals he preys on, and which in their turn sometimes prey on him. If the plains of Patagonia affect a person in this way, even in a much less degree than in my case, it is not strange that they impress themselves so vividly on the mind, and remain fresh in memory, and return frequently; while other scenery, however grand or beautiful, fades gradually away, and is at last forgotten. To a slight, in most cases probably a very slight, extent, all natural sights and sounds affect us in the same way; but the effect is often transitory, and is gone with the first shock of pleasure, to be followed in some cases by a profound and mysterious melancholy. The greenness of earth; forest and river and hill; the blue haze and distant horizon; shadows of clouds sweeping over the sun-flushed landscape — to see it all is like returning to a home, which is more truly our home than any habitation we know. The cry of the wild bird pierces us to the heart; we have never heard that cry before, and it is more familiar to us than our mother's voice. " I heard," says Thoreau, " a robin in the distance, the first I had heard for many a thousand years, methought, whose note I shall not forget for many a thousand more, — the same sweet and powerful song as of yore. O the evening robin! " Hafiz sings: —

O breeze of the morning blow me a memory of the ancient time;
If after a thousand years thy odours should float o'er my dust,
My bones, full of gladness uprising, would dance in the sepulchre!

And we ourselves are the living sepulchres of a dead past — that past which was ours for so many thousands of years before this life of the present began; its old bones are slumbering in us — dead, and yet not dead nor deaf to Nature's voices; the noisy burn, the roar of the waterfall, and thunder of long waves on the shore, and the sound of rain and whispering winds in the multitudinous leaves, bring it a memory of the ancient time; and the bones rejoice and dance in their sepulchre.

EDITH WHARTON

A BRIDEGROOM'S PERTURBATION[1]

NEWLAND ARCHER, at a signal from the sexton, had come out of the vestry and placed himself with his best man on the chancel step of Grace Church.

So far he was reasonably sure of having fulfilled all his obligations. The bridesmaids' eight bouquets of white lilac and lilies-of-the-valley had been sent in due time, as well as the gold and sapphire sleeve-links of the eight ushers and the best man's cat's-eye scarf-pin; Archer had sat up half the night trying to vary the wording of his thanks for the last batch of presents from men friends and ex-lady-loves; the fees for the Bishop and the Rector were safely in the pocket of his best man; his own luggage was already at Mrs. Manson Mingott's, where the wedding-breakfast was to take place, and so were the travelling clothes into which he was to change; and a private compartment had been engaged in the train that was to carry the young couple to their unknown destination — concealment of the spot in which the bridal night was to be spent being one of the most sacred taboos of the prehistoric ritual.

"Got the ring all right?" whispered young van der Luyden Newland, who was inexperienced in the duties of a best man, and awed by the weight of his responsibility.

Archer made the gesture which he had seen so many bridegrooms make: with his ungloved right hand he felt in the pocket of his dark grey waistcoat, and assured himself that the little gold circlet (engraved inside: *Newland to May, April —, 187–*) was in its place; then, resuming his former attitude, his tall hat and pearl-grey gloves with black stitchings grasped in his left hand, he stood looking at the door of the church.

Overhead, Handel's March swelled pompously through the imitation stone vaulting, carrying on its waves the faded drift of the

[1] From *The Age of Innocence*. Copyright by D. Appleton and Company, New York. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

many weddings at which, with cheerful indifference, he had stood on the same chancel step watching other brides float up the nave toward other bridegrooms.

"How like a first night at the Opera!" he thought, recognising all the same faces in the same boxes (no, pews), and wondering if, when the Last Trump sounded, Mrs. Selfridge Merry would be there with the same towering ostrich feathers in her bonnet, and Mrs. Beaufort with the same diamond earrings and the same smile — and whether suitable proscenium seats were already prepared for them in another world.

After that there was still time to review, one by one, the familiar countenances in the first rows; the women's sharp with curiosity and excitement, the men's sulky with the obligation of having to put on their frock-coats before luncheon, and fight for food at the wedding-breakfast.

Archer's eyes lingered a moment on the left-hand pew, where his mother, who had entered the church on Mr. Henry van der Luyden's arm, sat weeping softly under her Chantilly veil, her hands in her grandmother's ermine muff.

On the hither side of the white ribbon dividing off the seats reserved for the families he saw Beaufort, tall and red-faced, scrutinising the women with his arrogant stare. Beside him sat his wife, all silvery chinchilla and violets; and on the far side of the ribbon, Lawrence Lefferts's sleekly brushed head seemed to mount guard over the invisible deity of "Good Form" who presided at the ceremony.

Archer wondered how many flaws Lefferts's keen eyes would discover in the ritual of his divinity; then he suddenly recalled that he too had once thought such questions important. The things that had filled his days seemed now like a nursery parody of life, or like the wrangles of mediæval schoolmen over metaphysical terms that nobody had ever understood. A stormy discussion as to whether the wedding presents should be "shown" had darkened the last hours before the wedding; and it seemed inconceivable to Archer that grown-up people should work themselves into a state of agitation over such trifles, and that the matter should have been decided (in the negative) by Mrs. Welland's saying, with indignant tears: "I should as soon turn the reporters loose in my house." Yet there

was a time when Archer had had definite and rather aggressive opinions on all such problems, and when everything concerning the manners and customs of his little tribe had seemed to him fraught with world-wide significance.

"And all the while, I suppose," he thought, "real people were living somewhere, and real things happening to them. . . ."

"*There they come!*" breathed the best man excitedly; but the bridegroom knew better.

The cautious opening of the door of the church meant only that Mr. Brown the livery-stable keeper (gowned in black in his intermittent character of sexton) was taking a preliminary survey of the scene before marshalling his forces. The door was softly shut again; then after another interval it swung majestically open, and a murmur ran through the church: "The family!"

Mrs. Welland came first, on the arm of her eldest son. Her large pink face was appropriately solemn, and her plum-colored satin with pale blue side-panels, and blue ostrich plumes in a small satin bonnet, met with general approval; but before she had settled herself with a stately rustle in the pew opposite Mrs. Archer's the spectators were craning their necks to see who who was coming after her. Wild rumors had been abroad the day before to the effect that Mrs. Manson Mingott, in spite of her physical disabilities, had resolved on being present at the ceremony; and the idea was so much in keeping with her sporting character that bets ran high at the clubs as to her being able to walk up the nave and squeeze into a seat. It was known that she had insisted on sending her own carpenter to look into the possibility of taking down the end panel of the front pew, and to measure the space between the seat and the front; but the result had been discouraging, and for one anxious day her family had watched her dallying with the plan of being wheeled up the nave in her enormous Bath chair and sitting enthroned in it at the foot of the chancel.

"Newland — I say: *she's here!*" the best man whispered.

Archer roused himself with a start.

A long time had apparently passed since his heart had stopped beating, for the white and rosy procession was in fact half way up the nave, the Bishop, the Rector and two white-winged assistants were hovering about the flower-banked altar, and the first chords

of the Spohr symphony were strewing their flower-like notes before the bride.

Archer opened his eyes (but could they really have been shut, as he imagined?), and felt his heart beginning to resume its usual task. The music, the scent of the lilies on the altar, the vision of the cloud of tulle and orange-blossoms floating nearer and nearer, the sight of Mrs. Archer's face suddenly convulsed with happy sobs, the low benedictory murmur of the Rector's voice, the ordered evolutions of the eight pink bridesmaids and the eight black ushers: all these sights, sounds and sensations, so familiar in themselves, so unutterably strange and meaningless in his new relation to them, were confusedly mingled in his brain.

"My God," he thought, "*have* I got the ring?" — and once more he went through the bridegroom's convulsive gesture.

Then, in a moment, May was beside him, such radiance streaming from her that it sent a faint warmth through his numbness, and he straightened himself and smiled into her eyes.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here," the Rector began. . . .

The ring was on her hand, the Bishop's benediction had been given, the bridesmaids were a-poise to resume their place in the procession, and the organ was showing preliminary symptoms of breaking out into the Mendelssohn March, without which no newly-wedded couple had ever emerged upon New York.

"Your arm — *I say, give her your arm!*" young Newland nervously hissed; and once more Archer became aware of having been adrift far off in the unknown. What was it that had sent him there, he wondered? Perhaps the glimpse, among the anonymous spectators in the transept, of a dark coil of hair under a hat which, a moment later revealed itself as belonging to an unknown lady with a long nose, so laughably unlike the person whose image she had evoked that he asked himself if he were becoming subject to hallucinations.

And now he and his wife were pacing slowly down the nave, carried forward on the light Mendelssohn ripples, the spring day beckoning to them through widely opened doors, and Mrs. Welland's chestnuts, with big white favors on their frontlets, curvetting and showing off at the far end of the canvas tunnel.

The footman, who had a still bigger white favor on his lapel, wrapped May's white cloak about her, and Archer jumped into the brougham at her side. She turned to him with a triumphant smile and their hands clasped under her veil.

"Darling!" Archer said — and suddenly the same black abyss yawned before him and he felt himself sinking into it, deeper and deeper, while his voice rambled on smoothly and cheerfully: "Yes, of course I thought I'd lost the ring; no wedding would be complete if the poor devil of a bridegroom didn't go through that. But you *did* keep me waiting, you know! I had time to think of every horror that might possibly happen."

GEORGE GISSING

TEMPORARY REPRIEVE[1]

(Mrs. Harvey Rolfe, about to make her debut as a professional violinist, has been intriguing to gain the assistance and support of Cyrus Redgrave, a wealthy and unscrupulous man-about-town. The evening before the day of her first concert she had been present at an altercation between Hugh Carnaby and Cyrus Redgrave, in which Carnaby, suspecting that the woman of whose concealed presence he is aware is his wife, kills Redgrave. In the scene below the facts have not become publicly known; and Mrs. Rolfe, who has nothing to reproach herself for except indiscretion, labours under the double pressure of stage fright and knowledge that discovery of her implication in the crime means for her utter wreck.)

THE morning's newspapers were before her, sent, no doubt, by Dymes's direction, and she mused over the eye-attracting announcements of her debut. "Mrs. Harvey Rolfe's First Violin Recital, Prince's Hall, this afternoon, at 3." It gave her no more gratification than if the name had been that of a stranger.

The world had grown as unreal as a nightmare. People came before her mind, people the most intimately known, and she seemed but faintly to recognise them. They were all so much changed since

[1] From *The Whirlpool.*

yesterday. Their relations to each other and to her were altered, confused. Scarce one of them she could regard without apprehension or perplexity.

What faces would show before her when she advanced upon the platform? Would she behold Sibyl, or Hugh Carnaby, or Cyrus Redgrave? Their presence would all but convince her that she had passed some hours of yesterday in delirium. They might be present; for was not she — she herself — about to step forward and play in public? Their absence — what would it mean? Where were they at this moment? What had happened in the life of each since last she saw them?

When it was time to begin to dress, she undertook the task with effort, with repugnance. She would have chosen to sit here, in a drowsy idleness, and let the hours go by. On her table stood the little vial with its draught of oblivion. Oh, to drink of it again and to lay her head upon the pillow and outsleep the day!

Nevertheless, when she had exerted herself, and was clad in the fresh garments of spring, the mirror came to her help. She was pale yet; but pallor lends distinction to features that are not commonplace, and no remark of man or woman had ever caused her to suspect that her face was ordinary. She posed before the glass, holding her violin, and the picture seemed so effective that she began to regain courage. A dreadful thing had happened — perhaps more dreadful than she durst imagine — but her own part in it was nothing worse than folly and misfortune. She had no irreparable sin to hide. Her moment of supreme peril was past, and would not return. If now she could but brace her nerves, and pass successfully through the ordeal of the next few hours, the victory for which she had striven so hard, and had risked so much, would at length be won. Everything dark and doubtful she must try to forget. Success would give her new strength; to fail, under any circumstances ignominious, would at this crisis of her life be a disaster fraught with manifold and intolerable shame.

She played a few notes. Her hand was steady once more; she felt her confidence revive. Whenever she had performed before an audience, it had always seemed to her that she must inevitably break down; yet at the last minute came power and self-control. So it would be to-day. The greater the demand upon her, so much the

surer her responsive energy. She would not see faces. When all was over, let the news be disclosed, the worst that might be waiting; between now and then lay an infinity of time.

So, when she went downstairs to meet Harvey, the change in her appearance surprised him. He had expected a bloodless countenance, a tremulous step; but Alma came towards him with the confident carriage of an earlier day, with her smile of superiority, her look that invited or demanded admiration.

"Well? You won't be ashamed of me?"

"To tell the truth," said Harvey, "I was going because I feared some one would have to look after you in the middle of the affair. If there's no danger of that, I think I shall not go into the place at all."

"Why?"

"I don't care for it. I prefer to hear you play in private."

"You needn't have the least fear for me," said Alma loftily.

"Very well. We'll lunch together, as we arranged, and I'll be at the door with a cab for you after the people have gone."

"Why should you trouble?"

"I had rather, if you don't mind."

They drove from Baker Street to the Hall, where Alma alighted for a minute to leave her instrument, and thence to a restaurant not far away. Alma felt no appetite, but the necessity of supporting her strength obliged her to choose some suitable refreshment. When their order had been given, Harvey laid his hand upon an evening newspaper, just arrived, which the waiter had thrown on to the next table. He opened it, not with any intention of reading, but because he had no mind to talk; Alma's name, exhibited in staring letters at the entrance of the public building, had oppressed him with a sense of degradation; he felt ignoble, much as a man might feel who had consented to his own dishonour. As his eyes wandered over the freshly printed sheet, they were arrested by a couple of bold headlines: "Sensational Affair at Wimbledon — Mysterious Death of a Gentleman." He read the paragraph, and turned to Alma with a face of amazement.

"Look there — read that —"

Alma took the paper. She had an instantaneous foreboding of what she was to see; her heart stood still, and her eyes dazzled, but

at length she read. On the previous evening (said the report), a gentleman residing at Wimbledon, and well-known in fashionable circles, Mr. Cyrus Redgrave, had met his death under very strange and startling circumstances. Only a few particulars could as yet be made public; but it appeared that, about nine o'clock in the evening, a medical man had been hastily summoned to Mr. Redgrave's house, and found that gentleman lying dead in a room that opened upon the garden. There was present another person, a friend of the deceased (name not mentioned), who made a statement to the effect that, in consequence of a sudden quarrel, he had struck Mr. Redgrave with his fist, knocking him down, and, as it proved, killing him on the spot. Up to the present moment no further details were obtainable, but it was believed that the self-accused assailant had put himself in communication with the police. There was a rumour, too, which might or might not have any significance, that Mr. Redgrave's housekeeper had suddenly left the house and could not be traced.

"Dead?"

The word fell from her lips involuntarily.

"And who killed him?" said Harvey, just above his breath.

"It isn't known — there's no name —"

"No. But I had a sudden thought. Absurd — impossible —"

As Harvey whispered the words, a waiter drew near with the luncheon. It was arranged upon the table, but lay there disregarded. Alma took up the newspaper again. In a moment she leaned towards her husband.

"What did you think?"

"Nothing — don't talk about it."

Two glasses of wine had been poured out; Harvey took his and drank it off.

"It's a pity I saw this," he said; "it has shaken your nerves. I ought to have kept it to myself."

Alma dipped a spoon in the soup before her, and tried to swallow. Her hand did not tremble; the worst had come and gone in a few seconds; but her palate refused food. She drank wine, and presently became so collected, so quiet, that she wondered at herself.

Cyrus Redgrave was dead — dead! — the word kept echoing in her mind. As soon as she understood and believed the fact of

Redgrave's death, it became the realisation of a hope which she had entertained without knowing it. Only by a great effort could she assume the look of natural concern: had she been in solitude, her face would have relaxed like that of one who is suddenly relieved from physical torment. She gave no thought to wider consequences: she saw the event only as it affected herself in her relations with the dead man. She had feared him; she had feared herself; now all danger was at an end. Now — now she could find courage to front the crowd of people and play to them. Her conscience ceased from troubling; the hope of triumph no longer linked itself with dread of a fatal indebtedness. No touch of sorrow entered into her mood; no anxiety on behalf of the man whose act had freed her. He, her husband's friend, would keep the only secret which could now injure her. Cyrus Redgrave was dead, and to her it meant a renewal of life.

Harvey was speaking; he reminded her of the necessity of taking food.

"Yes, I am going to eat something."

"Look here, Alma," — he regarded her sternly, — "if you have any fear, if you are unequal to this, let me go and make an excuse for you."

"I have not the least fear. Don't try to make me nervous."

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

COLLAPSE [1]

WHEN he felt himself alone again, it seemed to him that he was going mad. His servant having lit the lamps, he sat down before his table to write some letters. After tracing at the top of a page, "This is my Will," he got up again and drew off, feeling incapable of putting two ideas together, of taking a single resolution, of deciding anything at all.

[1] From "The Coward" in *The Odd Number,* translated by Jonathan Sturges. Reprinted by permission of Harper and Brothers.

And so he was going to fight a duel! He could no longer escape that. What could be passing within him? He wanted to fight, he had that intention and that resolution firmly fixed; and he felt very plainly that, notwithstanding all the effort of his mind and all the tension of his will, he would not be able to retain strength enough to go as far as the place of the encounter. He tried to fancy the combat, his own attitude, and the bearing of his adversary.

From time to time, his teeth struck against one another in his mouth with a little dry noise. He tried to read, and took up de Châteauvillard's duelling code. Then he asked himself:

"My adversary, has he frequented the shooting-galleries? Is he well known? What's his class? How can I find out?"

He remembered the book by Baron de Vaux upon pistol-shooters, and he searched through it from one end to the other. Georges Lamil was not mentioned. But, however, if the man had not been a good shot, he would not have accepted immediately that dangerous weapon and those conditions, which were mortal.

His pistol-case by Gastinne Renette lay on a little round table. As he passed he opened it and took out one of the pistols, then placed himself as if to shoot, and raised his arm; but he trembled from head to foot, and the barrel shook in all directions.

Then he said:

"It is impossible. I cannot fight like this."

At the end of the barrel he regarded that little hole, black and deep, which spits out death; he thought of dishonor, of the whispers in the clubs, of the laughter in the drawing-rooms, of the disdain of women, of the allusions in the papers, of the insults which would be thrown at him by cowards.

He went on staring at the pistol, and raising the hammer, he suddenly saw a priming glitter beneath it like a little red flame. The pistol had been left loaded, by chance, by oversight. And he experienced from that a confused inexplicable joy.

If in the presence of the other he had not the calm and noble bearing which is fit, he would be lost forever. He would be spotted, marked with a sign of infamy, hunted from society. And he should not have that calm and bold bearing; he knew it, he felt it. And yet he was really brave, because he wanted to fight! He was brave, because —. The thought which just grazed him did not even com-

plete itself in his spirit, but, opening his mouth wide, he brusquely thrust the pistol-barrel into the very bottom of his throat and pressed upon the trigger. . . .

When his valet ran in, attracted by the report, he found him dead, on his back. A jet of blood had spattered the white paper on the table and made a great red stain below the four words:

"This is my Will."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE [1]

(Markheim is wandering about the shop of the antique dealer he has just murdered.)

On that first story, the doors stood ajar, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. He could never again, he felt, be sufficiently immured and fortified from men's observing eyes; he longed to be home, girt in by walls, buried among bedclothes, and invisible to all but God. And at that thought he wondered a little, recollecting tales of other murderers and the fear they were said to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not so, at least, with him. He feared the laws of nature, lest, in their callous and immutable procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. He feared tenfold more, with a slavish, superstitious terror, some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some willful illegality of nature. He played a game of skill, depending on the rules, calculating consequence from cause; and what if nature, as the defeated tyrant overthrew the chess-board, should break the mold of their succession? The like had befallen Napoleon (so writers said) when the winter changed the time of its appearance. The like might befall Markheim: the solid walls might become transparent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive; the stout planks might yield under his foot like quicksands and detain him in their clutch; ay,

[1] From "Markheim" in *The Merry Men and Other Tales.*

and there were soberer accidents that might destroy him: if, for instance, the house should fall and imprison him beside the body of his victim; or the house next door should fly on fire, and the firemen invade him from all sides. These things he feared; and, in a sense, these things might be called the hands of God reached forth against sin. But about God himself he was at ease; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.

When he had got safe into the drawing-room, and shut the door behind him, he was aware of a respite from alarms. The room was quite dismantled, uncarpeted besides, and strewn with packing cases and incongruous furniture; several great pier-glasses, in which he beheld himself at various angles, like an actor on the stage; many pictures, framed and unframed, standing with their faces to the wall; a fine Sheraton sideboard, a cabinet of marquetry, and a great old bed, with tapestry hangings. The windows opened to the floor; but by great good fortune the lower part of the shutters had been closed, and this concealed him from the neighbors. Here, then, Markheim drew in a packing case before the cabinet, and began to search among the keys. It was a long business, for there were many; and it was irksome, besides; for, after all, there might be nothing in the cabinet, and time was on the wing. But the closeness of the occupation sobered him. With the tail of his eye he saw the door — even glanced at it from time to time directly, like a besieged commander pleased to verify the good estate of his defenses. But in truth he was at peace. The rain falling in the street sounded natural and pleasant. Presently, on the other side, the notes of a piano were wakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the air and words. How stately, how comfortable was the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it smilingly, as he sorted out the keys; and his mind was thronged with answerable ideas and images; church-going children and the pealing of the high organ; children afield, bathers by the brook-side, ramblers on the brambly common, kite-flyers in the windy and cloud-navigated sky; and then, at another cadence of the hymn, back again to church, and the somnolence of summer Sundays, and the high genteel voice of the parson (which he smiled

a little to recall) and the painted Jacobean tombs, and the dim lettering of the Ten Commandments in the chancel.

And as he sat thus, at once busy and absent, he was startled to his feet. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, a bursting gush of blood, went over him, and then he stood transfixed and thrilling. A step mounted the stair slowly and steadily, and presently a hand was laid upon the knob, and the lock clicked, and the door opened.

Fear held Markheim in a vice. What to expect he knew not, whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers of human justice, or some chance witness blindly stumbling in to consign him to the gallows. But when a face was thrust into the aperture, glanced round the room, looked at him, nodded and smiled as if in friendly recognition, and then withdrew again, and the door closed behind it, his fear broke loose from his control in a hoarse cry. At the sound of this the visitant returned.

"Did you call me?" he asked, pleasantly, and with that he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes. Perhaps there was a film upon his sight, but the outlines of the newcomer seemed to change and waver like those of the idols in the wavering candlelight of the shop; and at times he thought he knew him; and at times he thought he bore a likeness to himself; and always, like a lump of living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God.

And yet the creature had a strange air of the commonplace, as he stood looking on Markheim with a smile; and when he added: "You are looking for the money, I believe?" it was in the tones of everyday politeness.

Markheim made no answer.

"I should warn you," resumed the other, "that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual and will soon be here. If Mr. Markheim be found in this house, I need not describe to him the consequences."

"You know me?" cried the murderer.

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favourite of mine," he said; "and I have long observed and often sought to help you."

"What are you?" cried Markheim: "the devil?"

"What I may be," returned the other, "can not affect the service I propose to render you."

"It can," cried Markheim; "it does! Be helped by you? No, never; not by you! You do not know me yet, thank God, you do not know me!"

"I know you," replied the visitant, with a sort of kind severity or rather firmness. "I know you to the soul."

"Know me!" cried Markheim. "Who can do so? My life is but a travesty and slander on myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men do; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each dragged away by life, like one whom bravos have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control — if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints! I am worse than most; myself is more overlaid; my excuse is known to me and God. But, had I time, I could disclose myself."

"To me?" inquired the visitant.

"To you before all," returned the murderer. "I supposed you were intelligent. I thought — since you exist — you would prove a reader of the heart. And yet you would propose to judge me by my acts! Think of it; my acts! I was born and I have lived in a land of giants; giants have dragged me by the wrists since I was born out of my mother — the giants of circumstance. And you would judge me by my acts! But can you not look within? Can you not understand that evil is hateful to me? Can you not see within me the clear writing of conscience, never blurred by any willful sophistry, although too often disregarded? Can you not read me for a thing that surely must be common as humanity — the unwilling sinner?"

"All this is very feelingly expressed," was the reply, "but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my province, and I care not in the least by what compulsion you may have been dragged away, so as you are but carried in the right direction. But time flies; the servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and at the pictures on the hoardings, but still she keeps moving nearer; and remember, it is as if the gallows itself was striding toward you through the Christmas streets! Shall I help you; I, who know all? Shall I tell you where to find the money?"

"For what price?" asked Markheim.

"I offer you the service for a Christmas gift," returned the other.

Markheim could not refrain from smiling with a kind of bitter triumph. "No," said he, "I will take nothing at your hands; if I were dying of thirst, and it was your hand that put the pitcher to my lips, I should find the courage to refuse. It may be credulous, but I will do nothing to commit myself to evil."

"I have no objection to a death-bed repentance," observed the visitant.

"Because you disbelieve their efficacy!" Markheim cried.

"I do not say so," returned the other; "but I look on these things from a different side, and when the life is done my interest falls. The man has lived to serve me, to spread black looks under color of religion, or to sow tares in the wheat-field, as you do, in a course of weak compliance with desire. Now that he draws so near to his deliverance, he can add but one act of service — to repent, to die smiling, and thus to build up in confidence and hope the more timorous of my surviving followers. I am not so hard a master. Try me. Accept my help. Please yourself in life as you have done hitherto; please yourself more amply, spread your elbows at the board; and when the night begins to fall and the curtains to be drawn, I tell you, for your greater comfort, that you will find it even easy to compound your quarrel with your conscience, and to make a truckling peace with God. I came but now from such a deathbed, and the room was full of sincere mourners, listening to the man's last words: and when I looked into that face, which had been set as a flint against mercy, I found it smiling with hope."

"And do you, then, suppose me such a creature?" asked Markheim. "Do you think I have no more generous aspirations than to sin, and sin, and sin, and, at last, sneak into heaven? My heart rises at the thought. Is this, then, your experience of mankind? or is it because you find me with red hands that you presume such baseness? and is this crime of murder indeed so impious as to dry up the very springs of good?"

"Murder is to me no special category," replied the other. "All sins are murder, even as all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding on each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the last consequence is death; and to my eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother

with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human gore than such a murderer as yourself. Do I say that I follow sins? I follow virtues also; they differ not by the thickness of a nail, they are both scythes for the reaping angel of Death. Evil, for which I live, consists not in action but in character. The bad man is dear to me; not the bad act, whose fruits, if we could follow them far enough down the hurtling cataract of the ages, might yet be found more blessed than those of the rarest virtues. And it is not because you have killed a dealer, but because you are Markheim, that I offered to forward your escape."

"I will lay my heart open to you," answered Markheim. "This crime on which you find me is my last. On my way to it I have learned many lessons; itself is a lesson, a momentous lesson. Hitherto I have been driven with revolt to what I would not; I was a bond-slave to poverty, driven and scourged. There are robust virtues that can stand in these temptations; mine was not so: I had a thirst of pleasure. But today, and out of this deed, I pluck both warning and riches — both the power and a fresh resolve to be myself. I become in all things a free actor in the world; I begin to see myself all changed, these hands the agents of good, this heart at peace. Something comes over me out of the past; something of what I have dreamed on Sabbath evenings to the sound of the church organ, of what I forecast when I shed tears over noble books, or talked, an innocent child, with my mother. There lies my life; I have wandered a few years, but now I see once more my city of destination."

"You are to use this money on the Stock Exchange, I think?" remarked the visitor; "and there, if I mistake not, you have already lost some thousands?"

"Ah," said Markheim, "but this time I have a sure thing."

"This time, again, you will lose," replied the visitor, quietly.

"Ah, but I keep back the half!" cried Markheim.

"That also you will lose," said the other.

The sweat started upon Markheim's brow. "Well, then, what matter?" he exclaimed. "Say it be lost, say I am plunged again in poverty, shall one part of me, and that the worse, continue until the end to override the better? Evil and good run strong in me, haling me both ways. I do not love the one thing, I love all. I can

conceive great deeds, renunciations, martyrdoms; and though I be fallen to such a crime as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor; who knows their trials better than myself? I pity and help them; I prize love, I love honest laughter; there is no good thing nor true thing on earth but I love it from my heart. And are my vices only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind? Not so; good, also, is a spring of acts."

But the visitant raised his finger. "For six-and-thirty years that you have been in this world," said he, "through many changes of fortune and varieties of humour, I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen years ago you would have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blenched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, is there any cruelty or meanness, from which you still recoil? — five years from now I shall detect you in the fact! Downward, downward, lies your way; nor can anything but death avail to stop you."

"It is true," Markheim said, huskily, "I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all: the very saints, in the mere exercise of living, grow less dainty, and take on the tone of their surroundings."

"I will propound to you one simple question," said the other; "and as you answer, I shall read to you your moral horoscope. You have grown in many things more lax; possibly you do right to be so; and at any account, it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?"

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added, with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all."

"Then," said the visitor, "content yourself with what you are, for you will never change; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written down."

Markheim stood for a long while silent, and indeed it was the visitor who first broke the silence. "That being so," he said, "shall I show you the money?"

"And grace?" cried Markheim.

"Have you not tried it?" returned the other. "Two or three years ago, did I not see you on the platform of revival meetings, and was not your voice the loudest in the hymn?"

"It is true," said Markheim; "and I see clearly what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for these lessons from my soul: my eyes are opened, and I behold myself at last for what I am."

At this moment, the sharp note of the door-bell rung through the house; and the visitant, as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once in his demeanour.

"The maid!" he cried. "She has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say, is ill; you must let her in, with an assured but rather serious countenance — no smiles, no overacting, and I promise you success! Once the girl within, and the door closed, the same dexterity that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your path. Thenceforward you have the whole evening — the whole night, if needful — to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with the mask of danger. Up!" he cried: "up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales; up, and act!"

Markheim steadily regarded his counsellor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open — I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my hatred of evil; and from that, to your galling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage."

The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change; they brightened and softened with a tender triumph; and, even as they brightened, faded and dislimned. But Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door and went down-stairs very slowly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before him; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance-medley — a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus reviewed it, tempted him no longer; but on the

further side be perceived a quiet haven for his bark. He paused in the passage, and looked into the shop, where the candle still burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind, as he stood gazing. And then the bell once more broke out into impatient clamor.

He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile.

"You had better go for the police," said he: "I have killed your master."

MARK TWAIN

MY DUEL [1]

GOODMAN went off to San Francisco for a week's holiday, and left me to be chief editor. I had supposed that that was an easy berth, there being nothing to do but write one editorial per day; but I was disappointed in that superstition. I couldn't find anything to write an article about, the first day. Then it occurred to me that inasmuch as it was the 22d of April, 1864, the next morning would be the three-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday — and what better theme could I want than that? I got the Cyclopaedia and examined it, and found out who Shakespeare was and what he had done, and I borrowed all that and laid it before a community that couldn't have been better prepared for instruction about Shakespeare than if they had been prepared by art. There wasn't *enough* of what Shakespeare had done to make an editorial of the necessary length, but I filled it out with what he hadn't done — which in many respects was more important and striking and readable than the handsomest things he had really accomplished. But next day I was in trouble again. There were no more Shakespeares to work up. There was nothing in past history, or in the world's future possibilities, to make an editorial out of suitable to

[1] From *Mark Twain's Autobiography*. Harper and Brothers. Reprinted by permission.

that community; so there was but one theme left. That theme was Mr. Laird, proprietor of the Virginia *Union*. *His* editor had gone off to San Francisco, too, and Laird was trying his hand at editing. I woke up Mr. Laird with some courtesies of the kind that were fashionable among newspaper editors in that region, and he came back at me the next day in a most vitriolic way. So we expected a challenge from Mr. Laird, because according to the rules — according to the etiquette of duelling as reconstructed and reorganized and improved by the duelists of that region — whenever you said a thing about another person that he didn't like, it wasn't sufficient for him to talk back in the same, or a more offensive spirit; etiquette required him to send a challenge. So we waited for a challenge — waited all day. It didn't come. And as the day wore along, hour after hour, and no challenge came, the boys grew depressed. They lost heart. But I was cheerful; I felt better and better all the time. They couldn't understand it, but *I* could understand it. It was my *make* that enabled me to be cheerful when other people were despondent. So then it became necessary for us to waive etiquette and challenge Mr. Laird. When we reached that decision, they began to cheer up, but *I* began to lose some of my animation. However, in enterprises of this kind you are in the hands of your friends; there is nothing for you to do but to abide by what they consider to be the best course. Daggett wrote a challenge for me, for Daggett had the language — the right language — the convincing language — and I lacked it. Daggett poured out a stream of unsavory epithets upon Mr. Laird, charged with a vigor and venom of a strength calculated to persuade him; and Steve Gillis, my second, carried the challenge and came back to wait for the return. It didn't come. The boys were exasperated, but I kept my temper. Steve carried another challenge, hotter than the other, and we waited again. Nothing came of it. I began to feel quite comfortable. I began to take an interest in the challenges myself. I had not felt any before; but it seemed to me that I was accumulating a great and valuable reputation at no expense, and my delight in this grew and grew as challenge after challenge was declined, until by midnight I was beginning to think that there was nothing in the world so much to be desired as a chance to fight a duel. So I hurried Daggett up; made him keep on sending challenge after

challenge. Oh, well, I overdid it. I might have suspected that that would happen — Laird was a man you couldn't depend on.

The boys were jubilant beyond expression. They helped me make my will, which was another discomfort — and I already had enough. Then they took me home. I didn't sleep any — didn't want to sleep. I had plenty of things to think about, and less than four hours to do it in — because five o'clock was the hour appointed for the tragedy, and I should have to use up one hour — beginning at four — in practicing with the revolver and finding out which end of it to level at the adversary. At four we went down into a little gorge, about a mile from town, and borrowed a barn door for a mark — borrowed it of a man who was over in California on a visit — and we set the barn door up and stood a fence rail up against the middle of it. The rail was no proper representative of Mr. Laird, for he was longer than a rail and thinner. Nothing would ever fetch him but a line shot, and then, as like as not, he would split the bullet — the worst material for dueling purposes that could be imagined. I began on the rail. I couldn't hit the rail; I couldn't hit the barn door. There was nobody in danger except stragglers around on the flanks of that mark. I was thoroughly discouraged, and I didn't cheer up any when we presently heard pistol shots over in the next little ravine. I knew what that was — that was Laird's gang out practicing him. They would hear my shots, and of course they would come up over the ridge to see what kind of a record I was making — see what their chances were against me. Well, I hadn't any record; and I knew that if Laird came over that ridge and looked at my barn door without a scratch on it, he would be as anxious to fight as I was — or as I had been at midnight, before that disastrous acceptance came.

Now just at this moment a little bird, no bigger than a sparrow, flew along by and lit on a sagebush about thirty yards away. Steve whipped out his revolver and shot its head off. Oh, he was a marksman — much better than I was. We ran down there to pick up the bird, and just then, sure enough, Mr. Laird and his people came over the ridge, and they joined us. And when Laird's second saw that bird with its head shot off, he lost color, and you could see that he was interested.

He said:

"Who did that?"

Before I could answer, Steve spoke up and said quite calmly, and in a matter-of-fact way, "Clemens did it."

The second said, "Why, that is wonderful! How far off was that bird?"

Steve said, "Oh, not far — about thirty yards."

The second said, "Well, that is astonishing shooting. How often can he do that?"

Steve said, languidly, "Oh, about four times out of five!"

I knew the little rascal was lying, but I didn't say anything. The second said:

"Why that is *wonderful* shooting! Why, I supposed he couldn't hit a church!"

He was supposing very sagaciously, but I didn't say anything. Well, they said good morning. The second took Mr. Laird home, a little tottery on his legs, and Laird sent back a note in his own hand declining to fight a duel with me on any terms whatever.

Well, my life was saved — saved by that accident. I don't know what the bird thought about that interposition of Providence, but I felt very, very comfortable over it — satisfied and content. Now we found out, later, that Laird had hit *his* mark four times out of six, right along. If the duel had come off, he would have so filled my skin with bullet holes that it wouldn't have held my principles.

JOHN STUART MILL

THE EDUCATION OF A PRODIGY[1]

As to my private reading, I can only speak of what I remember. History continued to be my strongest predilection, and most of all ancient history. Mitford's Greece I read continually; my father had put me on my guard against the Tory prejudices of this writer, and his perversions of facts for the whitewashing of despots, and blackening of popular institutions. These points he discoursed

[1] From *The Autobiography of John Stuart Mill.*

on, exemplifying them from the Greek orators and historians, with such effect that in reading Mitford my sympathies were always on the contrary side to those of the author, and I could, to some extent, have argued the point against him: yet this did not diminish the ever new pleasure with which I read the book. Roman history, both in my old favorite, Hooke, and in Ferguson, continued to delight me. A book which, in spite of what is called the dryness of its style, I took great pleasure in, was the Ancient Universal History, through the incessant reading of which, I had my head full of historical details concerning the obscurest ancient people, while about modern history, except detached passages, such as the Dutch War of Independence, I knew and cared comparatively little. A voluntary exercise, to which throughout my boyhood I was much addicted, was what I called writing histories. I successively composed a Roman History, picked out of Hooke; an Abridgement of the Ancient Universal History; a History of Holland, from my favorite Watson and from an anonymous compilation; and in my eleventh and twelfth year I occupied myself with writing what I flattered myself was something serious. This was no less than a History of the Roman Government, compiled (with the assistance of Hooke) from Livy and Dionysius: of which I wrote as much as would have made an octavo volume, extending to the epoch of the Licinian Laws. It was, in fact, an account of the struggles between the patricians and plebeians, which now engrossed all the interest in my mind which I previously felt in the mere wars and conquests of the Romans. I discussed all the constitutional points as they arose: though quite ignorant of Niebuhr's researches, I, by such lights as my father had given me, vindicated the Agrarian Laws on the evidence of Livy, and upheld, to the best of my ability, the Roman Democratic party. A few years later, in contempt of my childish efforts, I destroyed all these papers, not then anticipating that I could ever feel any curiosity about my first attempts at writing and reasoning. My father encouraged me in this useful amusement, though, as I think judiciously, he never asked to see what I wrote; so that I did not feel that in writing it I was accountable to any one, nor had the chilling sensation of being under a critical eye.

But though these exercises in history were never a compulsory lesson, there was another kind of composition which was so, namely,

writing verses, and it was one of the most disagreeable of my tasks. Greek and Latin verses I did not write, nor learnt the prosody of those languages. My father, thinking this not worth the time it required, contented himself with making me read aloud to him, and correcting false quantities. I never composed at all in Greek, even in prose, and but little in Latin. Not that my father could be indifferent to the value of this practice, in giving a thorough knowledge of these languages, but because there really was not time for it. The verses I was required to write were English. When I first read Pope's Homer, I ambitiously attempted to compose something of the same kind, and achieved as much as one book of a continuation of the Iliad. There, probably, the spontaneous promptings of my poetical ambition would have stopped; but the exercise, begun from choice, was continued by command. Conformably to my father's usual practice of explaining to me, as far as possible, the reasons for what he required me to do, he gave me, for this, as I well remember, two reasons highly characteristic of him: one was, that some things could be expressed better and more forcibly in verse than in prose: this, he said, was a real advantage. The other was, that people in general attached more value to verse than it deserved, and the power of writing it, was, on this account, worth acquiring. He generally left me to choose my own subjects, which, as far as I remember, were mostly addresses to some mythological personage or allegorical abstraction; but he made me translate into English verse many of Horace's shorter poems: I also remember his giving me Thomson's "Winter" to read, and afterwards making me attempt (without book) to write something myself on the same subject. The verses I wrote were, of course, the merest rubbish, nor did I ever attain any facility in versification, but the practice may have been useful in making it easier for me, at a later period, to acquire readiness of expression. I had read, up to this time, very little English poetry. Shakespeare my father had put into my hands, chiefly for the sake of the historical plays, from which, however, I went on to the others. My father never was a great admirer of Shakespeare, the English idolatry of whom he used to attack with some severity. He cared little for any English poetry except Milton (for whom he had the highest admiration), Goldsmith, Burns, and Gray's Bard, which he preferred to his Elegy: perhaps I may

add Cowper and Beattie. He had some value for Spenser, and I remember his reading to me (unlike his usual practice of making me read to him), the first book of the Fairie Queene; but I took little pleasure in it. The poetry of the present century he saw scarcely any merit in, and I hardly became acquainted with any of it till I was grown up to manhood, except the metrical romances of Walter Scott, which I read at his recommendation and was intensely delighted with it; as I always was with animated narrative. Dryden's Poems were among my father's books, and many of these he made me read, but I never cared for any of them except Alexander's Feast, which, as well as many of the songs of Walter Scott, I used to sing internally, to a music of my own: to some of the latter, indeed, I went so far as to compose airs, which I still remember. Cowper's short poems I read with some pleasure, but never got far into the larger ones; and nothing in the two volumes interested me like the prose account of his three hares. In my thirteenth year I met with Campbells' poems, among which Lochiel, Hohenlinden, The Exile of Erin, and some others, gave me sensations I had never before experienced from poetry. Here, too, I made nothing of the longer poems, except the striking opening of Gertrude of Wyoming, which long kept its place in my feelings as the perfection of pathos.

During this part of my childhood, one of my greatest amusements was experimental science; in the theoretical, however, not the practical sense of the word; not trying experiments — a kind of discipline I have often regretted not having had — nor even seeing, but merely reading about them. I never remember being so wrapped up in any book, as I was in Joyce's Scientific Dialogues; and I was rather recalcitrant to my father's criticisms of the bad reasoning respecting the first principles of physics, which abounds in the early part of that work. I devoured treatises on Chemistry, especially that of my father's early friend and schoolfellow, Dr. Thomson, for years before I attended a lecture or saw an experiment.

From about the age of twelve, I entered into another and more advanced stage in my course of instruction; in which the main object was no longer the aids and appliances of thought, but the thoughts themselves. This commenced with Logic, in which I began at once with the Organon, and read it to the Analytics inclusive,

but profited little by the Posterior Analytics, which belong to a branch of speculation I was not yet ripe for. Contemporaneously with the Organon, my father made me read the whole or parts of several of the Latin treatises on the scholastic logic; giving each day to him, in our walks, a minute account of what I had read, and answering his numerous and searching questions. After this, I went in a similar manner, through the "Computatio sive Logica" of Hobbes, a work of much higher order of thought than the books of the school logicians, and which he estimated very highly; in my own opinion beyond its merits, great as these are. It was his invariable practice, whatever studies he exacted from me, to make me as far as possible understand and feel the utility of them: and this he deemed peculiarly fitting in the case of the syllogistic logic, the usefulness of which had been impugned by so many writers of authority. I well remember how, and in what particular walk, in the neighborhood of Bagshot Heath . . . he first attempted by questions to make me think on the subject, and frame some conception of what constituted the utility of the syllogistic logic, and when I had failed in this, to make me understand it by explanation. The explanations did not make the matter at all clear to me; but they were not therefore useless; they remained as a nucleus for my observations and reflections to crystallize upon; the import of his general remarks being interpreted to me, by the particular instances which came under my notice afterwards. My own consciousness and experience ultimately led me to appreciate quite as highly as he did, the value of an early practical familiarity with the school logic. I know of nothing, in my education, to which I think myself more indebted for whatever capacity of thinking I have attained. The first intellectual operation in which I arrived at any proficiency, was dissecting a bad argument, and finding in what part the fallacy lay: and though whatever capacity of this sort I attained, was due to the fact that it was an intellectual exercise in which I was most perseveringly drilled by my father, yet it is also true that the school logic, and the mental habits acquired in studying it, were among the principal instruments of this drilling. I am persuaded that nothing, in modern education, tends so much, when properly used, to form exact thinkers, who attach a precise meaning to words and propositions, and are not imposed on by vague, loose, or ambiguous

terms. The boasted influence of mathematical studies is nothing to it; for in mathematical processes, none of the real difficulties of correct ratiocination occur. It is also a study peculiarly adapted to an early stage in the education of philosophical students, since it does not presuppose the slow process of acquiring, by experience and reflection, valuable thoughts of their own. They may become capable of disentangling the intricacies of confused and self-contradictory thought, before their own thinking faculties are much advanced; a power which, for want of some such discipline, many other wise able men altogether lack; and when they have to answer opponents, only endeavor, by such arguments as they can command, to support the opposite conclusion, scarcely even attempting to confute the reasonings of their antagonists; and, therefore, at the utmost, leaving the question, as far as it depends on argument, a balanced one.

During this time, the Latin and Greek books which I continued to read with my father were chiefly such as were worth studying, not for the language merely, but also for the thoughts. This included much of the orators, and especially Demosthenes, some of whose principal orations I read several times over, and wrote out, by way of exercise, a full analysis of them. My father's comments on these orations when I read them to him were very instructive to me. He not only drew my attention to the insight they afforded into Athenian institutions, and the principles of legislation and government which they often illustrated, but pointed out the skill and art of the orator — how everything important to his purpose was said at the exact moment when he had brought the minds of his audience into the state most fitted to receive it; how he made steal into their minds, gradually and by insinuation, thoughts which, if expressed in a more direct manner would have roused their opposition. Most of these reflections were beyond my capacity of full comprehension at the time; but they left seed behind which germinated in due season. At this time I also read the whole of Tacitus, Juvenal, and Quintilian. The latter, owing to his obscure style and to the scholastic details of which many parts of his treatise are made up, is little read, and seldom sufficiently appreciated. His book is a kind of encyclopaedia of the thoughts of the ancients on the whole field of education and culture; and I have retained through life many

valuable ideas which I can distinctly trace to my reading of him, even at that early age. It was at this period that I read, for the first time, some of the important dialogues of Plato, in particular, the Gorgias, the Protagoras, and the Republic. There is no author to whom my father thought himself more indebted for his own mental culture, than Plato, or whom he more frequently recommended to young students. I can bear similar testimony in regard to myself. The Socratic method, of which the Platonic dialogues are the chief example, is unsurpassed as a discipline for correcting the errors, and clearing up the confusions incident to the *intellectus sibi permissus*, the understanding which has made up all its bundles of associations under the guidance of popular phraseology. The close, searching *elenchus* by which the man of vague generalities is constrained either to express his meaning to himself in definite terms, or to confess that he does not know what he is talking about; the perpetual testing of all general statements by particular instances; the siege in form which is laid to the meaning of large abstract terms, by fixing upon some still larger class name which includes that and more, and dividing down to the thing sought — marking out its limits and definition by a series of accurately drawn distinctions between it and each of the cognate objects which are successively parted off from it — all this, as an education for precise thinking, is inestimable, and all this, even at that age, took such hold of me that it became part of my own mind. I have felt ever since that the title of Platonist belongs by far better right to those who have been nourished in, and have endeavored to practice Plato's method of investigation, than to those who are distinguished only by the adoption of certain dogmatical conclusions, drawn mostly from the least intelligible of his works, and which the character of his mind and writings makes it uncertain whether he himself regarded as anything more than poetic fancies, or philosophic conjectures.

In going through Plato and Demosthenes, since I could now read these authors as far as the language was concerned, with perfect ease, I was not required to construe them sentence by sentence, but to read them aloud to my father answering questions when asked: but the particular attention which he paid to elocution (in which his own excellence was remarkable) made this reading aloud to him a most painful task. Of all things which he required me to

do, there was none which I did so constantly ill, or in which he so perpetually lost his temper with me. He had thought much on the principles of the art of reading, especially the most neglected part of it, the inflections of the voice, or *modulation* as writers on elocution call it (in contrast with *articulation* on the one side, and *expression* on the other), and had reduced it to rules, grounded on the logical analysis of a sentence. These rules he strongly impressed upon me, and took me severely to task for every violation of them: but I even then remarked (though I did not venture to make the remark to him) that though he reproached me when I read a sentence ill, and *told* me how I ought to have read it, he never, by reading it himself, *showed* me how it ought to be read. A defect running through his otherwise admirable modes of instruction, as it did through all his modes of thought, was that of trusting too much to the intelligibleness of the abstract, when not embodied in the concrete. It was at a much later period of my youth, when practising elocution by myself, or with companions of my own age, that I for the first time understood the object of his rules, and saw the psychological grounds of them. At that time I and others followed out the subject into its ramifications and could have composed a very useful treatise, grounded on my father's principles. He himself left those principles and rules unwritten. I regret that when my mind was full of the subject, from systematic practice, I did not put them, and our improvements of them, into formal shape.

A book which contributed largely to my education, in the best sense of the term, was my father's History of India. It was published in the beginning of 1818. During the year previous, while it was passing through the press, I used to read the proof sheets to him; or rather, I read the manuscript to him while he corrected the proofs. The number of new ideas which I received from this remarkable book, and the impulse and stimulus as well as guidance given to my thoughts by its criticisms and disquisitions on society and civilization in the Hindoo part, on institutions and the acts of government in the English part, made my early familiarity with it eminently useful to my subsequent progress. And though I can perceive deficiencies in it now as compared with a perfect standard, I still think it, if not the most, one of the most instructive histories ever written, and one of the books from which most benefit may be derived by a mind in the course of making up its opinions.

HENRY ADAMS

HENRY ADAMS BECOMES A PROFESSOR [1]

FOR the next nine months the Assistant Professor had no time to waste on comforts or amusements. He exhausted all his strength in trying to keep one day ahead of his duties. Often the stint ran on, till night and sleep ran short. He could not stop to think whether he were doing the work rightly. He could not get it done to please him, rightly or wrongly, for he never could satisfy himself what to do.

The fault he had found with Harvard College as an undergraduate must have been more or less just, for the college was making a great effort to meet these self-criticisms, and had elected President Eliot in 1869 to carry out its reforms. Professor Gurney was one of the leading reformers, and had tried his hand on his own department of History. The two full Professors of History — Torrey and Gurney, charming men both — could not cover the ground. Between Gurney's classical courses and Torrey's modern ones, lay a gap of a thousand years, which Adams was expected to fill. The students had already elected courses numbered 1, 2, and 3, without knowing what was to be taught or who was to teach. If their new professor had asked what idea was in their minds, they must have replied that nothing at all was in their minds, since their professor had nothing in his, and down to the moment he took his chair and looked his scholars in the face, he had given, as far as he could remember, an hour, more or less, to the Middle Ages.

Not that his ignorance troubled him! He knew enough to be ignorant. His course had led him through oceans of ignorance; he had tumbled from one ocean into another till he had learned to swim; but even to him education was a serious thing. A parent gives life, but as parent, gives no more. A murderer takes life, but his deed stops there. A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where

[1] From *The Education of Henry Adams.* Reprinted by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

his influence stops. A teacher is expected to teach truth, and may perhaps flatter himself that he does so, if he stops with the alphabet or the multiplication table, as a mother teaches truth by making her child eat with a spoon; but morals are quite another truth and philosophy is more complex still. A teacher must either treat history as a catalogue, a record, a romance, or as an evolution; and whether he affirms or denies evolution, he falls into all the burning faggots of the pit. He makes of his scholars either priests or atheists, plutocrats or socialists, judges or anarchists, almost in spite of himself. In essence incoherent and immoral, history had either to be taught as such — or falsified.

Adams wanted to do neither. He had no theory of evolution to teach, and could not make the facts fit one. He had no fancy for telling agreeable tales to amuse sluggish-minded boys, in order to publish them afterwards as lectures. He could still less compel his students to learn the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and the Venerable Bede by heart. He saw no relation whatever between his students and the Middle Ages unless it were the Church, and there the ground was particularly dangerous. He knew better than though he were a professional historian that the man who should solve the riddle of the Middle Ages and bring them into the line of evolution from past to present, would be a greater man than Lamarck or Linnaeus; but history had nowhere broken down so pitiably, or avowed itself so hopelessly bankrupt, as there. Since Gibbon, the spectacle was almost a scandal. History had lost even the sense of shame. It was a hundred years behind the experimental sciences. For all serious purpose, it was less instructive than Walter Scott and Alexandre Dumas.

All this was without offence to Sir Henry Maine, Tylor, McLennan, Buckle, Auguste Comte, and the various philosophers who, from time to time, stirred the scandal, and made it more scandalous. No doubt, a teacher might make some use of these writers or their theories; but Adams could fit them into no theory of his own. The college expected him to pass at least half his time in teaching the boys a few elementary dates and relations, that they might not be a disgrace to the university. This was formal; and he could frankly tell the boys that, provided they passed their examinations, they might get their facts where they liked, and use the teacher

only for questions. The only privilege a student had that was worth his claiming, was that of talking to the professor, and the professor was bound to encourage it. His only difficulty on that side was to get them to talk at all. He had to devise schemes to find what they were thinking about, and induce them to risk criticism from their fellows. Any large body of students stifles the student. No man can instruct more than half-a-dozen students at once. The whole problem of education is one of its cost in money.

The lecture system to classes of hundreds, which was very much that of the twelfth century, suited Adams not at all. Barred from philosophy and bored by facts, he wanted to teach his students something not wholly useless. The number of students whose minds were of an order above the average was, in his experience, barely one in ten; the rest could not be much stimulated by any inducements a teacher could suggest. All were respectable, and in seven years of contact, Adams never had cause to complain of one; but nine minds in ten take polish passively, like a hard surface; only the tenth sensibly reacts.

Adams thought that, as no one seemed to care what he did, he would try to cultivate this tenth mind, though necessarily at the expense of the other nine. He frankly acted on the rule that a teacher, who knew nothing of his subject, should not pretend to teach his scholars what he did not know, but should join them in trying to find the best way of learning it. The rather pretentious name of historical method was sometimes given to this process of instruction, but the name smacked of German pedagogy, and a young professor who respected neither history nor method, and whose sole object of interest was his students' minds, fell into trouble enough without adding to it a German parentage.

The task was doomed to failure for a reason which he could not control. Nothing is easier than to teach historical method, but, when learned, it has little use. History is a tangled skein that one may take up at any point, and break when one has unravelled enough; but complexity precedes evolution. The *Pteraspis* grins horribly from the closed entrance. One may not begin at the beginning, and one has but the loosest relative truths to follow up. Adams found himself obliged to force his material into some shape to which a

method could be applied. He could think only of law as subject; the Law School as end; and he took, as victims of his experiment, half-a-dozen highly intelligent young men who seemed willing to work. The course began with the beginning, as far as the books showed a beginning in primitive man, and came down through the Salic Franks to the Norman English. Since no textbooks existed, the professor refused to profess, knowing no more than his students, and the students read what they pleased and compared their results. As pedagogy, nothing could be more triumphant. The boys worked like rabbits, and dug holes all over the field of archaic society; no difficulty stopped them; unknown languages yielded before their attack, and customary law became familiar as the police court; undoubtedly they learned, after a fashion, to chase an idea, like a hare, through as dense a thicket of obscure facts as they were likely to meet at the bar; but their teacher knew from his own experience that his wonderful method led nowhere, and they would have to exert themselves to get rid of it in the Law School even more than they exerted themselves to acquire it in the college. Their science had no system, and could have none, since its subject was merely antiquarian. Try as hard as he might, the professor could not make it actual.

What was the use of training an active mind to waste its energy? The experiments might in time train Adams as a professor, but this result was still less to his taste. He wanted to help the boys to a career, but not one of his many devices to stimulate the intellectual reaction of the student's mind satisfied either him or the students. For himself he was clear that the fault lay in the system, which could lead only to inertia. Such little knowledge of himself as he possessed warranted him in affirming that his mind required conflict, competition, contradiction even more than that of the student. He too wanted a rank-list to set his name upon. His reform of the system would have begun in the lecture-room at his own desk. He would have seated a rival assistant professor opposite him, whose business should be strictly limited to expressing opposite views. Nothing short of this would ever interest either the professor or the student; but of all university freaks, no irregularity shocked the intellectual atmosphere so much as contradiction or competition between teachers. In that respect the thirteenth-century university system was worth the whole teaching of the modern school.

All his pretty efforts to create conflicts of thought among his students failed for want of system. None met the needs of instruction. In spite of President Eliot's reforms and his steady, generous, liberal support, the system remained costly, clumsy and futile. The university — as far as it was represented by Henry Adams — produced at great waste of time and money results not worth reaching.

He made use of his lost two years of German schooling to inflict their results on his students, and by a happy chance he was in the full tide of fashion. The Germans were crowning their new emperor at Versailles, and surrounding his head with a halo of Pepins and Merwigs, Othos and Barbarossas. James Bryce had even discovered the Holy Roman Empire. Germany was never so powerful, and the Assistant Professor of History had nothing else as his stock in trade. He imposed Germany on his scholars with a heavy hand. He was rejoiced; but he sometimes doubted whether they should be grateful. On the whole, he was content neither with what he had taught nor with the way he had taught it. The seven years he passed in teaching seemed to him lost.

The uses of adversity are beyond measure strange. As a professor, he regarded himself as a failure. Without false modesty he thought he knew what he meant. He had tried a great many experiments, and wholly succeeded in none. He had succumbed to the weight of the system. He had accomplished nothing that he tried to do. He regarded the system as wrong; more mischievous to the teachers than to the students; fallacious from the beginning to end. He quitted the university at last, in 1877, with a feeling, that, if it had not been for the invariable courtesy and kindness shown by every one in it, from the President to the injured students, he should be sore at his failure.

These were his own feelings, but they seemed not to be felt in the college. With the same perplexing impartiality that had so much disconcerted him in his undergraduate days, the college insisted on expressing an opposite view. John Fiske went so far in his notice of the family in "Appleton's Cyclopedia," as to say that Henry had left a great reputation at Harvard College; which was a proof of John Fiske's personal regard that Adams heartily returned; and set the kind expression down to *camaraderie*. The case was different when President Eliot himself hinted that Adams's services merited

recognition. Adams could have wept on his shoulder in hysterics, so grateful was he for the rare good-will that inspired the compliment; but he could not allow the college to think that he esteemed himself entitled to distinction. He knew better, and his was among the failures which were respectable enough to deserve self-respect. Yet nothing in the vanity of life struck him as more humiliating than that Harvard College, which he had persistently criticised, abused, abandoned, and neglected, should alone have offered him a dollar, an office, an encouragement, or a kindness. Harvard College might have its faults, but at least it redeemed America, since it was true to its own.

The only part of education that the professor thought a success was the students. He found them excellent company. Cast more or less in the same mould, without violent emotions or sentiment, and, except for the veneer of American habits, ignorant of all that man had ever thought or hoped, their minds burst open like flowers at the sunlight of a suggestion. They were quick to respond; plastic to a mould; and incapable of fatigue. Their faith in education was so full of pathos that one dared not ask them what they thought they could do with education when they got it. Adams did put the question to one of them, and was surprised at the answer: "The degree at Harvard College is worth money to me in Chicago." This reply upset his experience; for the degree of Harvard College had been rather a drawback to a young man in Boston and Washington. So far as it went, the answer was good, and settled one's doubts. Adams knew no better, although he had given twenty years to pursuing the same education, and was no nearer a result than they. He still had to take for granted many things that they need not — among the rest, that his teaching did them more good than harm. In his own opinion the greatest good he could do them was to hold his tongue. They needed much faith then; they were likely to need more if they lived long.

He never knew whether his colleagues shared his doubts about their own utility. Unlike himself, they knew more or less their business. He could not tell his scholars that history glowed with social virtue; the Professor of Chemistry cared not a chemical atom whether society was virtuous or not. Adams could not pretend that mediaeval society proved evolution; the Professor of Physics smiled

at evolution. Adams was glad to dwell on the virtues of the Church and the triumphs of its art: the Professor of Political Economy had to treat them as waste of force. They knew what they had to teach; he did not. They might perhaps be frauds without knowing it; but he knew certainly nothing else of himself. He could teach his students nothing; he was only educating himself at their cost.

Education, like politics, is a rough affair, and every instructor has to shut his eyes and hold his tongue as though he were a priest. The students alone satisfied. They thought they gained something. Perhaps they did, for even in America and in the twentieth century, life could not be wholly industrial. Adams fervently hoped that they might remain content; but supposing twenty years more to pass, and they should turn on him as fiercely as he had turned on his old instructors — what answer could he make? The college had pleaded guilty, and tried to reform. He had pleaded guilty from the start, and his reforms had failed before those of the college.

The lecture-room was futile enough, but the faculty-room was worse. American society feared total wreck in the maelstrom of political and corporate administration, but it could not look for help to college dons. Adams knew, in that capacity, both Congressmen and professors, and he preferred Congressmen. The same failure marked the society of a college. Several score of the best-educated, most agreeable, and personally the most sociable people in America united in Cambridge to make a social desert that would have starved a polar bear. The liveliest and most agreeable of men — James Russell Lowell, Francis J. Child, Louis Agassiz, his son Alexander, Gurney, John Fiske, William James and a dozen others, who would have made the joy of London or Paris — tried their best to break out and be like other men in Cambridge and Boston, but society called them professors, and professors they had to be. While all these brilliant men were greedy for companionship, all were famished for want of it. Society was a faculty-meeting without business. The elements were there; but society cannot be made up of elements — people who are expected to be silent unless they have observations to make — and all the elements are bound to remain apart if required to make observations.

Thus it turned out that of all his many educations, Adams thought

that of school-teacher the thinnest. Yet he was forced to admit that the education of an editor, in some ways, was thinner still. The editor had barely time to edit; he had none to write. If copy fell short, he was obliged to scribble a book-review on the virtues of the Anglo-Saxons or the vices of the Popes; for he knew more about Edward the Confessor or Boniface VIII than he did about President Grant. For seven years he wrote nothing; the *Review* lived on his brother Charles's railway articles. The editor could help others, but could do nothing for himself. As a writer, he was totally forgotten by the time he had been an editor for twelve months. As editor he could find no writer to take his place for politics and affairs of current concern. The *Review* became chiefly historical. Russell Lowell and Frank Palgrave helped him to keep it literary. The editor was a helpless drudge whose successes, if he made any, belonged to his writers; but whose failures might easily bankrupt himself. Such a Review may be made a sink of money with captivating ease. The secrets of success as an editor were easily learned; the highest was that of getting advertisements. Ten pages of advertising made an editor a success; five marked him as a failure. The merits or demerits of his literature had little to do with his results except when they led to adversity.

A year or two of education as editor satiated most of his appetite for that career as a profession. After a very slight experience, he said no more on the subject. He felt willing to let any one edit, if he himself might write. Vulgarly speaking, it was a dog's life when it did not succeed, and little better when it did. A professor had at least the pleasure of associating with his students; an editor lived the life of an owl. A professor commonly became a pedagogue or a pedant; an editor became an authority on advertising. On the whole, Adams preferred his attic in Washington. He was educated enough. Ignorance paid better, for at least it earned fifty dollars a month.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

SIR HUMFREY GILBERT[1]

SOME two miles above the port of Dartmouth, once among the most important harbours in England, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches, there has stood for some centuries the Manor House of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's throw of the windows. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met, in the hall of this mansion, a party as remarkable as could have been found anywhere in England. Humfrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their half-brother, Walter Raleigh, here, when little boys, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream; in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port, and wondering at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships which thronged it; or climbing on board, and listening, with hearts beating, to the mariners' tales of the new earth beyond the sunset. And here in later life, matured men, whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco. Another remarkable man, of whom we shall presently speak more closely, could not fail to have made a fourth at these meetings. A sailor boy of Sandwich, the adjoining parish, John Davis, showed early a genius which could not have escaped the eye of such neighbours, and in the atmosphere of Greenaway he learned to be as noble as the Gilberts, and as tender and delicate as Raleigh. Of this party, for the present we confine ourselves to the host and owner, Humfrey Gilbert, knighted afterwards by Elizabeth. Led by the scenes of his childhood to the sea and to sea adventures, and afterwards, as his mind unfolded, to study his profession scientifically, we find him as soon as he was old enough to think for himself, or make others listen to him, "amending the great errors of naval sea

[1] From *England's Forgotten Worthies.*

cards, whose common fault is to make the degree of longitude in every latitude of one common bigness; " inventing instruments for taking observations, studying the form of the earth, and convincing himself that there was a north-west passage, and studying the necessities of his country, and discovering the remedies for them in colonization and extended markets for home manufactures. Gilbert was examined before the Queen's Majesty and the Privy Council, and the record of his examination he has himself left to us in a paper which he afterwards drew up, and strange enough reading it is. The most admirable conclusions stand side by side with the wildest conjectures.

Homer and Aristotle are pressed into service to prove that the ocean runs round the three old continents, and that America therefore is necessarily an island. The Gulf Stream, which he had carefully observed, eked out by a theory of the *primum mobile*, is made to demonstrate a channel to the north, corresponding to Magellan's Straits in the south, Gilbert believing, in common with almost every one of his day, that these straits were the only opening into the Pacific, and the land to the south was unbroken to the Pole. He prophesies a market in the East for our manufactured linen and calicoes: —

> The Easterns greatly prizing the same, as appeareth in Hester, where the pomp is expressed of the great King of India, Ahasuerus, who matched the coloured clothes wherewith his houses and tents were apparelled, with gold and silver, as part of his greatest treasure.

These and other such arguments were the best analysis which Sir Humfrey had to offer of the spirit which he felt to be working in him. We may think what we please of them; but we can have but one thought of the great grand words with which the memorial concludes, and they alone would explain the love which Elizabeth bore him: —

> Never, therefore, mislike with me for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever.
>
> Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind: that he is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or

danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno.*

Two voyages which he undertook at his own cost, which shattered his fortune, and failed, as they naturally might, since inefficient help or mutiny of subordinates, or other disorders, are inevitable conditions under which more or less great men must be content to see their great thoughts mutilated by the feebleness of their instruments, did not dishearten him, and in June 1583 a last fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth, with commission from the Queen to discover and take possession from latitude 45° to 50° North — a voyage not a little noteworthy, there being planted in the course of it the first English colony west of the Atlantic. Elizabeth had a foreboding that she would never see him again. She sent him a jewel as a last token of her favour, and she desired Raleigh to have his picture taken before he went.

The history of the voyage was written by a Mr. Edward Hayes, of Dartmouth, one of the principal actors in it, and as a composition it is more remarkable for fine writing than any very commendable thought in the author. But Sir Humfrey's nature shines through the infirmity of his chronicler; and in the end, indeed, Mr. Hayes himself is subdued into a better mind. He had lost money by the voyage, and we will hope his higher nature was only under a temporary eclipse. The fleet consisted (it is well to observe the ships and the size of them) of the "Delight," 120 tons; the barque "Raleigh," 200 tons (this ship deserted off the Land's End); the "Golden Hinde" and the "Swallow," 40 tons each; and the "Squirrel," which was called the frigate, 10 tons. For the uninitiated in such matters, we may add, that if in a vessel the size of the last, a member of the Yatch Club would consider that he had earned a club-room of immortality if he had ventured a run in the depth of summer from Cowes to the Channel Islands.

We were in all (says Mr. Hayes) 260 men, among whom we had of every faculty good choice. Besides, for solace of our own people, and allurement of the savages, we were provided of music in good variety, not omitting the least toys, as morris dancers, hobby horses, and May-like conceits to delight the savage people.

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident. St. John's was taken possession of, and a colony left there; and Sir Humfrey then set out exploring along the American coast to the south, he himself doing all the work in his little 10-ton cutter, the service being too dangerous for the larger vessels to venture on. One of these had remained at St. John's. He was now accompanied only by the "Delight" and the "Golden Hinde," and these two keeping as near the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbours, and risking his life, as every hour he was obliged to risk it in such a service, in thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World. How dangerous it was we shall presently see. It was towards the end of August.

The evening was fair and pleasant, yet not without token of storm to ensue, and most part of this Wednesday night, like the swan that singeth before her death, they in the "Delight" continued in sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also winding the cornets and hautboys, and in the end of their jollity left with the battell and ringing of doleful knells.

Two days after came the storm; the "Delight" struck upon a bank, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Humfrey's papers, among other things, were all lost in her; at the time considered by him an irreparable misfortune. But it was little matter, he was never to need them. The "Golden Hinde" and the "Squirrel" were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short, and the summer season was closing. Both crews were on short allowance; and with much difficulty Sir Humfrey was prevailed upon to be satisfied for the present with what he had done, and to lay off for England.

So upon Saturday, in the afternoon, the 31st of August, we changed our course, and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and the land, which we now forsook, a very lion, to our seeming, in shape, hair, and colour; not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body,

except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and again rising as the manner is of whales, porpoises, and other fish, but confidently showing himself without hiding, notwithstanding that we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ougly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes; and to bidde us farewell, coming right against the "Hinde," he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doth a lion which spectacle we all beheld so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the General himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for *Bonum Omen,* rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy, if it were the devil.

We have no doubt that he did think it was the devil; men in those days believing really that evil was more than a principle or a necessary accident, and that in all their labour for God and for right, they must make their account to have to fight with the devil in his proper person. But if we are to call it superstition, and if this were no devil in the form of a roaring lion, but a mere great seal or sea-lion, it is a more innocent superstition to impersonate so real a power, and it requires a bolder heart to rise up against it and defy it in its living terror, than to sublimate it away into a philosophical principle, and to forget to battle with it in speculating on its origin and nature. But to follow the brave Sir Humfrey, whose work of fighting with the devil was now over, and who was passing to his reward. The 2nd of September the General came on board the "Golden Hinde" "to make merry with us." He greatly deplored the loss of his books and papers, but he was full of confidence from what he had seen, and talked with eagerness and warmth of the new expedition for the following spring. Apocryphal gold-mines still occupying the minds of Mr. Hayes and others, they were persuaded that Sir Humfrey was keeping to himself some such discovery which he had secretly made, and they tried hard to extract it from him. They could make nothing, however, of his odd, ironical answers, and their sorrow at the catastrophe which followed is sadly blended with disappointment that such a secret should have perished. Sir Humfrey doubtless saw America with other eyes than theirs, and gold-mines richer than California in its huge rivers and savannahs.

Leaving the issue of this good hope (about the gold), (continues Mr. Hayes), to God, who only knoweth the truth thereof, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our General, and as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from his wilful resolution of going in his frigate; and when he was entreated by the captain, master, and others, his well-wishers in the "Hinde," not to venture, this was his answer — "I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils."

Two-thirds of the way home they met foul weather and terrible seas, "breaking short and pyramid-wise." Men who had all their lives "occupied the sea" had never seen it more outrageous. "We had also upon our mainyard an apparition of a little fier by night, which seamen do call Castor and Pollux."

Monday the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried unto us in the "Hinde" so often as we did approach within hearing, "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land," reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, and I can testify that he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the "Golden Hinde," suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried, "The General was cast away," which was too true.

Thus faithfully (concludes Mr. Hayes, in some degree rising above himself) I have related this story, wherein some spark of the knight's virtues, though he be extinguished, may happily appear; he remaining resolute to a purpose honest and godly as was this, to discover, possess, and reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety, those remote and heathen countries of America. Such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good, that fruit may grow in time of our travelling in these North-Western lands (as has it not grown?), and the crosses, turmoils, and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of the voyage, did correct the intemperate humours which before we noted to be in this gentleman, and made unsavoury and less delightful his other manifold virtues.

Thus as he was refined and made nearer unto the image of God, so it pleased the Divine will to resume him unto Himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired.

Such was Sir Humfrey Gilbert; still in the prime of his years when the Atlantic swallowed him. Like the gleam of a landscape lit suddenly for a moment by the lightning, these few scenes flash down to us across the centuries: but what a life must that have been of which this was the conclusion! We have glimpses of him a few years earlier, when he won his spurs in Ireland — won them by deeds which to us seem terrible in their ruthlessness, but which won the applause of Sir Henry Sidney as too high for praise or even reward. Chequered like all of us with lines of light and darkness, he was, neverthless, one of a race which has ceased to be. We look round for them, and we can hardly believe that the same blood is flowing in our veins. Brave we may still be, and strong perhaps as they, but the high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful is departed from us for ever.

G. OTTO TREVELYAN

ZACHARY MACAULAY[1]

MR. MACAULAY was admirably adapted for the arduous and uninviting task of planting a negro colony. His very deficiencies stood him in good stead; for in presence of the elements with which he had to deal, it was well for him that nature had denied him any sense of the ridiculous. Unconscious of what was absurd around him, and incapable of being flurried, frightened, or fatigued, he stood as a centre of order and authority amidst the seething chaos of inexperience and insubordination. The staff was miserably insufficient, and every officer of the company had to do duty for three in a climate such that a man is fortunate if he can find health for the work of one during a continuous twelvemonth. The governor had to be in the counting-house, the law-court, the school, and even the chapel. He was his own secretary, his own pay-master, his own envoy. He posted ledgers, he decided causes, he conducted correspondence with the directors at home, and visited neighbouring

1 From *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.*

potentates on diplomatic missions which made up in danger what they lacked in dignity. In the absence of properly qualified clergymen, with whom he would have been the last to put himself in competition, he preached sermons and performed marriages — a function which must have given honest satisfaction to one who had been so close a witness of the enforced and systematized immorality of a slave-nursery. Before long something fairly resembling order was established, and the settlement began to enjoy a reasonable measure of prosperity. The town was built, the fields were planted, and the schools filled. The governor made a point of allotting the lightest work to the negroes who could read and write: and such was the stimulating effect of this system upon education that he confidently looked forward "to the time when there would be few in the colony unable to read the Bible." A printing-press was in constant operation, and in the use of a copying-machine the little community was three-quarters of a century ahead of the London public offices.

But a severe ordeal was in store for the nascent civilization of Sierra Leone. On a Sunday morning in September, 1794, eight French sail appeared off the coast. The town was about as defensible as Brighton, and it is not difficult to imagine the feelings which the sans-culottes inspired among evangelical colonists whose last advices from Europe dated from the very height of the Reign of Terror. There was a party in favour of escaping into the forest with as much property as could be removed at so short a notice; but the governor insisted that there would be no chance of saving the company's buildings unless the company's servants could make up their minds to remain at their posts and face it out. The squadron moored within musket-shot of the quay, and swept the streets for two hours with grape and bullets; a most gratuitous piece of cruelty that killed a negress and a child, and gave one unlucky English gentleman a fright which ultimately brought him to his grave. The invaders then proceeded to land, and Mr. Macaulay had an opportunity of learning something about the condition of the French marine during the heroic period of the republic.

A personal enemy of his own, the captain of a Yankee slaver, brought a party of sailors straight to the governor's house. What followed had best be told in Mr. Macaulay's own words: "Newell,

who was attended by half a dozen sans-culottes, almost foaming with rage, presented a pistol to me, and with many oaths demanded instant satisfaction for the slaves who had run away from him to my protection. I made very little reply, but told him he must now *take* such satisfaction as he judged equivalent to his claims, as I was no longer master of my actions. He became so very outrageous that, after bearing with him a little while, I thought it most prudent to repair myself to the French officer, and request his safe-conduct on board the commodore's ship. As I passed along the wharf the scene was curious enough. The Frenchmen, who had come ashore in filth and rags, were now, many of them, dressed out with women's shifts, gowns, and petticoats. Others had quantities of cloth wrapped about their bodies, or perhaps six or seven suits of clothes upon them at a time. The scene which presented itself on my getting on board the flagship was still more singular. The quarter-deck was crowded by a set of ragamuffins whose appearance beggared every previous description, and among whom I sought in vain for some one who looked like a gentleman. The stench and filth exceeded any thing I had ever witnessed in any ship, and the noise and confusion gave me some idea of their famous Mountain. I was ushered into the commodore's cabin, who at least received me civilly. His name was Citizen Allemand. He did not appear to have the right of excluding any of his fellow-citizens even from this place. Whatever might be their rank, they crowded into it, and conversed familiarly with him." Such was the discipline of the fleet that had been beaten by Lord Howe on the 1st of June, and such the raw material of the armies which, under firm hands and on an element more suited to the military genius of their nation, were destined to triumph at Rivoli and Hohenlinden.

Mr. Macaulay, who spoke French with ease and precision, in his anxiety to save the town used every argument which might prevail on the commander, whose Christian name (if one may use such a phrase with reference to a patriot of the year two of the republic), happened, oddly enough, to be the same as his own. He appealed first to the traditional generosity of Frenchmen toward a fallen enemy, but soon discerned that the quality in question had gone out with the old order of things, if indeed it ever existed. He then represented that a people who professed to be waging war with the ex-

press object of striking off the fetters of mankind would be guilty of flagrant inconsistency if they destroyed an asylum for liberated slaves: but the commodore gave him to understand that sentiments which sounded very well in the Hall of the Jacobins were out of place on the West Coast of Africa. The governor returned on shore to find the town already completely gutted. It was evident at every turn that, although the republican battalions might carry liberty and fraternity through Europe on the points of their bayonets, the republican sailors had found a very different use for the edge of their cutlasses. "The sight of my own and of the accountant's offices almost sickened me. Every desk and every drawer and every shelf, together with the printing and copying presses, had been completely demolished in the search for money. The floors were strewed with types, and papers, and leaves of books, and I had the mortification to see a great part of my own labor and of the labor of others for several years totally destroyed. At the other end of the house I found telescopes, hygrometers, barometers, thermometers, and electrical machines, lying about in fragments. The view of the town library filled me with lively concern. The volumes were tossed about and defaced with the utmost wantonness, and if they happened to bear any resemblance to Bibles they were torn in pieces and trampled on. The collection of natural curiosities next caught my eye. Plants, seeds, dried birds, insects, and drawings were scattered about in great confusion, and some of the sailors were in the act of killing a beautiful musk-cat, which they afterward eat. Every house was full of Frenchmen, who were hacking and destroying and tearing up every thing which they could not convert to their own use. The destruction of live stock on this and the following day was immense. In my yard alone they killed fourteen dozen of fowls, and there were not less than twelve hundred hogs shot in the town." It was unsafe to walk in the streets of Freetown during the forty-eight hours that followed its capture, because the French crews, with too much of the company's port-wine in their heads to aim straight, were firing at the pigs of the poor freedmen over whom they had achieved such a questionable victory.

To readers of Erckmann-Chatrian it is unpleasant to be taken thus behind the curtain on which those skillful artists have painted the wars of the early Revolution. It is one thing to be told how the

crusaders of '93 and '94 were received with blessings and banquets by the populations to whom they brought freedom and enlightenment, and quite another to read the journal in which a quiet, accurate-minded Scotchman tells us how a pack of tipsy ruffians sat abusing Pitt and George to him over a fricassee of his own fowls, and among the wreck of his lamps and mirrors which they had smashed as a protest against aristocratic luxury.

"There is not a boy among them who has not learned to accompany the name of Pitt with an execration. When I went to bed, there was no sleep to be had on account of the sentinels thinking fit to amuse me the whole night through with the revenge they meant to take on him when they got him to Paris. Next morning I went on board the *Experiment*. The commodore and all his officers messed together, and I was admitted among them. They are truly the poorest-looking people I ever saw. Even the commodore has only one suit which can at all distinguish him, not to say from the officers, but from the men. The filth and confusion of their meals were terrible. A chorus of boys usher in the dinner with the Marseilles hymn, and it finishes in the same way. The enthusiasm of all ranks among them is astonishing, but not more so than their blindness. They talk with ecstasy of their revolutionary government, of their bloody executions, of their revolutionary tribunal, of the rapid movement of their revolutionary army with the Corps of Justice and the flying guillotine before it: forgetting that not one of them is not liable to its stroke on the accusation of the greatest vagabond on board. They asked me with triumph if yesterday had not been Sunday. 'Oh,' said they, 'the National Convention have decreed that there is no Sunday, and that the Bible is all a lie.'" After such an experience it is not difficult to account for the keen and almost personal interest with which, to the very day of Waterloo, Mr. Macaulay watched through its varying phases the rise and the downfall of the French power. He followed the progress of the British arms with a minute and intelligent attention which from a very early date communicated itself to his son: and the hearty patriotism of Lord Macaulay is perhaps in no small degree the consequence of what his father suffered from the profane and rapacious sans-culottes of the revolutionary squadron.

Toward the middle of October the republicans took their depar-

ture. Even at this distance of time it is provoking to learn that they got back to Brest without meeting an enemy that had teeth to bite. The African climate, however, reduced the squadron to such a plight, that it was well for our frigates that they had not the chance of getting its fever-stricken crews under their hatches. The French never revisited Freetown. Indeed, they had left the place in such a condition that it was not worth their while to return. The houses had been carefully burned to the ground, and the live stock killed. Except the clothes on their backs, and a little brandy and flour, the Europeans had lost every thing they had in the world. Till assistance came from the mother country, they lived upon such provisions as could be recovered from the reluctant hands of the negro settlers, who providentially had not been able to resist the temptation of helping the republicans to plunder the company's stores. Judicious liberality at home, and a year's hard work on the spot, did much to repair the damage; and, when his colony was again upon its feet, Mr. Macaulay sailed to England with the object of recruiting his health, which had broken down under an attack of low fever.

KATHARINE ANTHONY

CATHERINE AND POTIOMKIN[1]

CATHERINE THE GREAT loved to picture herself in heaven conversing with Confucius and Cæsar and Alexander the Great. If she could have seen herself as the subject of all the suggestive anecdotes which are told about her in Russia to-day, or as the heroine with three hundred lovers who sparkles so wickedly on so many modern stages, she would, without the least shadow of a doubt, have been extremely happy and delighted. That posterity should think of her as a Russian Messalina would be exactly to her taste.

The number of her favorites was not three hundred but merely twelve. They were openly acknowledged, and no royal consort in

[1] Reprinted from Katharine Anthony's *Catherine the Great.* (The Century Magazine, November, 1925) with permission of the author and of the publishers, The Century Co.

any country ever enjoyed a brighter glow of publicity. Nothing is more surprising than the recognition which she accorded them or the respect and formality with which she surrounded them, except perhaps the curious indifference and matter-of-factness with which they were accepted by society in Russia. Most of the romancing came afterward when Catherine and her twelve lovers had gone the way of all flesh.

The empress was, in this aspect of her life as well as others, a woman of few explanations. But she wrote a confession for Gregory Potiomkin, who was Orlov's first real and genuine successor. It appears that Potiomkin had heard stories which show that gossip had already begun to exaggerate the number of Catherine's intimates. To reassure him, the empress told him all the facts.

Her list begins with Sergei Saltikov and tells how she accepted him on the advice of Madame Choglokov and Madame Saltikov, "Sergei's Mama." The next person named in Catherine's confession is Poniatovsky, whom she made King of Poland. "He was amiable," she writes, "and was loved from 1755 to 1761. After he had been away three years . . . and because Prince Gregory Gregorevich [Orlov], to whom well-meaning people called my attention, took pains for me, I changed my way of thinking. He would have stayed forever if he had not grown tired. I learned this on the exact day of his departure from Tsarskoye Selo for the Congress [of Fokshani] and drew from it the simple conclusion that with this knowledge I could no longer have any confidence. The thought tortured me cruelly and led me to make from desperation a choice by chance." This deperate choice referred to Vasilchikov, the only one of Catherine's favorites who had royal blood in his veins and the least of them all in her eyes. Her confession ends with Potiomkin, to whom it is addressed. The favorites who followed him were Zavadovsky, Zoritch, Korsakov, Lanskoy, Yermalov, Mamonov, and Zubov. Except for Lanskoy, who died, and Mamonov, who married, Potiomkin dismissed all of them or believed that he dismissed them. When he could no longer do that he realized that his lady had discarded him for good. He became, as Gregory Orlov had become fifteen years before, an exile from the warm nest that had long sheltered him, and, like Gregory Orlov, he could not endure his loneliness.

Potiomkin was loved by Catherine for fifteen years. Previously she had loved Orlov for ten years before she cast him off. She had a degree of faithfulness with which she has never been credited. Not that Potiomkin lingered in Petersburg all this time. As official favorite and public escort he lasted only two years. He was too restless for captivity, and he could not bear to be stared at, a part which the handsome Orlov had played to perfection. Potiomkin went away to Novgorod, to the Turkish wars, to the Crimea; he was driven hither and thither across the endless plains of Russia by his craving, restless spirit. The empress, left alone, something she could never bear, took one favorite after the other in his place. But always Potiomkin returned and compelled her to dispose of them. At a word from him, she turned them out.

Potiomkin had a fascinating personality. He was not liked, but he captured the imagination. Legend has pictured him as a great Russian brute who drank heavily and swore outrageously. Doubtless he swore; every Russian swears as naturally as he breathes. But he was not a drunkard and he was not a brute. He was a frightened, timid hare, with a wild creative genius which came through here and there without ever developing much power of expression. He could be a real poet on occasion although he is known as the author of only one song, and also a real general on occasion although he trembled at the sound of guns. The most contradictory things have been said about him because the most contradictory things were true about him.

He had the tall, well built figure which Catherine admired, but otherwise his appearance was not prepossessing. He had lost an eye, and nobody knew when or how the accident had happened. Potiomkin himself never spoke of it, but his feelings on the subject may be imagined from the fact that when a one-eyed man was sent to him with a message Potiomkin struck him down. It is doubtful whether Catherine herself knew the true cause of the accident. In writing about Potiomkin, she ignored his handicap entirely. Another peculiarity of Potiomkin's which she passed over in silence was a nervous jerking of his face. One trait, however, she did refer to sometimes in a jesting tone and that was the way he constantly gnawed his finger-nails.

Potiomkin was cynical, morose, and silent; a wistful, tortured

creature who was obliged to make people afraid of him in order to conceal his timidity toward others. They called him "Cyclops," and his imposing figure did not belie the reference to the one-eyed giant. Perhaps the original Cyclops also was as sensitive and fearful at the core as was the awe-inspiring Potiomkin. Legend has made a great deal of the middle syllable of his name, "tiom," meaning dark, which has served to accentuate the romantic picture of Potiomkin as a villain and a hero.

Potiomkin was a Southerner, a Ukrainian. The men of his family had followed either a military or a cloistered life. His father was an obscure captain, and an uncle had entered a monastery after rising to the rank of colonel in the army. Gregory Potiomkin reversed his uncle's course. He first became a monk or almost became one, having spent several years in preparation traveling from one monastery to the other. He was well versed in the theology of the Greek Church and was extremely superstitious. His orthodoxy was another aspect of Potiomkin's life which Catherine, who prided herself on being a free-thinker, did not like to expose.

Up to the age of thirty-five, when he became the favorite of the empress, Potiomkin seems to have had no idea of marriage. He was deeply attached to his sister, whom with her five daughters Catherine kept about the court. With one of his nieces, Countess Branicky, Potiomkin was especially intimate. After he left the empress, this niece accompanied him everywhere. It was as if, like Catherine, he was morbidly afraid of being left alone, and Sashinka Branicky was obliged to be always with him. One of the stories about General Potiomkin was that, instead of galloping over the battlefield on a war-horse like General Suvarov, he usually appeared driving in a kibitka with Sashinka at his side. Nevertheless, in this state, he managed to cover a great deal of ground, for few Russians traveled farther or more swiftly than did General Potiomkin. And always his devoted niece was near at hand. How Sashinka found time to marry and have children, as she did, is hard to explain. She not only reared a family but was a successful money-lender, earning for herself thereby the nickname of the banker to the court of Russia.

Potiomkin was a semi-Tatar in his habits. Slovenly and indolent, he would lie on his couch for days clad only in a *khalat*. In this same informal habit he would visit the empress, to the horror of the

Europeans and the astonishment even of the Russians. Potiomkin fancied himself in this informal costume, over and beyond the fact that the lazy undress suited the inertia of his temperament. The loose *khalat* was not unlike the monastic robe which he had once planned to wear and which, whenever things went wrong between him and his imperial mistress, he thought of putting on again. He was friendly with all priests, with whom he spent much time, not, it appears, so much in theological discussion, though he is said to have excelled in this, as in card-playing and betting. His devotion to the church is seen in the way he could stand motionless and decorous all day while mass was being said. He was not physically too lazy for this effort although otherwise so indolent that the simplest formalities of Russian court life were too arduous for him.

Many vindictive portraits of Catherine's lover were drawn for posterity. Most of them were made by French writers that could not understand a man who, notwithstanding all the riches that his mistress placed at his disposal, preferred to live as a Byzantine when he might have lived as a Parisian. To the sophisticated French Potiomkin was scarcely a Russian; he was almost an Asiatic. The big one-eyed man who sprawled on a couch all day in a bright dressing-gown, playing with a handful of unset jewels or listening to Plutarch's "Lives" being read aloud, was a strange creature who had turned his back on the civilization of France and who yearned only to revive the ancient glory of Alexander the Great. The mere name of Alexander was an inspiration to Catherine and Potiomkin: it had been the name of Potiomkin's father and became that of Catherine's grandson. It symbolized the magnificent dream which united them. Together they would go to Constantinople. One day Potiomkin burst forth, as he lay on his couch and listened to Plutarch's "Lives," "If any one should come to-day and tell me that I should never go thither, I would shoot myself through the head." For many years the empress and her lover drove in perfect unison toward their common dream; and when they no longer believed it they died.

Potiomkin, a true son of Ukrainia, was a troubadour. He composed a song to his lady which became a popular lyric. "As soon as I beheld thee, I thought of thee alone; thy lovely eyes captivated me, yet I trembled to say I loved. To thee, love subjects every

heart, and enchains them with the same garlands. But, ah, heaven, what a torment to love one to whom I dare not declare it! One who can never be mine. Cruel gods, why have you given her such charms? Or why did you exalt her so high? Why did you destine me to love her and her alone, her whose sacred name will never pass my lips, whose charming image will never quit my heart."

Catherine's churlish lover was not poor in fancy. His tributes to his lady showed imagination of no mean order. As he composed lyrics in her honor, he also composed pageants and other exhibitions of great beauty and impressiveness. The famous journey to the Crimea was a magnificent processional. Potiomkin's arrangement of this trip proved him a poet and a dramatist as well as a politician and a general. It employed all his talents at once.

His contrivance of effects along the way has been misconstrued. Hence the legend of the "Potiomkin villages," which according to his detractors were cardboard houses surrounded by peasants and cattle who had traveled on foot many hundreds of versts in order to complete the picture. That history should have blamed instead of praising Potiomkin for his artistry shows how little his mission in life and his share in Catherine's grandiose schemes have been understood. Both of them believed that the road to Constantinople would one day be lined with prosperous villages and that the temporary settlements thrown up at so much expense along the route would at no great distance in the future become permanent establishments. No one was deceived by the demonstration of prosperity, unless it was Potiomkin himself, who half-way believed in the spectacular growth of population induced by his own invention aided by Catherine's rubles. He was a daring artist who designed and executed grand effects.

All the world crowded into Cherson to see the empress and her prince. A room for the night cost a thousand rubles, and an egg for breakfast cost a florin. Potiomkin was beside himself with joy. He ordered the gates of the city to be moved several versts farther out and told the empress that the throng of visitors had decided to remain as a permanent addition to the population. He believed it himself, and the empress believed it with him. Looking out over the harbor of Cherson toward Constantinople they could believe anything. In a kibitka they drove to the mouth of the Bog, and the

empress looked across the narrow water at Turkish land beyond and lusted after it.

Catherine the Great employed the same Machiavellian technic in the acquisition of the Crimea that she had already used in Courland and in Poland. In the art of bribery no monarch has ever excelled her. The credit, or the blame, for Russia's seizure of the Crimea usually goes to Potiomkin. He was at least the flawless negotiator of his lady's scheme. The khan was slowly forced into a corner from which he could only escape by running straight into the arms of the empress. This was where he found himself just five years after Catherine's visit to Cherson, while Potiomkin took possession of the Crimea in the name of Russia.

Catherine had at last won possession of the land of Tauris, where Iphigenia, snatched away from her father's home to live among strangers, once reigned as a priestess. Something like this had happened to the Princess of Stettin when she became Empress of Russia and the head of its church. Catherine and Potiomkin restored the ancient name of Tauris to the peninsula and revived the Greek names of the towns and seaports, hoping to recall the Greeks who had abandoned their homes to the Tatars. To Potiomkin himself the empress gave the title of Prince of Tauris; henceforth he swept magnificently through her correspondence as the Taurian.

During the second Turkish war, Catherine wrote to her lover twice a week. In her letters she showered him with pet names as in public she hung him with orders. He was her belovedest, her little dove, her gold pheasant, her papa. So she spurred him on to battle with the Turks. It was not easy. The Ukrainian either stormed ahead or collapsed in moods of desperate discouragement. There were days when he was ready to evacuate the Crimea and to resign his generalship in favor of Rumiantsov, his detested rival. "You are as impatient as a five-year-old child," the empress chided, "while the business intrusted to you demands unshakable patience." The general was subject to frequent relapses to his five-year-old impatience, and in this mood he was ready to abandon all to the Turks if the empress's letters had not served to restore his aggressiveness. She had urgent need to write him twice a week. The Prince of Tauris was ready to give up even Tauris itself whenever his pessimistic feelings overcame him.

In the spring of 1791, Potiomkin realized that his relations with empress were threatened. He was in the same state of mind which had rendered Gregory Orlov incompetent to negotiate terms with the Turks at Fokshani in 1772. "If you wish to roll a stone from my heart," the empress wrote, "if you wish to free me from a heavy nightmare, then send a courier at once to the army with instructions to begin operations immediately by sea and by land." But Potiomkin was unable either to make an attack or conclude a treaty. He felt that it was time for him to go to Petersburg and turn "the little black boy" out, as he seemed to be settling into his place there with an ominous air of permanence. Leaving the command of the army to Prince Repnin, Potiomkin turned his back on the Turks and dashed northward, growling his usual thunders in advance.

But the empress was infatuated with her young lover, Plato Zubov, and refused to drive him forth at Potiomkin's bidding. It was the first time that Potiomkin had felt himself wholly powerless, and his disturbance was acute. Since bluster and threats were of no avail, though with all previous rivals they had sufficed, he fell back upon his prowess as an entertainer. The Prince of Tauris would win his lady back with his poetic talent as he had wooed her fifteen years before. He would turn troubadour as he had done in the springtime of their love. At that time Potiomkin had been an impecunious officer who could afford only to write verses to lay at his mistress's feet. Now he was a prince with riches at his command, and the empress loved gaiety and merrymaking. Potiomkin decided to give her such a party as Petersburg had never seen and to stake all on the outcome.

The prince had built a magnificent palace near his empress. He had adorned it with the richest furnishings of the South. His Oriental treasures would have made the great Alexander himself envious. In a vast room strewn with Persian rugs, his guests dined from Persian glass and golden dishes of Russian workmanship. Potiomkin's cook had nothing in common with the botchers whom the empress employed in her kitchen. His cook was a famous artist; he made the best sterlet soup in Russia, and his master had been known to send a military officer two thousand versts to fetch a tureen of it. In short, the prince's table was such a table as had never before been spread in Russia and has probably never been since. He used

his military officers to fetch and carry for his cook. They brought oysters from Riga, melons from Astrakhan, and grapes from the Crimea. The first oranges ever brought to Russia were served on Potiomkin's table. Even Frederick the Great, who was one of the chief epicures of his time, might well have envied the dinners of the Prince of Tauris.

The festivities of the desperate suitor surpassed anything he had ever done before. His resources were strained to the uttermost. A series of dinners, balls, pageants, arranged around the empress as the central figure, astonished the court by their grandeur. His food and fireworks were an experience even for the most blasé of the Russian nobility. The magnificence of his effects mounted from day to day, as the strain of his effort also increased. He was fighting for his life.

For the empress also the ordeal was frightful. She endured it as long as she could and then mercifully swung the ax which was to end Potiomkin's struggles. One morning she sent for him to thank him for his entertainment of the evening before. She referred to the occasion as a farewell feast and spoke regretfully of his departure for the front, which she assumed was immediately necessary. Potiomkin understood; he had lost his last throw.

He left for the South in a mood of the blackest depression. He told his friends that he would never return. As soon as he arrived in camp at Jassy, he fell ill with a fever. His niece, the faithful Sashinka Branicky, was with him and nursed him. All that the doctors prescribed, Potiomkin refused to do; all that they forbade, he instantly demanded. He insisted on eating like a gourmand. In every way he acted like a man bent on dying. His last meal was like the repast of a condemned man on the morning of his execution. He ate a quantity of salt pork, raw beets, a goose, and still another fowl, all of which he washed down with Crimean wine and Russian *kvass*. He is said to have died from overeating while in a fever, but he had really died before he left Petersburg. He was scarcely a living creature when he arrived at Jassy.

After this orgiastic meal, his bed became intolerable. He demanded to be taken from Jassy to Nikolaev, as he said, for a change of air. With his niece in the kibitka, the dying man drove westward. Gradually his strength faded and the raging temperature

subsided. The attendants were obliged to take him from the carriage and lay him on a rug at the roadside. There beside the dusty way, in the arms of Sashinka, he expired. He had gone the way of Gregory Orlov, but had gone more directly. The empress had killed her last man.

M. R. WERNER

BARNUM AND JENNY LIND [1]

CASTLE GARDEN, which since its construction in 1807 had been a fort, a cabaret, a music hall and an opera house, and which is now the Aquarium, was capable of accommodating almost 10,000 people, standing and sitting. Barnum had divided the hall into three sections, each of which was marked by lamps of different colors, red, yellow, and blue. The tickets corresponded in color with the lamps, and the one hundred ushers wore rosettes of those colors and carried wands of those colors, so that the audience gained their seats without the devastating crushes which occurred at the Jenny Lind performances in England.

The newspapers of Wednesday morning, September 11, 1850, reflect the feverish excitement that was in the air. The *Tribune* had imported from Boston a special critic to report the concerts, and that paper informed its readers on the morning of the first concert: "To-night will be a new Avatar in our musical history — the first appearance of another divinity in the world of Song." The *Courier and Enquirer* warned those who intended to be present not to applaud until they were quite sure Jenny Lind had finished, "as Jenny Lind is said to diminish a final note until her audience are quite sure it has ceased, and then swell it out again upon their astonished and delighted ears." The *Herald* wrote: "Jenny Lind is the most popular woman in the world at this moment, — perhaps the most popular that ever was in it." In the excitement of the moment the *Herald* apparently forgot the Virgin Mary.

[1] From *Barnum*. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

This advance adulation placed Jenny Lind at a disadvantage, for it made it necessary for her to live up to a tremendous expectation, if she was to please the discriminating. The *Courier and Enquirer* sensed this difficulty, and begged its readers on the morning of the first concert not to be disappointed " if Jenny Lind's singing be at all like any they ever heard from mortal lips," for, the editor insisted gravely, " Jenny Lind is merely a mortal woman, of very substantial flesh and blood, who, gifted by nature with genius and a voice, has made herself a great singer by hard labor; just such labor, such daily practice as provokes them to wish that their neighbor, Miss A., who is an amateur vocalist, lived a square or two further down the street, when she takes her music lessons." Barnum, too, was afraid that the great expectations which he had so largely created by his advance publicity, would act as a boomerang and cause the public to accept the reality with disappointment.

Evening came at last. The doors were opened at five o'clock, although the concert was scheduled to begin at eight, and more than seven thousand persons were seated, " with as much order and quiet as was ever witnessed in the assembling of a congregation at church," according to Barnum's description. A double row of policemen kept order and regulated the stream of carriages. The wooden bridge which approached the entrance to Castle Garden was brilliantly lighted the length of its two hundred feet, giving the effect of a triumphal avenue. More than two hundred boats were anchored as near as possible to the Garden, and more than a thousand people caught escaping strains of music from this vantage point; and when they could not hear, they shouted and yelled indignant interruptions, thus preventing those in the rear parts of the hall from hearing.

Inside, the hall was a mass of gas light. A wooden arch bordered the stage, and from it were hanging the flags of the United States and Sweden, with arabesque ornaments in white and gold beneath them. A large bank of flowers, spelling out the words, " Welcome Sweet Warbler," was suspended over the pillars of the balcony directly in front of the stage. Julius Benedict and his sixty musicians entered promptly at eight o'clock and were received with applause. They began the overture from Weber's *Oberon*, but the audience paid little attention. They were waiting for Jenny Lind, and they tol-

erated the preliminaries only because preliminaries increased the suspense and nervous excitement, but they were too restless to listen to them. Signor Belletti sang the *Sorgete* from Rossini's *Mahomet II*, and the audience applauded after he was finished with something of relief as well as appreciation.

There was a breathless moment of silent anticipation. The doors at the back of the stage opened. Jenny Lind, in a white, virginal dress, came gracefully down between the music stands, escorted by Julius Benedict, while Barnum watched nervously in the wings.

That placid face, with its thick nose and heavy Scandinavian features and its oval simplicity, stared out with frightened, earnest, blue eyes at this immense gathering, which rose to its feet in tumult, cheered as if for the foundation of a republic or the downfall of a monarchy, and hurled things handy into the air. She curtsied deeply in profound appreciation. But it was impossible to stop the riot of enthusiasm. The screaming, the shouting, the waving and the wild cheering oppressed her, as she stood in her white dress, gazing bewilderedly at the multitude of her admirers. The experience was disconcerting and alarming, as if she were suddenly, without any reason to expect it, thrown into the general assembly hall of an insane asylum. She may have been thinking of this orgy, when she said later in her broken English that Americans " are all firemens," which the *Herald* took to mean that " we are all on fire with musical enthusiasm." But, possibly, Jenny Lind did not mean anything so complimentary.

The wild scene, accustomed as she was to enthusiasm, frightened her into an approach to panic, and the hysteria of the audience communicated itself in some degree to the star, who trembled and wavered in the first notes of Bellini's *Casta Diva*, until those who listened anxiously feared that she would break down completely. But she soon regained confidence and the control of her nerves, and she finished her song in loud and clear tones that indicated complete self-possession. The last notes of the air were drowned in the appreciation of the audience, and at the moment of her conclusion a shower of bouquets hit the stage in front of her, while handkerchiefs waved, and the men cheered hoarsely.

Benedict and Richard Hoffman played a duet by Thalberg on two pianos, but no one listened; each had to tell his neighbor how superb

was Jenny Lind. She appeared with Belletti and sang the duet from Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia,* "How Shall I Please the Lady Fair?" At this point an attempt was made by those in the boats outside to besiege the hall and gain entrance, which was frustrated with difficulty and much noise by the police. Benedict and the orchestra played the overture to Benedict's own opera, *The Crusaders,* and the audience paid their respect to the composer by listening to it, but every one sat up in his seat again when Jenny Lind sang the song with accompaniment of two flutes from Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia.* She followed this with a Swedish melody, *Herdsman's Song,* accompanying herself on the piano. This song caused tremendous enthusiasm at the first concert, and wherever Jenny Lind sang it, for it involved a perfect imitation of an echo, as the herdsman called to his flock. It was popularly dubbed "The Echo Song" and was demanded everywhere as an encore. The last number on the program was Bayard Taylor's "Greeting to America," which Benedict had set to music in less than a week. It was received with thundering applause, and even the critics did not dare to admit that it was the worst piece of music and poetry on the program.

At the close of the concert there were loud cries of "Barnum! Barnum!" This was as it should have been, for in America he was the author of the Jenny Lind comedy. Barnum "reluctantly" appeared. He said to the audience: "My friends, you have often heard it asked, 'Where's Barnum?' Henceforth you may say, 'Barnum's nowhere!'" Then he said that he felt "compelled to disregard the fact that Mademoiselle Lind had herself begged him not to mention on this evening one of her own noble and spontaneous deeds of beneficence." She would devote her share of the proceeds of the first concert, $10,000, to charity, to be distributed as follows: The Fire Department Fund, $3,000; Musical Fund Society, $2,000; Home for the Friendless, $500; Lying-in-Asylum for Destitute Females, $500; Home for Indigent Females, $500; Protestant Half Orphan Asylum, Roman Catholic Half Orphan Asylum, and New York Orphan Asylum, $500 each; the Dramatic Fund Association, $500; the Old Ladies' Asylum, $500; and the Home for Colored and Aged Persons and the Colored Orphan Asylum, each $500. The charities were chosen by Barnum, Mayor Woodhull, and Jenny Lind, and Barnum took care that no discrimination was made because of race, creed, or previous condition of servitude.

It is interesting in this connection to know that Jenny Lind abhorred negroes. She exclaimed to Maunsell B. Field in disgust, "They are *so* ugly!" Apparently, she forgot for the moment that they are God's creatures. Although she had æsthetic feelings about their appearance, these did not interfere with her charitable instinct, for she sent Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe $100 as a contribution to the fund for buying slaves into freedom. She also wrote Mrs. Stowe to thank her for a copy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and said in her letter: "I have the feeling about 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' that . . . the writer of that book can fall asleep to-day or to-morrow with the bright, sweet conscience of having been a strong means in the Creator's hand of operating essential good in one of the most important questions for the welfare of our black brethren."

After the announcement of the charities, three cheers were given for Jenny Lind, and three cheers were given for Barnum. The Musical Fund Society gave her another serenade in gratitude for her donation of $2,000, and then she was allowed to retire to the New York Hotel, where she had removed to avoid the crowds that thronged the district of the Irving House. It was said that Barnum collected $1,000 from the proprietor of the hotel where Jenny Lind stayed for the privilege of her patronage, and wherever she went in the United States, it was said, hotel proprietors paid Barnum for the advertising value of her presence. If this was true, it reduced considerably Jenny Lind's living expenses, which under the contract were to be paid by Barnum. The newspapers of the period printed this as an accusation against Barnum, and as a fact; there is no confirmation of it, nor is there any possibility of a positive denial. Barnum does not mention it in his autobiography, but the scheme is one that would have appealed to his business ingenuity.

The newspapers of the day after the first concert were beside themselves, and the undiscriminating praise increased with the number of concerts. The *Herald* in an effulgence of mixed metaphors wrote of Jenny Lind's song, "which she spins out from her throat like the attenuated fiber from the silkworm, dying away so sweetly and so gradually, till it seems melting into the song of the seraphim and is lost in eternity." After the first rehearsal, *The Spirit of the Times* critic wrote: "As a bird just alighted upon a spray begins to sing, he knows not why, and pours forth the increasing volume of his voice from an instinct implanted within him by that Power

which made him vocal, — as flowers unfold their petals to the air, as zephyrs breathe, as rivulets leave their founts, as thoughts flow, as affections rise, as feelings develop, — so this wondrous creature sang. It was not Art. It was a manifestation of Nature." *The Spirit of the Times* was not a comic paper. The *Herald* remarked casually that Jenny Lind's appearance in the old world was " as significant an event as the appearance of Dante, Tasso, Raphael, Shakespeare, Goethe, Thorwaldsen, or Michael Angelo." " As a cantatrice," continued the *Herald* writer, " she is as much superior to all her northern predecessors as Napoleon was to his contemporaries, or as Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, was to the first ' gemman ob color ' who used it. She has changed all men's ideas of music as much so as Bacon's inductive system revolutionized philosophy." The *Herald* sincerely believed that the advent of Jenny Lind was an indication that " the wand of civilization has fallen from the hands of the southern nations and passed to the hardy northern races. . . . All feel her power, all go mad who see her, and they cannot explain the secret of her influence." Had the *Herald* stopped in its abandon to analyze the depths of its own sentimentality, it might have had the secret of that influence. In his lofty peroration this inspired editorial writer sings that Jenny Lind has left " the effete monarchies of Europe " to sing as she confessed she never could sing in her former languishing environment to the great and free American democracy, where things never stand still. In all these criticisms there was little comment on her voice, as such. Those who did venture to criticize it found in it a certain coolness, which her champions called its purity, and a lack of ardor, which her worshipers commended as the absence of the common Latin display of disgraceful passion. But those who attempted to qualify their praise were overwhelmed by the recriminations against their judgment of those who were confirmed fanatics.

At her other concerts in New York the programs did not differ much in quality from the first, but in the later concerts Jenny Lind sang sacred music, and in these oratories she was very popular. In his *Reminiscences,* written many years after the event, Lyman Abbott wrote: " It was impossible to doubt the Resurrection while she was singing ' I know that my Redeemer liveth.' She seemed a celestial witness; to doubt her testimony was to doubt her veracity." And

Jenny Lind surely would not have lied about such a thing as the Resurrection. Dr. Abbott knew a chorus girl in the oratorio choir, and when Jenny Lind sang "The Messiah" he escorted his friend to the concert. Probably Lyman Abbott as a young man enjoyed a much higher spiritual reaction than most of his contemporaries, for it is hard to believe that Jenny Lind impressed the general population as a celestial witness of the Resurrection under the exclusive management of P. T. Barnum. Another critic, however, said that her rendition of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was "an appeal to shake the heart of a Jew."

Other members of the Jenny Lind audiences were impressed differently. Walt Whitman wrote in the *New York Evening Post* of August 14, 1851, in one of his *Letters from Paumanok:* "The Swedish Swan, with all her blandishments, never touched my heart in the least. I wondered at so much vocal dexterity; and indeed they were all very pretty, those leaps and double somersets. But even in the grandest religious airs, genuine masterpieces as they are, of the German composers, executed by this strangely overpraised woman in perfect scientific style, let critics say what they like, it was a failure; for there was a vacuum in the head of the performance. Beauty pervaded it no doubt, and that of a high order. It was the beauty of Adam before God breathed into his nostrils." And in speaking of Jenny Lind later in his *Good-Bye My Fancy*, Whitman said: ". . . the canary, and several other sweet birds are wondrous fine — but there is something in song that goes deeper — isn't there?"

Washington Irving, who was an old man when Jenny Lind came to New York in 1850, overcame his reluctance to combat with the crowds and finally heard her sing; he wrote to Miss Mary M. Hamilton: "I have seen and heard her but once, but have at once enrolled myself among her admirers. I cannot say, however, how much of my admiration goes to her singing, how much to herself. As a singer, she appears to me of the very first order; as a specimen of womankind, a little more. She is enough of herself to counterbalance all the evil that the world is threatened with by the great convention of women. So God save Jenny Lind!"

There seems to be no doubt from the records of the period that Jenny Lind's voice was a brilliant and powerful soprano, dramatic,

flexible and rich, and she was praised very highly for her ability to control the shake and the skilful management of her breath. She always insisted also that a singer should "look pleasant" while singing and never allow herself contortions of any kind. She had a perfect horror of careless enunciation.

After the first concerts had confirmed the greatest hopes and most fervent expectations, the personal, popular enthusiasm increased, if possible. The rumor went about that one of Jenny Lind's gloves had been found by a citizen of New York, and the finder exhibited the glove to large crowds, charging one shilling to kiss its outside and two shillings to kiss the inside. A crowd gathered outside her hotel one evening saw two ladies appear on a balcony. The crowd looked eagerly; it could not be sure, but some of the members believed that one of the ladies was Jenny Lind. Just then the lady dropped a peach pit from the balcony, and a mad scramble followed for the possible peach pit that had lodged for a moment in the divine mouth of Jenny Lind. The only Whig candidate for Assembly in one of the districts of Rensselaer County, New York, was Jenny Lind. She had previously received a vote for Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, and she received several votes in New York City for mayor.

JOHN FISKE

BENEDICT ARNOLD[1]

To understand the proximate causes of Arnold's treason, we must start from the summer of 1778, when Philadelphia was evacuated by the British. On that occasion, as General Arnold was incapacitated for active service by the wound he had received at Saratoga, Washington placed him in command of Philadelphia. This step brought Arnold into direct contact with Congress, toward which he bore a fierce grudge for the slights it had put upon him; and,

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moreover, the command was in itself a difficult one. The authority vested in the commandant was not clearly demarcated from that which belonged to the state government, so that occasions for dispute were sure to be forthcoming. While the British had held the city many of the inhabitants had given them active aid and encouragement, and there was now more or less property to be confiscated. By a resolve of Congress, all public stores belonging to the enemy were to be appropriated for the use of the army, and the commander-in-chief was directed to suspend the sale or transfer of goods until the general question of ownership should have been determined by a joint committee of Congress and of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania. It became Arnold's duty to carry out this order, which not only wrought serious disturbance to business, but made the city a hornet's nest of bickerings and complaints. The qualities needed for dealing successfully with such an affair as this were very different from the qualities which had distinguished Arnold in the field. The utmost delicacy of tact was required, and Arnold was blunt, and self-willed and deficient in tact. He was accordingly soon at loggerheads with the state government, and lost, besides, much of the personal popularity with which he started. Stories were whispered about to his discredit. It was charged against Arnold that the extravagance of his style of living was an offence against republican simplicity, and a scandal in view of the distressed condition of the country; that in order to obtain the means of meeting his heavy expenses he resorted to peculation and extortion; and that he showed too much favour to the Tories. These charges were doubtless not without some foundation. This era of paper money and failing credit was an era of ostentatious expenditure, not altogether unlike that which, in later days, preceded the financial breakdown of 1873. People in the towns lived extravagantly, and in no other town was this more conspicuous than in Philadelphia; while perhaps no one in Philadelphia kept a finer stable of horses or gave more costly dinners than General Arnold. He ran in debt, and engaged in commercial speculations to remedy the evil; and, in view of the light afterward thrown upon his character, it is not unlikely that he may have sometimes availed himself of his high position to aid these speculations.

The charge of favouring the Tories may find its explanation in a

circumstance which possibly throws a side-light upon his lavish use of money. Miss Margaret Shippen, daughter of a gentleman of moderate Tory sympathies who some years afterward became chief justice of Pennsylvania, was one of the most beautiful and fascinating women in America, and at that time the reigning belle of Philadelphia; and no sooner had the new commandant arrived at his post than he was taken captive. The lady was scarcely twenty years old, while Arnold was a widower of thirty-five, with three sons; but his handsome face, his gallant bearing, and his splendid career outweighed these disadvantages, and in the autumn of 1778 he was betrothed to Miss Shippen, and thus entered into close relations with a prominent Tory family. In the moderate section of the Tory party, to which the Shippens belonged, there were many people who, while strongly opposed to the Declaration of Independence, would nevertheless have deemed it dishonourable to lend active aid to the enemy. In 1778, such people thought that Congress did wrong in making an alliance with France instead of accepting the liberal proposals of Lord North. The Declaration of Independence, they argued, would never have been made had it been supposed that the constitutional liberties of the American people could any otherwise be securely protected. Even Samuel Adams admitted this. In the war which had been undertaken in defence of these liberties, the victory of Saratoga had driven the British government to pledge itself to concede them once and forever. Then why not be magnanimous in the hour of triumph? Why not consider the victory of Saratoga as final, instead of subjecting the resources of the country to a terrible strain in the doubtful attempt to secure a result which, only three years before, even Washington himself had regarded as undesirable? Was it not unwise and unpatriotic to reject the overtures of our kinsmen, and cast in our lot with that Catholic and despotic power which had ever been our deadliest foe?

Such were the arguments to which Arnold must have listened again and again, during the summer and autumn of 1778. How far he may have been predisposed toward such views it would be impossible to say. He always declared himself disgusted with the French alliance, and in this there is nothing improbable. But that, under the circumstances, he should gradually have drifted into the Tory position was, in a man of his temperament, almost inevitable.

His nature was warm, impulsive, and easily impressible, while he was deficient in breadth of intelligence and in rigorous moral conviction; and his opinions on public matters took their hue largely from his personal feelings. It was not surprising that such a man, in giving splendid entertainments, should invite to them the Tory friends of the lady whose favour he was courting. His course excited the wrath of the Whigs. General Reed wrote indignantly to General Greene that Arnold had actually given a party at which "not only common Tory ladies, but the wives and daughters of persons proscribed by the state, and now with the enemy at New York," were present in considerable numbers. When twitted with such things, Arnold used to reply that it was the part of a true soldier to fight his enemies in the open field, but not to proscribe or persecute their wives and daughters in private life. But such an explanation naturally satisfied no one. His quarrels with the Executive Council, sharpened by such incidents as these, grew more and more violent, until when, in December, his most active enemy, Joseph Reed, became president of the Council, he suddenly made up his mind to resign his post and leave the army altogether. He would quit the turmoil of public affairs, obtain a grant of land in western New York, settle it with his old soldiers, with whom he had always been a favourite, and lead henceforth a life of Arcadian simplicity. In this mood he wrote to Schuyler, in words which today seem strange and sad, that his ambition was not so much to "shine in history" as to be "a good citizen"; and about the 1st of January, 1779, he set out for Albany to consult with the New York legislature about the desired land.

His scheme was approved by John Jay and others, and in all likelihood would have succeeded; but as he stopped for a day at Morristown, to visit Washington, a letter overtook him, with the information that as soon as his back had been turned upon Philadelphia he had been publicly attacked by President Reed and the Council. Formal charges were brought against him: 1, of having improperly granted a pass for a ship to come into port; 2, of having once used some public wagons for the transportation of private property; 3, of having usurped the privilege of the Council in allowing people to enter the enemy's lines; 4, of having illegally bought up a lawsuit over a prize vessel; 5, of having "imposed menial offices upon

the sons of freemen " serving in the militia; and 6, of having made purchases for his private benefit at the time when, by his own order, all shops were shut. These charges were promulgated in a most extraordinary fashion. Not only were they laid before Congress, but copies of them were sent to the governors of all the states, accompanied by a circular letter from President Reed requesting the governors to communicate them to their respective legislatures. Arnold was naturally enraged at such an elaborate attempt to prepossess the public mind against him, but his first concern was for the possible effect it might have upon Miss Shippen. He instantly returned to Philadelphia, and demanded an investigation. He had obtained Washington's permission to resign his command, but deferred acting upon it till the inquiry should have ended. The charges were investigated by a committee of Congress, and about the middle of March this committee brought in a report stating that all the accusations were groundless, save the two which related to the use of the wagons and the irregular granting of a pass; and since in these instances there was no evidence of wrong intent, the committee recommended an unqualified verdict of acquittal. Arnold thereupon, considering himself vindicated, resigned his command. But Reed now represented to Congress that further testimony was forthcoming, and urged that the case should be reconsidered. Accordingly, instead of acting upon the report of its committee, Congress referred the matter anew to a joint committee of Congress and the Assembly and Council of Pennsylvania. This joint committee shirked the matter by recommending that the case be referred to a court-martial, and this recommendation was adopted by Congress on the 3d of April. The vials of Arnold's wrath were now full to overflowing; but he had no cause to complain of Miss Shippen, for their marriage took place in less than a week after this action of Congress. Washington, who sympathized with Arnold's impatience, appointed the court-martial for the 1st of May, but the Council of Pennsylvania begged for more time to collect evidence. And thus, in one way and another, the summer and autumn were frittered away, so that the trial did not begin until the 19th of December. All this time Arnold kept clamouring for a speedy trial, and Washington did his best to soothe him while paying due heed to the representations of the Council.

In the excitement of this fierce controversy the Arcadian project seems to have been forgotten. Up to this point Arnold's anger had been chiefly directed toward the authorities of Pennsylvania; but when Congress refused to act upon the report of its committee exonerating him from blame, he became incensed against the whole party which, as he said, had so ill requited his services. It is supposed to have been about that time, in April, 1779, that he wrote a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, in disguised handwriting and under the signature of "Gustavus," describing himself as an American officer of high rank, who, through disgust at the French alliance and *other recent proceedings of Congress*, might perhaps be persuaded to go over to the British, provided he could be indemnified for any losses he might incur by so doing. The beginning of this correspondence — if this was really the time — coincided curiously with the date of Arnold's marriage, but it is in the highest degree probable that down to the final catastrophe Mrs. Arnold knew nothing whatever of what was going on. The correspondence was kept up at intervals, Sir Henry's replies being written by Major John André, his adjutant-general, over the signature of "John Anderson." Nothing seems to have been thought of at first beyond the personal desertion of Arnold to the enemy; the betrayal of a fortress was a later development of infamy. For the present, too, we may suppose that Arnold was merely playing with fire, while he waited the result of the court-martial.

The summer was not a happy one. His debts went on increasing, while his accounts with Congress remained unsettled, and he found it impossible to collect large sums that were due him. At last the court-martial met, and sat for five weeks. On the 26th of January, 1780, the verdict was rendered, and in substance it agreed exactly with that of the committee of Congress ten months before. Arnold was fully acquitted of all the charges which alleged dishonourable dealings. The pass which he had granted was irregular, and public wagons, which were standing idle, had once been used to remove private property that was in imminent danger from the enemy. The court exonerated Arnold of all intentional wrong, even in these venial matters, which it characterized as "imprudent"; but, as a sort of lame concession to the Council of Pennsylvania, it directed that he should receive a public reprimand from the commander-in-

chief for his imprudence in the use of wagons, and for hurriedly giving a pass in which all due forms were not attended to. The decision of the court-martial was promptly confirmed by Congress, and Washington had no alternative but to issue the reprimand, which he couched in words as delicate and gracious as possible.

It was too late, however. The damage was done. Arnold had long felt persecuted and insulted. He had already dallied with temptation, and the poison was now working in his veins. His sense of public duty was utterly distorted by the keener sense of his private injuries. We may imagine him brooding over some memorable incidents in the careers of Monk, of the great Montrose and the greater Marlborough, until he persuaded himself that to change sides in a civil war was not so heinous a crime after all. Especially the example of Monk, which had already led Charles Lee to disgrace, seems to have riveted the attention of Arnold, although only the most shallow scrutiny could discover any resemblance between what the great English general had done and what Arnold purposed to do. There was not a more scrupulously honourable soldier in his day than George Monk. Arnold's thoughts may have run somewhat as follows. He would not become an ordinary deserter, a villain on a small scale. He would not sell himself cheaply to the devil; but he would play as signal a part in his new career as he had played in the old one. He would overwhelm this blundering Congress, and triumphantly carry the country back to its old allegiance. To play such a part, however, would require the blackest treachery. Fancy George Monk, "honest old George," asking for the command of a fortress in order to betray it to the enemy!

When once Arnold had committed himself to this evil course, his story becomes a sickening one, lacking no element of horror, whether in its foul beginnings or in its wretched end. To play his new part properly, he must obtain an important command, and the place which obviously suggested itself was West Point.

Since Burgoyne's overthrow, Washington had built a chain of strong fortresses there, for he did not intend that the possession of the Hudson river should ever again be put in question, so far as fortifications could go. Could this cardinal position be delivered up to Clinton, the prize would be worth tenfold the recent triumphs at Charleston and Camden. It would be giving the British what

Burgoyne had tried in vain to get; and now it was the hero of Saratoga who plotted to undo his own good work at the dictates of perverted ambition and unhallowed revenge.

To get possession of this stronghold, it was necessary to take advantage of the confidence with which his great commander had always honoured him. From Washington, in July, 1780, Arnold sought the command of West Point, alleging that his wounded leg still kept him unfit for service in the field; and Washington immediately put him in charge of this all-important post, thus giving him the strongest proof of unabated confidence and esteem which it was in his power to give; and among all the dark shades in Arnold's treason, perhaps none seems darker than this personal treachery toward the man who had always trusted and defended him. What must the traitor's feelings have been when he read the affectionate letters which Schuyler wrote him at this very time? In better days he had shown much generosity of nature. Can it be that this is the same man who on the field of Saratoga saved the life of the poor soldier who in honest fight had shot him and broken his leg? Such are the strange contrasts that we sometimes see in characters that are governed by impulse, and not by principle. Their virtue may be real enough while it lasts, but it does not weather the storm; and when once wrecked, the very same emotional nature by which it was supported often prompts to deeds of incredible wickedness.

After taking command of West Point, the correspondence with André, carefully couched in such terms as to make it seem to refer to some commercial enterprise, was vigorously kept up; and hints were let drop which convinced Sir Henry Clinton that the writer was Arnold, and the betrayal of the highland stronghold his purpose. Troops were accordingly embarked on the Hudson, and the flotilla was put in command of Admiral Rodney, who had looked in at New York on his way to the West Indies. To disguise the purpose of the embarkation, a rumour was industriously circulated that a force was to be sent southward to the Chesapeake. To arrange some important details of the affair it seemed desirable that the two correspondents, "Gustavus" and "John Anderson," should meet, and talk over matters which could not safely be committed to paper. On the 18th of September, Washington, accompanied by Lafayette and Hamilton, set out for Hartford, for an interview with

Rochambeau; and advantage was taken of his absence to arrange a meeting between the plotters. On the 20th André was taken up the river on the Vulture, sloop-of-war, and on the night of the 21st Arnold sent out a boat which brought him ashore about four miles below Stony Point. There in a thicket of fir-trees, under the veil of blackest midnight, the scheme was matured; but as gray dawn came on before all the details had been arranged, the boatmen became alarmed, and refused to take André back to the ship, and he was accordingly persuaded, though against his will, to accompany Arnold within the American lines. The two conspirators walked up the bank a couple of miles to the house of one Joshua Smith, a man of doubtful allegiance, who does not seem to have understood the nature and extent of the plot, or to have known who Arnold's visitor was. It was thought that they might spend the day discussing their enterprise, and when it should have grown dark André could be rowed back to the Vulture.

But now a quite unforeseen accident occurred. Colonel Livingston, commanding the works on the opposite side of the river, was provoked by the sight of a British ship standing so near; and he opened such a lively fire upon the Vulture that she was obliged to withdraw from the scene. As the conspirators were waiting in Smith's house for breakfast to be served, they heard the booming of the guns, and André, rushing to the window, beheld with dismay the ship on whose presence so much depended dropping out of sight down the stream. On second thoughts, however, it was clear that she would not go far, as her commander had orders not to return to New York without André, and it was still thought that he might regain her. After breakfast he went to an upper chamber with Arnold, and several hours were spent in perfecting their plans. Immediately upon André's return to New York, the force under Clinton and Rodney was to ascend the river. To obstruct the approach of a hostile flotilla, an enormous chain lay stretched across the river, guarded by water-batteries. Under pretence of repairs, one link was to be taken out for a few days, and supplied by a rope which a slight blow would tear away. The approach of the British was to be announced by a concerted system of signals, and the American forces were to be so distributed that they could be surrounded and captured in detail, until at the proper moment Arnold,

taking advantage of the apparent defeat, was to surrender the works, with all the troops — 3,000 in number — under his command. It was not unreasonably supposed that such a catastrophe, coming on the heels of Charleston and Camden and general bankruptcy, would put a stop to the war and lead to negotiations, in which Arnold, in view of such decisive service, might hope to play a leading part.

When André set out on this perilous undertaking, Sir Henry Clinton specially warned him not to adopt any disguise or to carry any papers which might compromise his safety. But André disregarded the advice, and took from Arnold six papers, all but one of them in the traitor's own handwriting, containing descriptions of the fortresses and information as to the disposition of the troops. Much risk might have been avoided by putting this information into cipher, or into a memorandum which would have been meaningless save to the parties concerned. But André may perhaps have doubted Arnold's fidelity, and feared lest under a false pretence of treason he might be drawing the British away into a snare. The documents which he took, being in Arnold's handwriting and unmistakable in their purport, were such as to put him in Clinton's power, and compel him, for the sake of his own safety, to perform his part of the contract. André intended, before getting into the boat, to tie up these papers in a bundle loaded with a stone, to be dropped into the water in case of a sudden challenge; but in the mean time he put them where they could not so easily be got rid of, between his stockings and the soles of his feet. Arnold furnished the requisite passes for Smith and André to go either by boat or by land, and, having thus apparently provided for all contingencies, took leave before noon, and returned in his barge to his headquarters, ten miles up the stream. As evening approached, Smith, who seems to have been a man of unsteady nerves, refused to take André out to the Vulture. He had been alarmed by the firing in the morning, and feared there would be more risk in trying to reach the ship than in travelling down to the British lines by land, and he promised to ride all night with André if he would go that way. The young officer reluctantly consented, and partially disguised himself in some of Smith's clothes. At sundown the two crossed the river at King's Ferry, and pursued their journey on horseback toward White Plains.

The roads east of the Hudson, between the British and the Amer-

ican lines, were at this time infested by robbers, who committed their depredations under pretence of keeping up a partisan warfare. There were two sets of these scapegraces, — the "Cowboys," or cattle-thieves, and the "Skinners," who took everything they could find. These epithets, however, referred to the political complexion they chose to assume, rather than to any difference in their evil practices. The Skinners professed to be Whigs, and the Cowboys called themselves Tories; but in point of fact the two parties were alike political enemies to any farmer or wayfarer whose unprotected situation offered a prospect of booty; and though murder was not often committed, nobody's property was safe. It was a striking instance of the demoralization wrought in a highly civilized part of the country through its having so long continued to be the actual seat of war. Rumours that the Cowboys were out in force made Smith afraid to continue the journey by night, and the impatient André was thus obliged to stop at a farmhouse with his timid companion. Rising before dawn, they kept on until they reached the Croton river, which marked the upper boundary of the neutral ground between the British and the American lines. Smith's instructions had been, in case of adopting the land route, not to leave his charge before reaching White Plains; but he now became uneasy to return, and André, who was beginning to consider himself out of danger, was perhaps not unwilling to part with a comrade who annoyed him by his loquacious and inquisitive disposition. So Smith made his way back to headquarters, and informed Arnold that he had escorted "Mr. Anderson" within a few miles of the British lines, which he must doubtless by this time have reached in safety.

Meanwhile, André, left to himself, struck into the road which led through Tarrytown, expecting to meet no worse enemies than Cowboys, who would either respect a British officer, or, if bent on plunder, might be satisfied by his money and watch. But it happened that morning that a party of seven young men had come out to intercept some Cowboys who were expected up the road; and about nine o'clock, as André was approaching the creek above Tarrytown, a short distance from the far-famed Sleepy Hollow, he was suddenly confronted by three of this party, who sprang from the bushes and, with levelled muskets, ordered him to halt. These men had let

several persons, with whose faces they were familiar, pass unquestioned; and if Smith, who was known to almost every one in that neighbourhood, had been with André, they too would doubtless have been allowed to pass. André was stopped because he was a stranger. One of these men happened to have on the coat of a Hessian soldier. Held by the belief that they must be Cowboys, or members of what was sometimes euphemistically termed the "lower party," André expressed a hope that such was the case; and on being assured that it was so, his caution deserted him, and, with that sudden sense of relief which is apt to come after unwonted and prolonged constraint, he avowed himself a British officer, travelling on business of great importance. To his dismay, he now learned his mistake. John Paulding, the man in the Hessian coat, informed him that they were Americans, and ordered him to dismount. When he now showed them Arnold's pass they disregarded it, and insisted upon searching him, until presently the six papers were discovered where he had hidden them. "By God, he is a spy!" exclaimed Paulding, as he looked over the papers. Threats and promises were of no avail. The young men, who were not to be bought or cajoled, took their prisoner twelve miles up the river, and delivered him into the hands of Colonel John Jameson, a Virginia officer, who commanded a cavalry outpost at North Castle. When Jameson looked over the papers, they seemed to him very extraordinary documents to be travelling toward New York in the stockings of a stranger who could give no satisfactory account of himself. But so far from his suspecting Arnold of any complicity in the matter, he could think of nothing better than to send the prisoner straightway to Arnold himself, together with a brief letter in which he related what had happened. To the honest Jameson it seemed that this must be some foul ruse of the enemy, some device for stirring up suspicion in the camp, — something, at any rate, which could not too quickly be brought to his general's notice. But the documents themselves he prudently sent by an express-rider to Washington, accompanying them with a similar letter of explanation. André, in charge of a military guard, had already proceeded some distance toward West Point when Jameson's second in command, Major Benjamin Tallmadge, came in from some errand on which he had been engaged. On hearing what had happened, Tallmadge suspected

that all was not right with Arnold, and insisted that André and the letter should be recalled. After a hurried discussion, Jameson sent out a party which brought André back; but he still thought it his duty to inform Arnold, and so the letter which saved the traitor's life was allowed to proceed on its way.

Now, if Washington had returned from Hartford by the route which it was supposed he would take, through Danbury and Peekskill, Arnold would not even thus have been saved. For some reason Washington returned two or three days sooner than had been expected; and, moreover, he chose a more northerly route, through Farmington and Litchfield, so that the messenger failed to meet him. It was on the evening of Saturday, the 23d, that Jameson's two letters started. On Sunday afternoon Washington arrived at Fishkill, eighteen miles above West Point, and was just starting down the river road when he met Luzerne, the French minister, who was on his way to consult with Rochambeau. Wishing to have a talk with this gentleman, Washington turned back to the nearest inn, where they sat down to supper and chatted, all unconsciously, with the very Joshua Smith from whom André had parted at the Croton river on the morning of the day before. Word was sent to Arnold to expect the commander-in-chief and his suite to breakfast the next morning, and before daybreak of Monday they were galloping down the wooded road. As they approached the Robinson House, where Arnold had his headquarters, opposite West Point, Washington turned his horse down toward the river, whereat Lafayette reminded him that they were late already, and ought not to keep Mrs. Arnold waiting. "Ah, marquis," said Washington, laughing, "I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold: go and get your breakfast, and tell her not to wait for me." Lafayette did not adopt the suggestion. He accompanied Washington and Knox while they rode down to examine some redoubts. Hamilton and the rest of the party kept on to the house, and sat down to breakfast in its cheerful wainscoted dining-room, with Arnold and his wife and several of his officers.

As they sat at table, a courier entered, and handed to Arnold the letter in which Colonel Jameson informed him that one John Anderson had been taken with compromising documents in his possession, which had been forwarded to the commander-in-chief. With as-

tonishing presence of mind, he folded the letter and put it in his pocket, finished the remark which had been on his lips when the courier entered, and then, rising, said that he was suddenly called across the river to West Point, but would return to meet Washington without delay; and he ordered his barge to be manned. None of the officers observed anything unusual in his manner, but the quick eye of his wife detected something wrong, and as he left the room she excused herself and hurried after him. Going up to their bedroom, he told her that he was a ruined man and must fly for his life; and as she screamed and fainted in his arms, he laid her upon the bed, called in the maid to attend her, stooped to kiss his baby boy who was sleeping in the cradle, rushed down to the yard, leaped on a horse that was standing there, and galloped down a by-path to his barge. It had promptly occurred to his quick mind that the Vulture would still be waiting for André some miles down stream, and he told the oarsmen to row him thither without delay, as he must be back soon to meet Washington. A brisk row of eighteen miles brought them to the Vulture, whose commander was still wondering why André did not come back. From the cabin of the Vulture Arnold sent a letter to Washington, assuring him of Mrs. Arnold's innocence, and begging that she might be allowed to return to her family in Philadelphia, or come to her husband, as she might choose. Then the ill-omened ship weighed anchor, and reached New York next morning.

Meanwhile, about noonday, Washington came in for his breakfast, and, hearing that Arnold had crossed the river to West Point, soon hurried off to meet him there, followed by all his suite except Hamilton. As they were ferried across, no salute of cannon greeted them, and on landing they learned with astonishment that Arnold had not been there that morning; but no one as yet had a glimmer of suspicion. When they returned to the Robinson House, about two o'clock, they found Hamilton walking up and down before the door in great excitement. Jameson's courier had arrived, with the letters for Washington, which the aide had just opened and read. The commander and his aide went alone into the house, and examined the papers, which, taken in connection with the traitor's flight, but too plainly told the story. From Mrs. Arnold, who was in hysterics, Washington could learn nothing. He privately sent Hamilton and

another aide in pursuit of the fugitive; and coming out to meet Lafayette and Knox, his voice choking and tears rolling down his cheeks, he exclaimed, "Arnold is a traitor, and has fled to the British! Whom can we trust now?" In a moment, however, he had regained his wonted composure. It was no time for giving way to emotion. It was as yet impossible to tell how far the scheme might have extended. Even now the enemy's fleet might be ascending the river (as but for André's capture it doubtless would have been doing that day), and an attack might be made before the morrow. Riding anxiously about the works, Washington soon detected the treacherous arrangements that had been made, and by seven in the evening he had done much to correct them and to make ready for an attack. As he was taking supper in the room which Arnold had so hastily quitted in the morning, the traitor's letter from the Vulture was handed him. "Go to Mrs. Arnold," said he quietly to one of his officers, "and tell her that though my duty required no means should be neglected to arrest General Arnold, I have great pleasure in acquainting *her* that he is now safe on board a British vessel."

But while the principal criminal was safe it was far otherwise with the agent who had been employed in this perilous business. On Sunday, from his room in Jameson's quarters, André had written a letter to Washington, pathetic in its frank simplicity, setting forth his high position in the British army, and telling his story without any attempt at evasion. From the first there could be no doubt as to the nature of his case, yet André for the moment did not fully comprehend it. On Thursday, the 28th, he was taken across the river to Tappan, where the main army was encamped. His escort, Major Tallmadge, was a graduate of Yale College and a classmate of Nathan Hale, whom General Howe had hanged as a spy four years before. Tallmadge had begun to feel a warm interest in André, and as they rode their horses side by side into Tappan, when his prisoner asked how his case would probably be regarded, Tallmadge's countenance fell, and it was not until the question had been twice repeated that he replied by a gentle allusion to the fate of his lamented classmate. "But surely," said poor André, "you do not consider his case and mine alike!" "They are precisely similar," answered Tallmadge gravely, "and similar will be your fate."

Next day a military commission of fourteen generals was assembled, with Greene presiding, to sit in judgment on the unfortunate young officer. "It is impossible to save him," said the kindly Steuben, who was one of the judges. "Would to God the wretch who has drawn him to his death might be made to suffer in his stead!" The opinion of the court was unanimous that André had acted as a spy, and incurred the penalty of death. Washington allowed a brief respite, that Sir Henry Clinton's views might be considered. The British commander, in his sore distress over the danger of his young friend, could find no better grounds to allege in his defence than that he had, presumably, gone ashore under a flag of truce, and that when taken he certainly was travelling under the protection of a pass which Arnold, in the ordinary exercise of his authority, had a right to grant. But clearly these safeguards were vitiated by the treasonable purpose of the commander who granted them, and in availing himself of them André, who was privy to this treasonable purpose, took his life in his hands as completely as any ordinary spy would do. André himself had already candidly admitted before the court "that it was impossible for him to suppose that he came ashore under the sanction of a flag"; and Washington struck to the root of the matter, as he invariably did, in his letter to Clinton, where he said that André "was employed in the execution of measures very foreign to the objects of flags of truce, and such as they were never meant to authorize or countenance in the most distant degree." The argument was conclusive, but it was not strange that the British general should have been slow to admit its force. He begged that the question might be submitted to an impartial committee, consisting of Knyphausen from the one army and Rochambeau from the other; but as no question had arisen which the military commission was not thoroughly competent to decide, Washington very properly refused to permit such an unusual proceeding. Lastly, Clinton asked that André might be exchanged for Christopher Gadsden, who had been taken in the capture of Charleston, and was then imprisoned at St. Augustine. At the same time, a letter from Arnold to Washington, with characteristic want of tact, hinting at retaliation upon the persons of sundry South Carolinian prisoners, was received with silent contempt.

There was a general feeling in the American army that if Ar-

nold himself could be surrendered to justice, it might perhaps be well to set free the less guilty victim by an act of executive clemency; and Greene gave expression to this feeling in an interview with Lieutenant-General Robertson, whom Clinton sent up on Sunday, the 1st of October, to plead for André's life. No such suggestion could be made in the form of an official proposal. Under no circumstances could Clinton be expected to betray the man from whose crime he had sought to profit, and who had now thrown himself upon him for protection. Nevertheless, in a roundabout way the suggestion was made. On Saturday, Captain Ogden, with an escort of twenty-five men and a flag of truce, was sent down to Paulus Hook with letters for Clinton, and he contrived to whisper to the commandant there that if in any way Arnold might be suffered to slip into the hands of the Americans André would be set free. It was Lafayette who had authorized Ogden to offer the suggestion, and so, apparently, Washington must have connived at it; but Clinton, naturally, refused to entertain the idea for a moment. The conference between Greene and Robertson led to nothing. A petition from André, in which he begged to be shot rather than hanged, was duly considered and rejected; and, accordingly, on Monday, the 2d of October, the ninth day after his capture by the yeomen at Tarrytown, the adjutant-general of the British army was led to the gallows. His remains were buried near the spot where he suffered, but in 1821 they were disinterred and removed to Westminster Abbey.

The fate of this gallant young officer has always called forth tender commiseration, due partly to his high position and his engaging personal qualities, but chiefly, no doubt, to the fact that, while he suffered the penalty of the law, the chief conspirator escaped. One does not easily get rid of a vague sense of injustice in this, but the injustice was not of man's contriving. But for the remarkable series of accidents — if it be philosophical to call them so — resulting in André's capture, the treason would very likely have been successful, and the cause of American independence might have been for the moment ruined. But for an equally remarkable series of accidents Arnold would not have received warning in time to escape. If both had been captured, both would probably have been hanged. Certainly both alike had incurred the penalty of death. It was not the fault of Washington or of the court-martial

that the chief offender went unpunished, and in no wise was André made a scapegoat for Arnold. It is right that we should feel pity for the fate of André; but it is unfortunate that pity should be permitted to cloud the judgment of the historian, as in the case of Lord Stanhope, who stands almost alone among competent writers in impugning the justice of André's sentence. One remark of Lord Stanhope's I am tempted to quote, as an amusing instance of that certain air of "condescension" which Mr. Lowell has observed in our British cousins. He seeks to throw discredit upon the military commission by gravely assuming that the American generals must, of course, have been ignorant men, "who had probably never so much as heard the names of Vattel or Puffendorf," and, accordingly, "could be no fit judges on any nice or doubtful point" of military law. Now, of the twelve American generals who sat in judgment on André, at least seven were men of excellent education, two of them having taken degrees at Harvard, and two at English universities. Greene, the president, a self-educated man, who used, in leisure moments, to read Latin poets by the light of his camp-fire, had paid especial attention to military law, and had carefully read and copiously annotated his copy of Vattel. The judgment of these twelve men agreed with that of Steuben (formerly a staff officer of Frederick the Great) and Lafayette, who sat with them on the commission; and, moreover, no nice or intricate questions were raised. It was natural enough that André's friends should make the most of the fact that when captured he was travelling under a pass granted by the commander of West Point; but to ask the court to accept such a plea was not introducing any nice or doubtful question; it was simply contending that "the wilful abuse of a privilege is entitled to the same respect as its legitimate exercise." Accordingly, historians on both sides of the Atlantic have generally admitted the justice of André's sentence, though sometimes its rigorous execution has been censured as an act of unnecessary severity. Yet if we withdraw our attention for a moment from the irrelevant fact that the British adjutant-general was an amiable and interesting young man, and concentrate it upon the essential fact that he had come within our lines to aid a treacherous commander in betraying his post, we cannot fail to see that there is no principle of military policy upon which ordinary spies are rigorously put to death which

does not apply with tenfold force to the case of André. Moreover, while it is an undoubted fact that military morality permits, and sometimes applauds, such enterprises as that in which André lost his life, I cannot but feel that the flavour of treachery which clings about it must somewhat weaken the sympathy we should otherwise freely accord; and I find myself agreeing with the British historian, Mr. Massey, when he doubts "whether services of this character entitle his memory to the honours of Westminster Abbey."

As for Arnold, his fall had been as terrible as that of Milton's rebellious archangel, and we may well believe his state of mind to have been desperate. It was said that on hearing of Captain Ogden's suggestion as to the only possible means of saving André, Arnold went to Clinton and offered to surrender himself as a ransom for his fellow-conspirator. This story was published in the London "Morning Herald" in February, 1782, by Captain Battersby, of the 29th regiment, — one of the "Sam Adams" regiments. Battersby was in New York in September, 1780, and was on terms of intimacy with members of Clinton's staff. In the absence of further evidence, one must beware of attaching too much weight to such a story. Yet it is not inconsistent with what we know of Arnold's impulsive nature. In the agony of his sudden overthrow it may well have seemed that there was nothing left to live for, and a death thus savouring of romantic self-sacrifice might serve to lighten the burden of his shame as nothing else could. Like many men of weak integrity, Arnold was over-sensitive to public opinion, and his treason, as he had planned it, though equally indefensible in point of morality, was something very different from what it seemed now that it was frustrated. It was not for this that he had bartered his soul to Satan. He had aimed at an end so vast that, when once attained, it might be hoped that the nefarious means employed would be overlooked, and that in Arnold, the brilliant general who had restored America to her old allegiance, posterity would see the counterpart of that other general who, for bringing back Charles Stuart to his father's throne, was rewarded with the dukedom of Albemarle. Now he had lost everything, and got nothing in exchange but £6,000 sterling and a brigadiership in the British army. He had sold himself cheap, after all, and incurred such hatred and contempt that for a long time, by a righteous retribu-

tion, even his past services were forgotten. Even such weak creatures as Gates could now point the finger of scorn at him, while Washington, his steadfast friend, could never speak of him again without a shudder. From men less reticent than Washington strong words were heard. "What do you think of the damnable doings of that diabolical dog?" wrote Colonel Otho Williams to Arnold's old friend and fellow in the victory of Saratoga, Daniel Morgan. "Curse on his folly and perfidy," said Greene, "how mortifying to think that he is a New Englander!" These were the men who could best appreciate the hard treatment Arnold had received from Congress. But in the frightful abyss of his crime all such considerations were instantly swallowed up and lost. No amount of personal wrong could for a moment excuse or even palliate such a false step as he had taken.

Within three months from the time when his treason was discovered, Arnold was sent by Sir Henry Clinton on a marauding expedition into Virginia, and in the course of one of his raids an American captain was taken prisoner. "What do you suppose my fate would be," Arnold is said to have inquired, "if my misguided countrymen were to take me prisoner?" The captain's reply was prompt and frank: "They would cut off the leg that was wounded at Quebec and Saratoga and bury it with the honours of war, and the rest of you they would hang on a gibbet." After the close of the war, when Arnold, accompanied by his wife, made England his home, it is said that he sometimes had to encounter similar expressions of contempt. The Earl of Surrey once, seeing him in the gallery of the House of Commons, asked the Speaker to have him put out, that the House might not be contaminated by the presence of such a traitor. The story is not well authenticated; but it is certain that in 1792 the Earl of Lauderdale used such language about him in the House of Lords as to lead to a bloodless duel between Arnold and the noble earl. It does not appear, however, that Arnold was universally despised in England. Influenced by the political passions of the day, many persons were ready to condone his crime; and his generous and affectionate nature won him many friends. It is said that so high-minded a man as Lord Cornwallis became attached to him, and always treated him with respect.

Mrs. Arnold proved herself a devoted wife and mother; and the

record of her four sons, during long years of service in the British army, was highly honourable. The second son, Lieutenant-General Sir James Robertson Arnold, served with distinction in the wars against Napoleon. A grandson who was killed in the Crimean war was especially mentioned by Lord Raglan for valour and skill. Another grandson, the Rev. Edward Arnold, is now rector of Great Massingham, in Norfolk. The family has intermarried with the peerage, and has secured for itself an honourable place among the landed gentry of England. But the disgrace of their ancestor has always been keenly felt by them. At Surinam in 1804, James Robertson Arnold, then a lieutenant, begged the privilege of leading a desperate forlorn hope, that he might redeem the family name from the odium which attached to it; and he acquitted himself in a way worthy of his father in the days of Quebec and Saratoga. All the family tradition goes to show that the last years of Benedict Arnold in London were years of bitter remorse and self-reproach. The great name which he had so gallantly won and so wretchedly lost left him no repose by night or day. The iron frame, which had withstood the fatigue of so many trying battlefields and still more trying marches through the wilderness, broke down at last under the slow torture of lost friendships and merited disgrace. In the last sad days in London, in June, 1801, the family tradition says that Arnold's mind kept reverting to his old friendship with Washington. He had always carefully preserved the American uniform which he wore on the day when he made his escape to the Vulture; and now as, broken in spirit and weary of life, he felt the last moments coming, he called for this uniform and put it on, and decorated himself with the epaulettes and sword-knot which Washington had given him after the victory at Saratoga. "Let me die," said he, "in this old uniform in which I fought my battles. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other!"

WILLIAM HAZLITT

THE REVEREND MR. HAZLITT[1]

My father had been a poor Irish lad, carefully brought up by his parents, and sent to the University of Glasgow (where he studied under Adam Smith) to prepare him for his future destination. It was his mother's proudest wish to see her son a Dissenting Minister. So if we look back to past generations (as far as eye can reach) we see the same hopes, fears, wishes, followed by the same disappointments, throbbing in the human heart; and so we may see them (if we look forward) rising up for ever, and disappearing, like vapourish bubbles, in the human breast! After being tossed about from congregation to congregation in the heats of the Unitarian controversy, and squabbles about the American war, he had been relegated to an obscure village, where he was to spend the last thirty years of his life, far from the only converse that he loved, the talk about disputed texts of Scripture and the cause of civil and religious liberty. Here he passed his days, repining but resigned, in the study of the Bible, and the perusal of the Commentators, — huge folios, not easily got through, one of which would outlast a winter! Why did he pore on these from morn to night (with the exception of a walk in the fields or a turn in the garden to gather brocoli-plants or kidney-beans of his own rearing with no small degree of pride and pleasure)? Here were "no figures nor no fantasies," — neither poetry nor philosophy —nothing to dazzle, nothing to excite modern curiosity; but to his lack-lustre eyes there appeared, within the pages of the ponderous, unwieldy, neglected tomes, the sacred name of JEHOVAH in Hebrew capitals: pressed down by the weight of the style, worn to the last fading thinness of the understanding, there were glimpses, glimmering notions of the patriarchal wanderings, with palm-trees hovering in the horizon, and processions of camels at the distance of three thousand years; there was Moses with the Burning Bush, the number of the

[1] From *My First Acquaintance with Poets.*

Twelve Tribes, types, shadows, glosses on the law and the prophets; there were discussions (dull enough) on the age of Methuselah, a mighty speculation! there were outlines, rude guesses at the shape of Noah's Ark and of the riches of Solomon's Temple; questions as to the date of the creation, predictions of the end of all things; the great lapses of time, the strange mutations of the globe were unfolded with the voluminous leaf, as it turned over; and though the soul might slumber with an hieroglyphic veil of inscrutable mysteries drawn over it, yet it was in a slumber ill-exchanged for all the sharpened realities of sense, wit, fancy, or reason. My father's life was comparatively a dream; but it was a dream of infinity and eternity, of death, the resurrection, and a judgment to come!

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

CHARLES THE SECOND[1]

WHAT his subjects saw in Charles the Second was a pleasant, brown-faced gentleman playing with his spaniels, or drawing caricatures of his ministers, or flinging cakes to the water-fowl in the park. To all outer seeming, Charles was the most consummate of idlers. "He delighted," says one of his courtiers, "in a bewitching kind of pleasure called sauntering." The business-like Pepys discovered, as he brought his work to the council board, that "the king do mind nothing but pleasures, and hates the very sight or thoughts of business." That Charles had great natural parts no one doubted. In his earlier days of defeat and danger he showed a cool courage and presence of mind which never failed him in the many perilous moments of his reign. His temper was pleasant and social, his manners perfect, and there was a careless freedom and courtesy in his address which won over everybody who came into his presence. His education, indeed, had been so grossly neglected that he could hardly read a plain Latin book; but his natural quickness and intelligence showed itself in his pursuit of chemistry and

[1] From *A History of the English People.*

anatomy, and in the interest he showed in the scientific inquiries of the Royal Society. Like Peter the Great his favorite study was that of naval architecture, and he piqued himself on being a clever shipbuilder. He had some little love, too, for art and poetry, and a taste for music. But his shrewdness and vivacity showed themselves most in his endless talk. He was fond of telling stories, and he told them with a good deal of grace and humour. He held his own fairly with the wits of his court, and bandied repartees on equal terms with Sedley or Buckingham. Even Rochester, in his merciless epigram, was forced to own that "Charles never said a foolish thing." He had inherited, in fact, his grandfather's gift of pithy sayings, and his habitual irony often gave an amusing turn to them. When his brother, the most unpopular man in England, solemnly warned him of plots against his life, Charles laughingly bade him set all fear aside. "They will never kill me, James," he said, "to make you king."

But courage and wit and ability seem to have been bestowed on Charles in vain. He only laughed when Tom Killigrew told him frankly that, badly as things were going on, there was one man whose industry could set them right, "and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in using his lips about the court and hath no other employment." Charles made no secret, in fact, of his hatred of business. Nor did he give to outer observers any signs of ambition. The one thing he seemed in earnest about was sensual pleasure, and he took his pleasure with a cynical shamelessness which roused the disgust even of his shameless courtiers. Mistress followed mistress, and the guilt of a troop of profligate women was blazoned to the world by the gift of titles and estates. The royal bastards were set among English nobles. The ducal house of Grafton springs from the King's adultery with Barbara Palmer, whom he created Duchess of Cleveland. The dukes of St. Albans owe their origin to his intrigues with Nell Gwynn, a player and a courtesan. Louise de Querouaille, a mistress sent by France to win him to its interests, became Duchess of Portsmouth and ancestress of the house of Richmond. An earlier mistress, Lucy Walters, had made him father in younger days of the boy whom he raised to the dukedom of Monmouth, and to whom the dukes of Buccleuch trace their line. But Charles was far from being content with these recognized

mistresses or with a single form of self-indulgence. Gambling and drinking helped to fill up the vacant moments when he could no longer toy with his favorites or bet at Newmarket. No thought of remorse or of shame seems ever to have crossed his mind. "He could not think God would make a man miserable," he said once, "only for taking a little pleasure out of the way." From shame he was shielded by his cynical disbelief in human virture. Virtue, indeed, he regarded simply as a trick by which clever hypocrites imposed upon fools. Honour among men seemed to him as mere a pretense as chastity among women. Gratitude he had none, for he looked upon self-interest as the only motive of men's actions, and, though soldiers had died and women had risked their lives for him, "he loved others as little as he thought they loved him." But if he felt no gratitude for benefits, he felt no resentment for wrongs. He was incapable either of love or of hate. The only feeling he retained for his fellowmen was that of an amused contempt.

It was difficult for Englishmen to believe that any real danger to liberty could come from an idler and a voluptuary such as Charles the Second. But in the very difficulty of believing this lay half the king's strength. He had, in fact, no taste whatever for the despotism of the Stuarts who had gone before him. His shrewdness laughed his grandfather's theories of divine right down the wind, while his indolence made such a personal administration as that which his father delighted in burdensome to him. He was too humorous a man to care for the pomp and show of power, and too good-natured a man to play the tyrant. But he believed as firmly as his father or his grandfather had believed in his right to a full possession of the older prerogatives of the crown. He looked on parliaments as they had looked on them, with suspicion and jealousy. He clung as they had clung to the dream of a dispensing power over the execution of the laws. He regarded ecclesiastical affairs as lying within his own personal control, and viewed the interference of the two houses with church matters as a sheer usurpation. Above all he detested the notion of ministerial responsibility to any but the king, or of a parliamentary right to interfere in any way with the actual administration of public affairs. "He told Lord Essex," Burnet says, "that he did not wish to be like a Grand Signior, with

some mutes about him, and bags of bowstrings to strangle men; but he did not think he was a king so long as a company of fellows were looking into his actions, and examining his ministers as well as his accounts." "A king," he thought, "who might be checked, and have his ministers called to an account, was but a king in name."

J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE CHARACTER OF A GENIUS[1]

At first sight, the figure of Meredith is so splendid, so rich in qualities, rarely combined in one man, that criticism is silent. The writer has faults plain for the world to see, but the man himself flashes by, a radiant creature, reminding us of those magnificent beings of the Renaissance. We always discover him at the height of his powers, ready, composed, pouring out poetry, wit, acute criticism of his fellow-creatures; we never come upon him in a weak and unguarded moment, never catch him depressed, bewildered, contrite; he is always present in his full force. It is an impressive spectacle. But if we have spent any time in the company, though it is only in our library, of great men of letters, particularly such men as Johnson and Fielding, Lamb and Thackeray and Carlyle, we cannot help feeling that the sight is a little too impressive, that the complete absence of those unguarded moments is in itself suspicious, that Meredith is always, as it were, on show. And then, when we refuse merely to gape, but turn upon him those searchlights that he turned upon his own creatures, surveying coldly those facts that are now made known to us, there is a moment when the idol seems to have crashed down in ruins at our feet. The faults of all his victims seem to be gathered together in the person of their creator. Not one of his ironic comedies appears so searching and merciless as this ironic comedy of his own life. Here is a man who concerns himself with the delicate adjustment of human relationships

[1] From *George Meredith*. Copyright, 1926, by The Macmillan Company, New York. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

and yet contrives, before he has finished, to quarrel bitterly with his father, his wife, and his son. He may possibly have been in the right, or had more justice on his side, in each of these quarrels, but the melancholy sequence itself is suspicious. Here, too, is a man who has made himself the spokesman of a rigid intellectual honesty and sincerity, and yet does not shrink from writing for years on what was incontestably for him the wrong side. Here is the pitiless satirist, the unsparing opponent of social vanities, hypocrisies, and snobberies, who to the very end of his life would seem to have wished to conceal the facts of his origin.

There are times when he seems as deeply dyed in cold egoism as his own Sir Willoughby Patterne. And there was in him, it would almost seem, something implacable; he could not forgive an injury, nor even forget a fancied slight, and fancied slights were very common in his history. Even his early benefactors, it would seem, did not always escape his resentment, and he usually contrived to have for them more hard words than gratitude. It is significant that when the editor who printed his first attempts in verse wrote to him years afterwards, reminding him of the fact and suggesting a meeting, no reply was forthcoming from Meredith. One of the friends of his later years, Lady Butcher, has told us how his pride made him dislike receiving even the smallest presents, and, facing the not uncommon charge of ingratitude against Meredith, has pointed out to us that "no one should expect an eagle to be grateful." With eagles we have nothing to do, but the pride that forbids the expression of ordinary gratitude is not the mark of a great mind but a little one. There is about great men a certain almost careless magnanimity, a large and easy tolerance, the attitude of a good-humoured giant among creatures of a lesser stature, that enables them to wave away the smaller injuries and grievances and to deal gently with old opponents. They have large reserves of strength and do not need to tighten themselves up for every casual encounter. They act in such a way that they can be appreciated as men, and there is no necessity to excuse them as eagles. This plain human dignity in the more important concerns of life and this lounging good-humour in the more trifling affairs are both absent from Meredith. To make a not uncommon distinction, he was a great writer, but he was not a great man.

The secret of his weakness is of course pride, something colder and harder and infinitely more dangerous than the eager soaring vanity that distinguishes so many artists. Meredith may have been vain; he probably was, just as Goldsmith and Stevenson and scores of other delightful and lovable writers were vain; but he was something more. In his life, though not in his work, he was proud and egoistical. It was this pride that impelled him into those hot quarrels with those about him, and, what was far worse, prevented him from making the easy gesture that might have put an end to them. It was pride that kept him resenting not only injuries, fancied or otherwise, but even the existence of former benefactors. Nearly every fault can be traced to this source. And it is possible to dig underneath it to what was lying below. His upbringing, as we have seen, was not altogether fortunate. He was an only child, ultra-sensitive, precocious, in a house of adults, a child taught to think himself the superior of the children in the immediate vicinity, the son of an anxious and for ever wincing genteel tailordom. There was elaborate self-deception in the very air. He grew up, a brilliant, ambitious, sensitive youth, who resented what he considered his ridiculous social background (the real thrust being, as we can see from *Evan Harrington*, not so much that his family were tradespeople as that they were *tailors*, those time-honoured butts of the cheap wit; his schooldays had probably taught him what could be made out of this fact), who further resented his poverty, and, later, the neglect from which his work suffered for so long. He became morbidly sensitive.

A highly-strung, taut, amazingly impressionable, lightning-witted creature, for ever wincing at the lightest word, felled by the lifting of an eyebrow, carrying with him so many secrets that were almost ludicrous and shameful, knowing himself to be an original artist with his way, and a very rough way, to make, yet feeling all the time that he was something of a mere adventurer, Meredith did what many persons of a like temper have done, he made for himself a suit of armour. The naked man went into his work, which is itself largely an attack upon armour. The haughty, dogmatic, supremely self-confident Olympian who passed as George Meredith was not the real man at all. He was — as those who like him least would be compelled to admit — an original creative artist and a good deal of an

original thinker, an innovator in more ways than one, but he had not the toughness that usually accompanies such originality and serves as a protection for its possessor. His almost aggressively self-confident manner, like that of many other sensitive persons, was a mere mask through which there peered a taut and anxious self. He was a man for ever in the midst of battle, tightly strung up, and so he could not afford to be tolerant and easy. Had he really been half so self-assured as he pretended to be, he could have been more careless, more good-humoured, but he could no more allow himself such indulgence than Richmond Roy could afford to relax his social vigilance. Few writers have pretended to be more indifferent to criticism than Meredith, and it is doubtful if there was ever a writer more sensitive to it. Hostile criticism did a great deal of harm, because when it passed over the good things in his work as well as censuring the real weaknesses, he deliberately hardened his heart against it, and instead of modifying his mannerisms, flung them in the critics' faces. A man who was genuinely indifferent to critical opinion would have gone quietly on his way, but Meredith was always working self-consciously, seeing, as it were, the critical eye upon him and, if it were not a friendly eye (he was greatly influenced by the opinion of his close friends), steeling himself to flout it. All his references to criticism and the reviewers, to his own position in the literary world, point to an extreme sensitiveness and self-consciousness.

Nor were the circumstances of his literary career favorable for his relieving himself of this armour, for a return to a more naked sincerity. He found himself confronted by a vast apathy not entirely unmixed with actual hostility, which in turn caused his ever-increasing band of admirers to assume attitudes of sheer prostration. He became an oracle. His name became a battle-cry. The George Meredith he had in a measure invented, now became not only his, but other people's George Meredith. This was no time for casting off his armour, and so, before he had done, that armour had, as it were, grown on him like a skin. Had his literary history been different, had be been quietly and naturally accepted, praised for his great qualities, and gently chided for his faults, the sequel would have been very different, but, as it was, everything conspired to raise the doubtful seed sown during his childhood into a sturdy

growth, robbing him, who would seem to have had all the virtues, of the greatest and noblest virtue, charity.

We have already surprised what is perhaps the secret of Meredith. . . . Put in paradoxical shape, it is that he was a great writer because he was not a great man. His strength as a creator and a critic of life lay in his very weakness as a man. And since, in the last resort, this distinction between the writer and the man will not hold, as the writer *is* the man, and the man is never more himself than when he is actually creating, we cannot dismiss the subject of his character without some reference to his work. The snobbish pride that may have led him to conceal his birth, he flayed alive in *Evan Harrington*. He may have shown himself somewhat unfeeling in his last relations with his first wife, but he could give us "Modern Love" with all its insight and tenderness and charity. He may possibly have been his own hero in his life, but he is never his own hero in his works, which celebrate other and very different kinds of men and only turn to persons in whom there is some weakness of his own when they have sharpened the sword and pointed the arrows. Such faults as he had are there, transfixed for ever, in his memorable comedies, which remain with us as his apology when we should think such apology necessary. The very criticism that discovers his weaknesses has been made more sensitive and strengthened by his own hand.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

BARRETT WENDELL[1]

IN the Winter of 1919, when the skirts of the war pall were still over us, the American Academy of Arts and Letters engineered a meeting in New York to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of James Russell Lowell's birth, and thereby in some fashion never quite clear to me, "to cement the bonds" between us and our dear

[1] From *The American Mercury*, August, 1925. Reprinted by permission of the author and *The American Mercury*.

ally, England. At this meeting Barrett Wendell, who had been one of Lowell's pupils at Harvard in the '70's, read a paper, in his curiously accented and unpredictably falsetto voice. (His accent suggested an unfortunate alliance between Oxford and the Back Bay.) The paper seemed interminably long; it began, as I recall, with Lowell's great-great-great-grandparents, and included every collateral branch. Happily, I was sitting near the door, beside a famous painter with an Irish name and no interest whatever in Brahmin genealogy.

" It seems to me," he whispered, " that this bird will never be able to see the forest for the family trees. Let's beat it."

So we beat it. And that was my last sight of Barrett Wendell. He died less than two years later. Alas, it was my painter friend's first sight of him, and I have never been able to persuade that child of Manhattan and the Twentieth Century that Wendell was a great man.

" But — my God! " — he says, " your Wendell not only took the whole Lowell family seriously; he took the American Academy seriously! "

To which, of course, it is difficult to find adequate reply.

Barrett Wendell was born a Tory, and he made a virtue of necessity. But very often to make a virtue of necessity means, in time, to make a vice of it. It was so with him. He began by whimsically insisting that democracy means giving every man a chance to be himself, which naturally will result in some men remaining much better than others. But he ended, one could not escape feeling, with very little sympathy for any class but his own, and more and more he hated change, he was oppressed by the surge of new life which washed so much rubbish up on his beach, and his glance turned ever more fondly backward to the squire ancestors of his line — and Lowell's. He became more and more the Bostonian and the snob. If I were a biographer, new style, the temptation to treat these latter years of his life would probably prove irresistible. By borrowing a bit of wit from Strachey (or from Wendell himself), a ludicrous figure of futility could be sketched in, and exhibited for the delight of the new generation.

But, unfortunately, I am not such a biographer. I am not any sort of a biographer. I am merely one of many whom Wendell taught in the Harvard of the '90's, when, I suppose, he was at his

peak as a teacher, as a wit, as an eccentric. And my impression of him from those days is of a man peculiarly vital and stimulating, as well as peculiarly irritating; of a man who even on the same faculty with William James held his own as an original intellectual force. Yet James, in 1919, after the crash of a world war, would never have come down to New York and there disported in the branches of the Lowell family tree. James fulfilled his promise and his destiny to the end. Wendell had lost his influence before his death, and in another generation will perhaps be forgotten, unless some biographer, new style, enshrines him in the amber of irony. The resolution of such a paradox I shall have to leave to that biographer, for it is beyond my powers, who have never been able to see life in such simple terms of inhibitions and complexes as those writers do who are now telling us that Franklin and Emerson and poor old Mark Twain might have amounted to something if they had been psychoanalyzed in youth. I should, however, like to supply a few footnotes to Mark Howe's "Barrett Wendell and His Letters," because, as Mr. Howe confesses, the Wendell of the letters was only half a Wendell — and he doesn't sufficiently give us the other half. A biographer ought to have more than half a man to paint from; though I suspect sometimes biographers choose the half which suits them best — as Mr. Howe did!

II

In one of those pert and felicitous phrases for which he was noted, Wendell once remarked, "The French are given to writing things which they would not say; English-speaking men are given to saying things which they would not write." Wendell certainly was. I am sure he never put into print his definition of the canine paradise, nor some of his classroom comments on the drama of the Restoration. Once, I recall, after a lecture on Seventeenth Century literature, two or three graduate students went up to his desk and vented their moral indignation. It was all right for them to listen to such talk, they said; they were older men. But there were sophomores in the class! Their concern for the moral welfare of these sophomores was strong enough to overcome their graduate-student respect for professorial authority. They gave Wendell a first-rate dressing down. He took it in good part. He understood graduate students.

The usual graduate student comes, or then came, at any rate, from

quite a different environment from Wendell's. He is, or was, an earnest soul from Protestant and provincial America, stubbornly pursuing a Ph.D. His ancestors were neither Dutch nor New England aristocrats, still less a union of the two strains; he had not been educated for Harvard by tutors nor taken abroad for travel at thirteen, at sixteen, at eighteen. And there was nothing playful about his mind — good heavens, no! His interest in Seventeenth Century literature was a "scholarly" interest; which is to say, he wasn't interested in Seventeenth Century literature at all, but in the opportunity the study of it afforded him to dig out such facts as the number of borrowings from Molière in the plays of Congreve, and thus achieve his precious Ph.D.

To such a man and mind Wendell presented an astonishing contrast. According to our American classifications an aristocrat and intensely proud of it, and cosmopolitanly trained in more sophisticated ways of thought and speech, with a playful mind, Wendell was above all an artist at heart. It is quite possible, if not very nearly certain, that his not infrequent Rabelaisian remarks (regardless of the age of his auditors!) were partially made for the impish delight of shocking the graduate students and startling the undergraduates. But as I remember them, they had an appositiveness not thus to be wholly explained. Restoration drama put Wendell in a Restoration mood. He cared very little how many times Congreve borrowed from Molière, but he cared tremendously for that superb speech of Millamant's in "The Way of the World," wherein she lays down the terms of her engagement; he adored the glitter and he relished the fun of those plays — and in an age when it wasn't good form to admit it in public. They didn't put him in a scholarly mood; indeed, very little ever did put him in that mood. They put him in a Seventeenth Century mood. He belonged with the King, not Cromwell, anyway. And his class got the benefit — or, as some of them thought, the injury. He approached the Restoration drama not with a hypocritical smirk, but a smutty story. That method will probably never appeal to parents — and graduate students. But artists will understand. I think, indeed, that many of Wendell's undergraduate pupils understood.

It was by an accident that he became a teacher. He had no Ph.D., and was never a scholar in the academic sense. A nervous, sensitive

and not very robust youth, he refused to go into trade like his father, and he chose law merely as something correct to do. But it bored him dreadfully, and after two years of study he failed to pass his bar examinations. It was a chance meeting with Professor A. S. Hill, in the early '80's, which resulted in his appointment as an assistant to Hill in the Harvard English department. There he remained till almost the end of his life. In the first two decades of his teaching he inaugurated at Harvard the daily theme, thus quadrupling his own labor as a teacher and the effectiveness of the composition courses. He saw these composition courses rise from secondary importance in the college curriculum to the first place in undergraduate interest and perhaps in educational importance, and he saw them attract nation-wide attention. He corrected the unceasing river of themes which flowed over his desk with zest and sympathy, pinning down the faults with a biting phrase, or drawing out any flair for true observation or delicate style with keen and judicious commendation.

It would be silly, of course, to suppose that all the hundreds of undergraduates who daily attempted to make copy out of the sights and sounds of Cambridge and Boston, or their own growing pains, went at the task with a craftman's zeal. Once, in the course given by another professor, who required the themes to be dropped into his box before 10.05 in the morning, we were required one day to define an epigram, and Frank Simonds produced the following: "An epigram is a lazy man's daily theme, written at 10.03 A.M." It would be not quite so silly to suppose that the mere compulsion of daily writing helped most students, in time, to express themselves a little more readily. And it is not silly at all to suppose that for a limited number of men this daily practice in writing, under the guidance of a fastidious instructor, who was always watchful for individuality, for fine phrasing, for craftsmanship, became a source of profound stimulation. It was not "scholarly" inspiration. It was not as an educational process that they felt the work. It was an artistic, or creative, inspiration.

What Wendell did for Harvard was actually to make a place there — for a time, at least — in which the artist could find encouragement and counsel. Largely to give an outlet in print for these eager young artists, the old *Harvard Monthly* was founded, with Wendell as its

patron and adviser, and a list of its editors and contributors in the '80's and '90's includes the names of George P. Baker (no longer welcome at Harvard as a stimulator of creative art), Robert Herrick, Mark Howe, William Vaughn Moody, Frank Norris, and many more who have since taken their place in American letters. Frank Norris's "McTeague" was begun in a daily theme course, though not under Wendell. In creating this type of composition study, Barrett Wendell was expressing once more the artist in him. Especially in his more advanced courses, he was not lecturing to his students, nor imparting facts to them; he was talking shop with them. To do that successfully in a so-called educational institution is a great achievement.

III

The first time I ever saw Wendell, or at least ever heard him, he came into a freshman course designed to take us from Beowulf to Browning in a single Winter. Somebody else had got us through Beowulf and Chaucer, and Wendell appeared on the platform one morning to initiate us into the splendors of the Elizabethan age. A rather short, immaculately dressed figure, a reddish beard, a voice that hesitated, broke into queer squeaks, had outlandish accents — that is what we saw and heard. And some of us tittered. A boy's first impression of Wendell was of a terrible ass. Nor did he ever do anything to lessen this impression. He used it, rather, as a weapon to attract attention. Presently he began to quote. As he quoted, he became excited. He pulled one end of his watch chain from his pocket (I think there was a gold penknife attached) and began to twirl it round and round. Then he began to walk rapidly back and forth across the platform.

Stamp-stamp-stamp; twirl-twirl-twirl; and —

> "Full fathom five thy father lies. . . .
> Nothing of him that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange.

Ah, gentlemen, that is beauty! That is art!"

An absurd performance? No — for suddenly, here and there astonished freshmen forgot to watch the twirling penknife, forgot the Oxford-*a*tte-Back Bay accent, and realized that this *was* beauty,

this *was* art, and that was what made this ridiculous professor so excited about it. It was so fine he was willing to make an exhibition of himself over it. Again the artist!

In a delightful book, now apparently quite forgotten, D'Arcy Thompson's " Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster," a suppositious headmaster gives some final advice to his seniors departing for the university. " In your college lecture rooms," he cautions them, " listen with respectful attention to what is said; but abstain from taking notes. Half of what you hear were better forgotten; with much of the remainder you will probably disagree; what residue is worth remembering will be remembered for its singularity."

This advice, absorbed by me early in my college career, nearly cost me my degree, but vastly increased my pleasure at lectures, particularly those by William James and Barrett Wendell. It was not by his singularity but by his lucidity that James fascinated. Day after day, one thrilled to hear him turn the abstract into concrete images and reduce it to normal understanding. Wendell, however, either woke violent opposition or startled by his singularity. To have taken notes would have been to lose all the fun. I used to look with pitying scorn on the graduate students, struggling to get into their notebooks the patter of wit and comment, the jokes, the obscenity sometimes, the flashes of insight and aesthetic appreciation, the skilfully turned epigrams — none of which fed their insatiable hunger for facts! One phrase above all I remember, coming out of I know not now what lecture, or apropos of what subject, if any.

" The duty of the theatre," said Barrett, his voice cracking upward with anticipatory delight at his own wit, " seems to be to send the suburbs home happy."

I have been going to the theatre professionally now for twenty-five years, since he made that wise crack, and I suppose ninety per cent of the plays I have seen have fulfilled this duty to the suburbs. Certainly the epigram has come back to me, with its twinge of worldly wisdom and its cynical realism, far more often than any of the learned lucubrations of Professor Kittredge concerning the Bard of the Avon. In one phrase, he made me, and many like me in the class, consider the theatre across the Charles, the theatre of our own age and race, in a new, shrewd light. He woke our minds

with a critical jab. There was something Shavian about it. And, of course, something neat and artistic.

Once he was late to an appointment, and explained in apology that he had been up all the night before discussing with a friend that friend's soul. "He is down in the mouth because he thinks he's a failure in life," said Barrett. "And he is, you know; he positively is. Why, he is over thirty-seven, and at thirty-seven Shakespeare had written Hamlet and Jesus Christ had died."

Many thought then, and probably would still think, that this type of *fin-de-siècle* cleverness were better suppressed than expressed. But Wendell couldn't suppress it, and wouldn't have if he could. If it shocked his hearers, he was tickled. If it amused them, he was delighted. And, anyhow, the idea had come to him, and it had therefore to pop out. What his critics did not realize was that the reverse of this rather boyish and blatant smartness was the coruscating comment which sparkled through his lectures, the true wit and wisdom and critical insight which kept those lectures so far away from dry scholarship and so close either to real life or to the actual processes of creative art. As well imagine Shaw without his slapstick as Wendell without his smartness. And because he was not hypocrite enough to suppress his smartness, he was no hypocrite in the serious business of education and criticism. As Mark Howe says, he "emptied his mind" to his classes, gave them all he had.

IV

In one of his most characteristic books, "A Literary History of America," he quotes Emerson's statement of his reasons for resigning the pulpit of the old Second Church in Boston. Emerson would not administer communication because he would not do anything "which I cannot do with my whole heart." "I have no hostility to this institution; I am only stating my want of sympathy with it. . . . That is the end of my opposition, that I am not interested in it. I am content that it stand till the end of the world, if it please men and please heaven . . ." Wendell quotes these words with something akin to unction, and adds, "It is doubtful whether the whole literature of heresy contains two phrases which to any mind still affected by traditional Christian faith must seem more saturated with serene insolence."

"Saturated with serene insolence" is in more ways than one a phrase characteristic of Wendell; it has the pith and style, the happy critical acuteness, and it has, too, a certain insistence on the thing in Emerson which was most sympathetic to him — insolence. Emerson was trumpeting the individual conscience against all the restrictions, moral and mental, imposed on the New England mind for two hundred years. This delighted Wendell. He admired Emerson's serenity, he admired the sharp modernity of his prose, he hailed him as a seer, even. But it was Emerson's insolence which he took to his bosom. He recognized a mind unfettered by tradition, moving as artist and inquirer amid the eternal mysteries and bringing back poems, not reports. To one at least of Wendell's pupils that enthusiasm for Emerson's insolence was vastly tonic, and was among the more memorable of the many enthusiasms, or the many hatreds, which he prodigally displayed to his classes. He, too, was insolent, if not serenely so. When he told us that Whitman's verses often sounded "like hexameters trying to bubble through sewage," we who were in our Whitman period just then (everyone goes through a Whitman period; Jim Huneker committed indiscreet matrimony in *his*), were furiously indignant. Who was this snippercheese of a professor, with his rules of rhetoric advocating "clearness, force, and elegance," to poke fun at our great God of Democracy? "Elegance," indeed! As if Whitman's power didn't lie, to no small measure, in his rejection of elegance! But then something in Wendell's insolence would capture us — the insolence of a fastidious aristocrat, who frankly hated New York, who frankly considered Whitman's ideal of democracy what we would now call bunk, but who as a literary critic must carefully credit to the gray-whiskered bounder what power he could, and then was free to exalt his own love of classically wrought art, and to toss into the face of our enthusiasm — "hexameters bubbling through sewage."

"Old Wendell's honest, anyhow," we would say. "Of course, he's a terrible snob."

"But, you know, after all," somebody would cut in, "Whitman wouldn't exactly fit at the Tavern Club. Are we going to abolish the Tavern Club?"

"Sure!" from the rest of us. And we would part, with the ghost of a doubt that possibly Walt's democracy didn't quite jibe with

the facts of our sheltered and sophisticated and occasionally elegant lives — which we hadn't the slightest intention of abandoning!

It isn't easy to say how one professor, lecturing on literature, imparts the facts, the historical background, the critical analysis — and leaves his pupils much where he found them; and how another may impart fewer facts, supply a less careful or even an incorrect critical analysis, yet wake the minds of his pupils to violent opposition or delighted agreement, and put a piece of literature into the structure of their living. There are not, alas, many teachers who can do that. Barrett Wendell was one. His eccentricity, his honesty, his insolent attitude toward grubbing scholarship, his even more insolent Toryism, his almost naïve delight in fine craftsmanship, especially his own, his wit, his ceaseless interest in the world outside the classroom, a world he was forever bringing with him into class, all contributed to this result. He was never afraid of himself, his point of view, his least likes and dislikes, in the face of Milton or Shakespeare or Whitman or Poe. He had the self-assurance and honesty, not of the pedant or critic, but of the artist. Like Emerson, he too must have his say.

V

In his " A Literary History of America " there will be found several pages about Nathaniel P. Willis which anyone who has a desire to know Wendell should not fail to read. After telling of the social isolation which resulted from the elder Willis's adherence to orthodox Calvinism in the face of correct Boston Unitarianism, and suggesting that the Park Street Church folk may have consoled themselves, " as indeed orthodox Yankees sometimes still do, by the thoughts of what would happen beyond the grave to the triumphant religious liberals who on earth rarely invited them to dinner," Wendell goes on:

> Born and bred among such surroundings as this, Willis, whose temper was among the most frivolously adventurous of his time, began life in a state of edifying religious conviction. He was sent to school at that stronghold of orthodoxy, Andover, which was still trying to defend the old faith so completely routed by

Unitarianism at Harvard College. From Andover, instead of going to Harvard — in orthodox opinion the gate of the broad road to perdition — he was sent to complete the salvation of his soul at Yale. At the prayer meetings which refreshed school-boy life at Andover, he had displayed unusual gifts of exhortation. The creative powers thus evinced found later expression in diluted narrative poetry which dealt with Old Testament stories in a temper somewhat like that of Leigh Hunt, and which is said long to have remained among the favorite edifications of devout old persons in New England. But even Yale orthodoxy failed to keep Willis within the fold. He was handsome; women, particularly older than he, were apt to fall in love with him. He had an instinctive aptitude for gaiety, and when he came back to Boston from college, this son of a Park Street deacon was the most elaborate fop who had ever been seen on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. In spite of considerable religious backsliding, however, he was unable in Boston to overcome the social traditions which kept his family apart from fashion. He tried a little editorial work there, with small success; and he ended by quitting the town in disgust, hating it for life, and returning only for burial nearly forty years later.

Now, quite apart from the easy flow and neat compactness of that paragraph, pleasing to anyone with a sense for style, it arrests attention because it is saturated with a witty irony remarkably like that attempted, and occasionally achieved, by the new biographers. It imparts certain facts about Willis's life while insinuating a later and presumably wiser man's opinion of prayer meetings for boys, Unitarians, Calvinists, and Yale College. No writer endeavoring to recreate for modern amusement either the Fabulous Forties or even Queen Victoria, could turn the trick more deftly, more urbanely, more wittily. This is not the paragraph of a critic in the pedantic sense, nor of an old fogy. It is the paragraph of a literary artist, and of a keen and modern mind, capable of moving at ease and smiling through the facts of history.

Why, then, should a man with the power and wit to write like this have become a rather melancholy climber of family trees, declaring in spite of the honors that came to him in France, where he lectured

at the Sorbonne and other universities, that his life was futile, that teaching, or trying to teach, composition, was useless, that education was largely a failure? Why should he have slipped back with the croakers and fossils, instead of going on with the triumphant youths whom he had once inspired and whom he could, conceivably, still have led? Why should the man who put the practice of the arts into American education have himself become more pessimistic about that proceeding than even his friend, President Lowell of Harvard?

Perhaps because Wendell himself was an artist who never became adjusted for adequate expression and over whose life was the shadow of frustration. (I, too, cannot avoid the frustration theme!) His first two published books were not text-books nor works of scholarship, but novels. They were not successful novels, nor even good novels, but the second was better than the first, and it is quite possible that he could in time have written a good one. It was much more likely, however, that his creative talent lay in other directions. All his subsequent books seem a feeling toward the outlet. His famous book on rhetoric is distinguished by the fact that, contrary to all tradition, it is well written, and makes its points in the author's own words, not by quotation. His surveys of literature are actually highly individualized surveys of society. He once wrote a poetic drama, "Raleigh in Guiana," and acted the leading part himself, at a public performance. (His younger brother, Jacob it will be recalled, after years of fritter in the Amateur Comedy Club in New York, at last made up his mind to disgrace the family for the sake of art, and became a professional player.) Finally, after thirty-seven years of teaching, when Wendell became professor emeritus, he dreamed of using his leisure to write, at last, the successful novel he had never achieved.

But why had he not achieved it, or some compensating work quite free of the lecture-room shackles, which could speak directly and creatively to his fellow countrymen? Why did he feel, too, that the stream of students passing through his courses acquired little of creative impulse or ability?

I think a partial answer might be found without climbing very far into the Brahmin family trees. Wendell was born a Tory, with all the Tory belief in the Best People tradition, with most of the

Tory prejudices and Tory virtues. (For, as Albert Nock has pointed out, the Tories *do* have their virtues!) In the New England of the generation preceding Wendell, the Tory tradition was so generally accepted that, as he himself used to put it, even the writers who came from less than the Best Families (like Whittier) worked in the tradition and achieved an authentic dignity. The New England school was an aristocratic school; even Emerson's insolence was serene. But by Wendell's day it was a dead school. Already in the '90's Boston had become, as somebody has called it, in a phrase suggesting Barrett himself, "the abandoned farm of American literature."

Nobody knew this any better than Wendell. Twenty-five years ago, in a letter quoted by Mr. Howe, he pointed it out. He knew perfectly well that the future was with New York, Chicago, Oregon, that it bubbled through the "sewage" of Whitman, or was to be found in the funny column of the Denver *Tribune*, or was getting itself born in Camden, Ohio. But no artist, it does not matter how keen or how modern his mind, can create against the back pressure of his emotional convictions. A new America was surging up that Wendell did not like. His attitude toward it was not quite that of Emerson toward the rite of the Lord's Supper; he was not passively uninterested, he was actively hostile, not because his mind opposed it but because his tastes and instincts did. So long as he cared to make the effort to drive his mind, he could help his pupil, Robert Herrick, into the future, he could be a penetrating critic of what was good or bad in the newest things. But he had to drive his mind. There was no natural propulsion of the emotions behind it; there was just the opposite. "I hate change," he said and there spoke the Tory, who killed the artist in him.

The intellectual dominance of the "best minds" of New England, when those minds were quite generally found also in the best families, and New England gravely led young America to an artistic flowering, was over in Wendell's day. America needed to be discovered anew, by minds of a different cast. The discovery was not for him because he was born at once a generation too late and perhaps a generation too early. He was born too much of a Tory, too much under the shadow of the Lowell family tree, and all those other family trees which Boston, alas, still considers live timber,

to be the real rebel or discoverer his intellect fitted him to be. His, perhaps, is the common tragedy of the Tory artist, in an expanding and changing world.

VI

Something of a pattern, too, was probably his later pessimism over the teaching of composition — though pessimism is surely excusable in one who has corrected undergraduate themes for thirty-seven years! Through Harvard College, year after year, passed the usual stream of American youth, fifty per cent of whom are in college for no better reason than that to attend is the proper thing, and who intellectually are not entitled to the educational attention bestowed on them. Twenty-five per cent of the others, at the very least, of course have no creative bent for literature, and their themes might better be corrected by a hack, not an artist. Of the remainder, there were certainly many in the Harvard of Wendell's day, and doubtless are still, whose own background was enough like his to render them futile as artists in America. That leaves but a tiny minority of potentially effective creative artists to train — and any American college has little enough to give them! Most of them would be better off somewhere else.

Wendell certainly could not give them the emotional enthusiasm for discovery which he knew well enough they ought to have, or could not in his later years. At best, he could teach them "clearness, force and elegance" of expression — when what they needed was rather the raw materials to express the warmth of creative zest, not the chill of criticism. So Wendell, himself enough of an artist to be entirely aware than a man like Eugene O'Neill, say, became a dramatist by running away to sea instead of staying in Princeton, talked a shop with his classes that was never quite shop to the chosen few, and could never be. It was, after all, academic; all right enough for the average fellow interested a bit in literature and wanting to express himself better, but nothing worthy of the blind urge that makes true artists drag beauty out of stokeholes and discover masterpieces in Ohio livery stables.

Stokeholes and livery stables (or, today, garages) would have been no place for Barrett Wendell. He wouldn't even go to see his son play baseball because the players talked such an incessant and

vulgar jargon; it was a pity, he thought, the boy couldn't have excelled in some sport fit for gentlemen. But stokeholes and garages are America today, and Wendell knew it. Out of them, willy-nilly, our literature must be made. Refuse to enter them, refuse to be on friendly and intimate terms with their occupants, and you cut yourself off from your age, you sterilize yourself as artist. A partial way to achieve this is to go to college. A complete way, as Wendell found, is to be born a Tory. Zaccheus climbed a tree to see his Lord. Barrett Wendell climbed a family tree to miss Him.

G. LOWES DICKINSON

THE WESTERN MAN[1]

THE great countries of the East have each a civilization that is original, if not independent. India, China, Japan, each has a peculiar outlook on the world. Not so America, at any rate in the North. America, we might say, does not exist; there exists instead an offshoot of Europe. Nor does an "American spirit" exist; there exists instead the spirit of the average Western man. Americans are immigrants and descendants of immigrants. Putting aside the negroes and a handful of Orientals, there is nothing to be found here that is not to be found in Western Europe; only here what thrives is not what is distinctive of the different European countries, but what is common to them all. What America does, not, of course, in a moment, but with incredible rapidity, is to obliterate distinctions. The Scotchman, the Irishman, the German, the Scandinavian, the Italian, even, I suppose, the Czech, drops his costume, his manner, his language, his traditions, his beliefs, and retains only his common Western humanity. Transported to this continent, all the varieties developed in Europe revert to the original type, and flourish in unexampled vigor and force. It is not a new type that is evolved; it is the fundamental type, growing in a new soil, in

[1] From *Appearances*. Doubleday, Page and Company. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

luxuriant profusion. Describe the average Western man and you describe the American; from east to west, from north to south, everywhere and always the same — masterful, aggressive, unscrupulous, egotistic, at once good-natured and brutal, kind if you do not cross him, ruthless if you do, greedy, ambitious, self-reliant, active for the sake of activity, intelligent and unintellectual, quick-witted and crass, contemptuous of ideas but amorous of devices, valuing nothing but success, recognizing nothing but the actual, Man in the concrete, undisturbed by spiritual life, the master of methods and slave of things, and therefore the conqueror of the world, the unquestioning, the undoubting, the child with the muscles of a man, the European stripped bare, and shown for what he is, a predatory, unreflecting, naïf, precociously accomplished brute.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE DYNAMIC MAN[1]

THAT which America has done with humanity is to make the dynamic man — the man eager for change. Throw the whole kit of modern inventions, from steam engine to the radio, into the African jungle or into the midst of Asia, or even into the European peasantry, and these inventions would bring no hope, would change no social or economic status, would bring no relations of man based upon the faith of man in his fellows. Somewhere in a laboratory, working with his tubes and fires, a scientist in an apron is weighing, measuring, trying, changing, poking his fingers into a place along the dead wall that impedes our further progress, and maybe tomorrow, maybe next month, or next year, or the next decade or the next century, he will find the thing that will upset and revolutionize the world. Where will he go with it? It will affect mankind first and surest and in the broadest way in Amer-

[1] From *Harper's Magazine* (March, 1927). Reprinted by permission of the author and the publisher.

ica, because America accepts change. In the golden quest of the ages, the quest for self-respect, we have built actually a new kind of man in America.

There is something in the theory of the Christian theologians that man must be born again. In America he is regenerated. On the North American continent and among the English-speaking colonies, the white man looks at life squarely and without a servile eye. He is no white-winged cherub, no pink angel. By no means has his altruism overcome his eye for the main chance. With all his keen anxiety for change and his profound belief that change is always for the better, with all his institutions taxing the few for the benefit of the many, in education and health, protection and regulation, the American's altruism does not soften him into impotency. He still believes that all things come to him who hustles while he waits, and grabs quickly. But while the devil in our hearts has become manifest during the last two or three hundred years, the dragon against which the St. George of democracy has been struggling, has been capital. A wiseacre of Broadway declares, "There are many things in this life that are better than money, but it takes money to get them."

In humanity's quest for self-respect man has repeated in his use of capital as a bargaining agent with the gods somewhat the struggle he made with each of the ancient devices by which he has sought to attain his ideal. It is something more than a quest, something less than a bargain, this ceaseless endeavor to find "the pearl of great price." And when man takes up a new device — the sword, the miter, the ballot, or the dollar — with which to buy his way into Utopia, he always finds that the thing which he believes will save him actually menaces him. The capital of the present age, which has been produced by "many inventions," has, of course, brought the average man far into the realm of social dignity; but as surely as we have advanced far, behind this ægis of capital, so we are now threatened by it, and in America this is particularly true.

America is the paradise of capital. For three hundred years, during the rise of capitalism in the world, America has been the spot to which men from all over the world have been attracted by the love of money. They have called it the love of freedom, but the freedom for the most part has been bought with capital. The continent

is rich, the climate salubrious, life abundant. Wealth has piled high, and no man or class has been able to hold it all. Somehow, the lavish hand of nature in a virgin continent, rich in alluvial soil and minerals, blessed with a temperate climate, has helped to pile up and yet distribute wealth. Somehow, the very abundance of wealth has made it easy for the average man to acquire a share. So here from all over the earth the poor and oppressed have come and found the self-respect which they have been denied in other places. Government has taken wealth from the few and given its blessings to the many in the form of education, policing, regulatory measures affecting transportation, communication, and human welfare. The government has bought health for the masses out of taxes; the government has engaged in the care of the poor, of the defective, and has organized opportunity in a score of ways undreamed of in other times and places. But with all this public activity, with all the political distribution of wealth, with all our legislation, with all our constitutional prohibition of hereditary caste, vast inequities still remain. Worse than the inequities of life are its uglinesses, its disharmonies, and its terrible standardization. Politics, that benevolent goddess who mothers the weak and the oppressed with sheltering institutions, who distributes her largesse in schools, in health, with a certain show of justice in her courts, has another mood and face. She is a corrupt and designing hussy.

American politics are probably no worse than the politics of any other land; but while we are praising what our government has done we should not deny that government also is the shield for special privilege, that government does make it possible for the rich to enjoy privileges in our courts which are denied to the poor, that government does at times act with stupidity, and at times with cupidity. The Declaration of Independence, which is the charter of our liberties, the covenant of our self-respect in America, the source of our idealism, has only been partially realized under our Constitution. Our Constitution, with all its wisdom, still has far to go to institutionalize all the ideals of the Declaration. There remain vast areas untouched in that noble document of 1776; and it is folly to deny that in man's quest for self-respect here in America he is faced continually by the dangers of plutocracy, the dangers of a despotism as cruel and as unjust as any of the grabs he gives.

He is a dollar-chaser, certainly: but not for the dollar; rather for the game. He has no sou grip. Pennies and dollars slip through his hands after he has them. He gambles with his gains like a drunken sailor. More than most of his brothers, the American knows that he is his brother's keeper. The thing which has left him in his rebirth is cruelty. He is not callous of suffering and pain; certainly he is not plagued with the sadist's love to hurt. He hits hard, but takes no comfort in revenge. He went into the World War partly in fear, partly prodded by propaganda which worked him into a fine frenzy of altruistic folly. But while he fought like a devil he came out of it with a gay, childish vanity in the fact that he had asked no ransom, that he had exacted no stipend for revenge, or remuneration, and had added nothing to the suffering of mankind. He does not yet realize the implications that follow the collection of what he regards his honest debts; when he does he may make a fine gesture and throw his notes into the sea. And at the end of the episode which began in Serajevo in 1914, the American will be the only man connected with the sad occurrence who has not reaped, consciously and in the sweet solace of revenge, any intentional reward from the War. This is not because he is better or worse than other men. It is because the American is reborn, regenerated, renewed in self-respect. Another millennium may improve him, may refine him, may quicken his sensibilities and broaden his intellectual and spiritual horizon. Heaven hasten the day. But until that day comes let us Americans not be fooled and discouraged by those one-eyed critics who see only our faults.

ANONYMOUS

LORD NORTHCLIFFE[1]

It is not true to speak of Lord Northcliffe as a great journalist, as a great editor, or even as a great organizer of publicity. Lord Northcliffe was none of these things. He was a great business man. He was a man with the power to apply the shrewdest commercial methods to the production and the sale of newspapers. Again, he

[1] From *The Spectator* (London). Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

was a master broker of intellectual talent. Though not a judge of men in the best sense, he was a very good judge of the kind of man that the ordinary reader likes, and is interested in, and, most of all, is amused or entertained by at the particular moment. Such men he discovered and "produced" with an admirable sureness of touch.

That Lord Northcliffe had in any supreme measure the special gift of the newspaper editor, the instinct for publicity, we are not prepared to admit. He knew a certain public, and to that public he served the dish, or rather the series of dishes, which they desired for their daily mental food. But in doing this he did not, we think, show any extraordinary originality, though no doubt he did show great enterprise. He was a successful caterer, but he was not in any sense a super-*chef*. It is true that he hit off the public taste, but he hit it off not so much by the exercise of imagination or any of the higher forms of ratiocination as by a personal process. The *Daily Mail* hit its particular public between wind and water not because Lord Northcliffe had skilfully diagnosed what the public liked, but because he made a paper which he liked himself. By what was for him the most fortunate of accidents, he represented exactly what we had almost called the men and women of "the new learning" — a class keen, eager, and intelligent, but also very superficial and very badly educated.

To put it in another way, Lord Northcliffe was a man who had a bright, ill-balanced, sensational mind, which was hungry for general information. He desired to know a little about everything, but he did not want to be bored by knowing too much about anything. There was no limit to his mental alertness or to his eagerness to hear and half discuss every new thing. What he, in common with his public, could not bear even for five minutes was reflection. As Goethe said of Byron, he had many great qualities, "but when he came to reflect he was a child." No one who ever talked with Lord Northcliffe, and tried to get him to reflect could fail to notice the infantile character of his mind. In many ways he and, once more, also his public, were like the lady in Pope — the lady "with too much quickness ever to be taught."

Curiously enough, in many ways Lord Northcliffe was well aware that his mental power was not equal to his desire to know, to enjoy, and to express. In politics, and, indeed, in almost all matters

involving action — most people will think that we are mistaken in this — he was very timid. He never initiated a policy for himself, and he was always anxious as to how far it would be wise to adopt that of someone else. A proof of his timidity is to be found in his fondness for the motto, "Never be a pioneer." The wise man, he was wont to say, lets "the other fellow" go on and explore the ground. Then, if it is found to be firm and good, he, the wise man, will follow. If not, he remains where he is. In either case he benefits by the experience of others, though he does not experiment himself. This timidity was, however, chiefly — if not entirely — in intellectual matters. In the narrower and safer field of business Lord Northcliffe could be bold and even original. Both these qualities were to be found in the make-up of the *Daily Mail* on its first publication. They were also to be found in the very excellent news-service with which he endowed it at the start. And here we may say that we are not in any agreement with those who think that Lord Northcliffe was merely the exploiter of other men's brains, and that the *Daily Mail* owed its success to Mr. Kennedy Jones and not to Alfred Harmsworth. No doubt Lord Northcliffe took up other men's ideas and used other men's brains. But ability, enterprise and originality can be shown in such exploitation quite as well as in direct invention. To sum up, the main originality in the *Daily Mail* was a very simple thing. Lord Northcliffe realized that the public liked things short; liked snippets, in fact. Thereupon he gave them snippets and did so *con amore*. He loved them himself. And, after all, why shouldn't he? There is no crime in brevity.

If Lord Northcliffe had no policy it was not because he was a cynic, but because he had not the ability or the habit of thinking. In later life he did come to have a distinctive policy, but it was purely personal. He quarrelled with Mr. Lloyd George and carried on a fierce campaign against him, but he did not really dislike Mr. Lloyd George's policy. It was only because he disliked the man that he acted as he did. Indeed, Lord Northcliffe's views, so far as he had them, were probably identical with those of his great opportunist brother-in-arms.

Lord Northcliffe was not a teachable man. If he had been he might have learned from his own career and his own successes and failures a lesson in regard to the limitations of the powers of the

Press. Lord Northcliffe was very naturally a believer in the force of journalism. How could he be otherwise when he counted up how many men he had made, or helped to make, by the support of his newspapers? When, however, he came to attack Mr. Lloyd George, he found that it was much easier to make a man by newspaper publicity than to unmake him. You could write a man up, but you could not write him down. As Dr. Johnson said, "No man is ever written down except by himself." The truth is the public, though it seems so innocent and "gullible," has a well-marked gift of cynicism. Men are easily converted when they are told that they must regard this or that unknown person as a miracle of ability. It is always amusing to find bargains. When, however, they see a newspaper attacking an individual they always begin to ask why the *Detonator*, or the *Vulture*, or the *Chameleon* is so down upon Mr. Blank? The result as often as not is that though they sit down to enjoy the cock-fight they are not in the least prepared to change their politics or their personal preferences. Indeed, newspaper attacks very often do statesmen good, not harm. This Lord Northcliffe would have noticed if he had not been so obsessed by the personal side of his vendetta. A very little reflection would have shown him that this was bound to be the case. Publicity is a great power and a great influence, but it is almost the only power of the Press. But you can give a man publicity by attack quite as much as by eulogy. Indeed, so contradictious is mankind that attack is very often the stronger form of publicity. It invokes the law of reversed effort. Thus Lord Northcliffe, though so successful as a business man, and in the early part of his life as a publicist, was in his later years something of a failure. The moment he turned from producing and selling newspapers, from being, that is, what he himself once called "a merchant of news" into a newspaper statesman, he soon got into difficulties. He found weakness where he expected to find strength. As a trader in publicity he did great things; as a politician very small things.

Before we leave the subject of Lord Northcliffe's death, we feel bound to express the hope that so great a national institution as the *Times* may now find that stability which it needs, which it deserves, and which is its right tradition — that is, the stability without which it cannot perform its true function in the State. If it can be

stablilized once more and become what it should be, an example of judicial journalism, we shall all be much the richer thereby.

At such a moment as the present nothing could be of greater advantage to the nation than the *Times* restored to what it was in the days of Delane, a great moderator, and yet at the same time a true newspaper — a newspaper which believes in publicity in itself, and is determined to sell to its readers the news, the whole news, and nothing but the news on one side, and on the other side honest comment on or honest advocacy of some great cause. To use a paper for other purposes is to step outside the function of the Press. In addition, what is wanted in a paper like the *Times* is the elimination of triviality. Triviality is the danger to which the popular newspaper is exposed. But when we say that a newspaper ought to avoid triviality let no one suppose that we think it should study to be dull. Triviality, indeed, is the very worst form of dullness.

M. R. WERNER

THE CONNECTICUT YANKEE[1]

FIRECRACKERS had just celebrated the thirty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States in the small town of Bethel, Connecticut, when the first son by his second wife was born to Philo F. Barnum. P. T. Barnum was born on July 5, 1810. He arrived late. It was a pity, for he would so much have enjoyed being born on the Fourth of July. He himself wrote that after peace and quiet were restored, and the audience had regained their seats, he made his début. Probably his tardiness was for the best: competition between P. T. Barnum and the national holiday would have been too much — for the national holiday.

Lincoln had just about cut his first tooth, and Poe was in his swaddling clothes, when Barnum appeared on the American scene. When, in 1891, he died, Free Silver was beginning to be discussed in

[1] From *Barnum.* Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

the Senate, and William James's *Principles of Psychology* was a new book. The span his life covered was as significant as any in American history, and he managed to make himself as much at home among his contemporaries as the Fourth of July. Barnum wrote to Matthew Arnold when Arnold was lecturing in this country, inviting him to visit at Bridgeport, Connecticut. The invitation read: "You and I, Mr. Arnold, ought to be acquainted. You are a celebrity, I am a notoriety." This remained his self-appointed position among his fellowmen during his entire lifetime.

They named him Phineas Taylor Barnum, after his maternal grandfather, Phineas Taylor, from whom he inherited a tract of swampy, snake-infested land, known as "Ivy Island," and a propensity for practical jokes which the boy never outgrew. Barnum wrote of his grandfather: "He would go farther, wait longer, work harder, and contrive deeper, to carry out a practical joke, than for anything else under heaven." Barnum admitted the influence of Phineas Taylor's propensity, and throughout his own life he exercised it with all the force which heredity gives to individual action. The paternal grandfather was Ephraim Barnum — Captain Ephraim Barnum, a captain of militia in the Revolutionary War. Captain Ephraim Barnum had fourteen children by two wives, and died at the age of eighty-four, when P. T. Barnum was seven years old. His grandson tells us that "he relished a joke better than the average of mankind."

Philo F. Barnum, P. T. Barnum's father, was sometime tailor, farmer, tavern-keeper, livery-stable proprietor, and country store merchant. He also operated a small express company, and his son wrote that "with greater opportunities and a larger field for his efforts and energies, he might have been a man of mark and means." He never did a profitable business in any of these capacities.

Phineas began the little schooling he received when he was six years old. He later wrote that "a school-house in those days was a thing to be dreaded — a schoolmaster, a kind of being to make the children tremble." The first three male teachers he sat under — a Mr. Camp, a Mr. Zerah Judson, and a Mr. Curtiss — "used the ferule prodigiously." For one season he attended the private school of Laurens P. Hickok, later Professor Hickok, the educational philosopher and metaphysician. Hickok's sweetheart, Eliza Taylor, was also a pupil. "One day he threw a ruler at my head," Barnum

wrote. "I dodged, and it struck Eliza in the face. He quietly apologized and said she might apply that to some other time when she might deserve it." Young Phineas excelled all other scholars in Bethel in arithmetic, he admits, and his later career shows a constant development by the rules of arithmetical progression and sometimes even as fast as a geometrical progression. He recalled that his teacher and a neighbor got him out of bed late at night at the age of twelve to settle a wager. The teacher had bet that Phineas could figure up the correct number of feet in a load of wood in five minutes. Phineas marked down on the stovepipe in his father's kitchen the given dimensions and in less than two minutes gave the correct result, much to the delight of his teacher, his mother, and himself, and the incredulous astonishment of the neighbor.

He was often kept out of school to help on his father's farm, and he records as one of his earliest emotions an aversion to hand-work that earned him a reputation as the laziest boy in town. This impression of him by his neighbors, however, was false, Barnum said, "because I was always busy at head-work to evade the sentence of gaining bread by the sweat of my brow." Throughout his life he hated manual labor and routine work, but the number of enterprises in which he sometimes engaged simultaneously would indicate that he never disliked work if he was allowed to choose its nature. What Barnum called "my organ of acquisitiveness" was large. At an early age he earned money by selling cherry-rum to soldiers, and when he was twelve years old he owned a sheep, a calf, and a sum of money in his own right. He would have been a wealthy boy for his environment, if his father had not insisted that he buy his own clothes.

When he was about twelve years old, Barnum paid his first visit to New York City, assisting a neighbor to deliver a drove of cattle there. To "go to York" from Connecticut in 1821 was not a trip, but a journey, which had some of the elements of a pilgrimage; it took Phineas four days to reach the big city with his cattle. During this period passengers traveled from Connecticut to New York via the New York-Boston stage coach or by boat via Long Island Sound. The stage coach was not allowed to take on passengers in any Connecticut town on Sunday, and any man who rode on horseback or in his carriage before sundown on the Lord's Day was arrested by a

deacon of the church. If the stage coach driver was found with passengers in his possession, he was arrested by meeting house sentinels, posted along the Connecticut route of the coach. In Barnum's youth the Blue Laws were Connecticut's contribution to American life. The voyage to New York by boat depended upon the state of the wind, sometimes requiring eight hours and sometimes several days. Barnum's grandfather, Phineas Taylor, took this voyage upon an occasion which gave him an opportunity to enact what seemed to impress his grandson as Phineas Taylor's most famous practical joke. On this particular voyage the fourteen jolly jokers from Bethel were becalmed for seven days, at the end of which all needed to shave. There was one razor on board, belonging to Phineas Taylor, who professed himself against the practice of shaving and refused the loan of his razor. Finally, the boat approached New York on Sunday afternoon. Barnum's grandfather was persuaded to lend his razor since the barber shops would be closed when the party arrived in New York. Because time was short, he stipulated that each man must shave half his face and pass the razor on to the next. After all had finished, each could begin shaving the other half of his face. Half of each face was shaved, and Phineas Taylor began on the other half of his own face. When he had finished, Barnum's grandfather stropped the razor, and, as if by accident, it flew from his hand into the water. All the other passengers created a sensation with their half-shaved faces when they arrived in New York on Sunday afternoon. Barnum himself never ceased to delight in this type of joke.

Barnum's father soon despaired of ever being able to make his son useful on the farm, and Barnum admitted that he "generally contrived to shirk the work altogether, or, by slighting it, get through with the day's work." His father opened a country store in Bethel and made Phineas the clerk. Here he drove sharp bargains with old women who paid for their purchases in butter, eggs, beeswax, feathers, and rags. The atmosphere of the country store exercised an important influence on Barnum's later career. On wet days there was no business, and then, he tells us, "from six to twenty social, jolly, story-telling, joke-playing wags and wits, regular originals, would get together at the tavern or store, and spend their evenings or stormy afternoons in relating anecdotes, describing their

adventures, playing off practical jokes upon each other, and engaging in every project out of which a little fun could be extracted by village wits whose ideas were usually sharpened at brief intervals by a 'treat,' otherwise known as a glass of Santa Cruz rum, old Holland gin, or Jamaica spirits." Practical jokes of a crude nature, the product of brains whose sole aim was to get the better of the other fellow somehow, were a great source of amusement and one of the few sources of instruction of young Phineas. These Connecticut Yankees must have made this Connecticut Yankee realize that if he was to survive in this world, he must be sharp and not too scrupulous, except on Sunday.

His own grandfather played what Barnum called a practical joke, and which we might be inclined to call something more, on the boy the day he was born. It has been mentioned that Barnum inherited a tract of land called "Ivy Island" from Phineas Taylor in consideration of taking the name Phineas through life. His grandfather never spoke of the boy in the presence of strangers without saying that he was the richest boy in town because he owned "Ivy Island." For about six years these allusions to "Ivy Island" continued, and finally, when he was twelve years old, permission was granted him to visit the property which was deeded in his name. The property consisted of bogs, snakes, hornets, and stunted ivies, mostly under water. When he asked for an explanation, Phineas was told that it could not be an island unless it was literally surrounded by water, and that it could not be "Ivy Island" unless its main product was stunted ivies. We shall see how Barnum used "Ivy Island" to advantage, but at the time it was a profound disappointment, and the incident must have influenced his impression of the ways of the world.

Deception was common practice in the country store business. Barnum wrote that often he cut open bundles of rags brought to the store by country women to exchange for goods, and found that what were ostensibly good linen and cotton rags contained in their midst extra weight in the shape of stone, gravel or ashes; and farmers regularly brought their loads of oats, corn, and rye into town short of their stated weights. Many years later Barnum told a story in his book, *The Humbugs of the World*, that he would agree characterizes the atmosphere in which he found himself as a boy:

"There is a much older and better-known story about a grocer who was a deacon, and who was heard to call downstairs before breakfast to his clerk:

"'John, have you watered the rum?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And sanded the sugar?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And dusted the pepper?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And chicoried the coffee?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then come up to prayers.'"

The boy was brought up to attend church regularly. Barnum's grandfather was a Universalist, and that was the religion which he strenuously defended during his maturity and unto his death, but apparently he also came under the stern influence of strict Methodism. Of his early religious experiences Barnum told a reporter for the *New York Sun* when he was seventy-three years old: "I was brought up in the fear of hell, and when I went to Methodist prayer meetings, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, I used to go home and pray and cry and beg God to take me out of existence if He would only save me; but I didn't see much chance for me in the way they put it." There was only one meeting house in Bethel, where all attended, and no differences of sects seemed to disrupt the harmony of religion, but seemingly this did not detract from the severity with which worship was indulged. Doubtless it was partly as a reaction from the fiery hell of those early Methodist influences that Barnum as soon as he was able to choose for himself turned to Universalism, by which salvation is guaranteed more or less to all those who seek for it, without regard to their previous condition of sinful servitude. The meeting house at Bethel, without steeple or bell, was also without heat in winter, for one of the brethren said when a stove was suggested by an irreverent reformer, "A pretty pass, indeed, when professing Christians need a fire to warm their zeal." The women were allowed to bring to church tin boxes with live coals, as foot-stoves, but the men were expected to endure with hardihood the cold Connecticut winter draughts during the long sermons, which usually lasted one hour and a half, and sometimes continued for two hours.

The character of his early environment in Bethel, Connecticut, was admirably summed up by Barnum when he was seventy-one years old. He presented a bronze fountain eighteen feet high, "the design a Triton of heroic size, spouting water from an uplifted

horn," to the inhabitants of his birthplace. The town was decorated with flags and bunting, and the police and fire companies, with apparatus and bands of music, greeted their native son, their returned hero, the conqueror of Success. Barnum made this speech, which is inserted here because it tells with characteristic altiloquence more of his early life than anything he ever wrote, or which ever could be written by another:

"My friends: Among all the varied scenes of an active and eventful life, crowded with strange incidents of struggle and excitement, of joy and sorrow, taking me often through foreign lands and bringing me face to face with the king in his palace and the peasant in his turf-covered hut, I have invariably cherished with the most affectionate remembrance the place of my birth, the old village meeting house, without steeple or bell, where in its square family pew I sweltered in summer and shivered through my Sunday-school lessons in winter, and the old school-house where the ferule, the birchen rod and rattan did active duty, and which I deserved and received a liberal share. I am surprised to find that I can distinctly remember events which occurred before I was four years old.

"I can see as if but yesterday our hard-working mothers hetcheling their flax, carding their tow and wool, spinning, reeling, and weaving it into fabrics for bedding and clothing for all the family of both sexes. The same good mothers did the knitting, darning, mending, washing, ironing, cooking, soap and candle making, picked the geese, milked the cows, made butter and cheese, and did many other things for the support of the family.

"We babies of 1810, when at home, were dressed in tow frocks, and the garments of our elders were not much superior, except on Sunday, when they wore their 'go-to-meeting clothes' of homespun and linsey-woolsey.

"Rain water was caught and used for washing, while that for drinking and cooking was drawn from wells with their 'old oaken bucket' and long poles and well sweeps.

"Fire was kept over night by banking up the brands in ashes in the fireplace, and if it went out one neighbor would visit another about daylight the next morning with a pair of tongs to

borrow a coal of fire to kindle with. Our candles were tallow, home-made, with dark tow wicks. In summer nearly all retired to rest at early dark without lighting a candle except on extraordinary occasions. Home-made soft soap was used for washing hands, faces, and everything else. The children in families of ordinary circumstances ate their meals on trenchers, wooden plates. As I grew older our family and others got an extravagant streak, discarded the trenchers and rose to the dignity of pewter plates and leaden spoons. Tin peddlers who traveled through the country with their wagons supplied these and other luxuries. Our food consisted chiefly of boiled and baked beans, bean porridge, coarse rye bread, apple sauce, hasty pudding beaten in milk, of which we all had plenty. The elder portion of the family ate meat twice a day — had plenty of vegetables, fish of their own catching, and occasionally big clams, which were cheap in those days, and shad in their season. . . .

"Our dinners several times each week consisted of 'pot luck,' which was corned beef, salt pork, and vegetables, all boiled together in the same big iron pot hanging from the crane which was supplied with iron hooks and trammels and swung in and out of the huge fireplace. In the same pot with the salt pork, potatoes, turnips, parsnips, beets, carrots, cabbage, and sometimes onions, was placed an Indian pudding, consisting of plain Indian meal mixed in water, pretty thick, salted and poured into a home-made brown linen bag which was tied at the top. When dinner was ready the Indian pudding was *first* taken from the pot, slipped out of the bag and eaten with molasses. Then followed the 'pot luck.' . . .

"There were but few wagons or carriages in Bethel when I was a boy. Our grists of grain were taken to the mill in bags on horseback, and the women rode to church on Sundays and around the country on week days on horseback, usually on a cushion called a pillion fastened behind the saddle, the husband, father, brother, or lover riding in front on the saddle. The country doctor visited his patients on horseback, carrying his saddle-bags, containing calomel, jalap, Epsom salts, lancet and a turnkey, those being the principal aids in relieving the sick. Nearly every person sick or well was bled every spring.

" Teeth were pulled with a turnkey, and a dreadful instrument it was in looks, and terrible in execution. . . .

" I remember seeing my father and our neighbors put through military drill every day by Capt. Noah Ferry in 1814, for the war with Great Britain of 1812–15.

" My uncles, aunts, and others, when I was a child, often spoke about ravages of Indians from which their ancestors had suffered, and numbers of them remembered and described the burning of Danbury by the British in 1777. . . .

" Esquire Tom Taylor sometimes wore white-topped boots. He was a large, majestic-looking man, of great will-force, and was considered the richest man in Bethel. Mr. Eli Judd was marked second in point of wealth. Every year I took twelve dollars to Esquire Tom Taylor to pay the interest on a two hundred dollar note which my father owed him. I also annually carried four dollars and fifty cents to Eli Judd for interest on a seventy-five dollar note which he held against my father. As these wealthy men quietly turned over each note filed away in a small package till they found the note of my father, and then indorsed the interest thereon, I trembled with awe to think I stood in the presence of such wonderfully rich men. It was estimated that the richer of them was actually worth three thousand dollars!

" Esquire Tom Taylor made quite a revolution here by one act. He got two yards of figured carpet to put down in front of his bed in the winter, because the bare board floor was too cold for his feet, while he was dressing. This was a big event in the social life of that day, and Esquire Tom was thought to be putting on airs which his great wealth alone permitted.

" When I was but ten years old, newspapers came only once a week. The man who brought us the week's papers came up from Norwalk, and drove through this section with newspapers for subscribers and pins and needles for customers. He was called Uncle Silliman. I can remember well his weekly visit through Bethel, and his queer cry. On coming to a house or village he would shout, 'News! News! The Lord reigns!' One time he passed our school-house when a snow storm was prevailing. He shouted: 'News! News! The Lord reigns — and snows a little.'

"Everybody had barrels of cider in their cellars and drank cider-spirits called 'gumption.' Professors of religion and the clergy all drank liquor. They drank it in all the hat and comb shops, the farmers had it at hay and harvest times. Every sort of excuse was made for being treated. A new journeyman must give a pint or a quart of rum to pay his footing. If a man had a new coat he must 'sponge' it by treating. Even at funerals the clergy, mourners, and friends drank liquor. At public vendues the auctioneer held a bottle of liquor in his hand and when bidding lagged he would cry 'a dram to the next bidder,' the bid would be raised a cent, and the bidder would take his boldly and be the envy of most of the others.

"The public whipping post and imprisonment for debt both flourished in Bethel in my youthful days. Suicides were buried at cross-roads. How blessed are we to live in a more charitable and enlightened age, to enjoy the comforts and conveniences of modern times, and to realize that the world is continually growing wiser and better.

"I sincerely congratulate my native village on her character for temperance, industry, and other good qualities.

"And now, my friends, I take very great pleasure in presenting this fountain to the town and borough of Bethel as a small evidence of the love which I bear them and the respect which I feel for my successors, the present and future citizens of my native village."

II

Among the many ways Barnum found for making money during his boyhood, the lottery business was his most important enterprise; from the ages of twelve to fifteen he was a lottery manager and salesman, selling his tickets to the workmen in the hat and comb factories near Danbury. Lotteries at this time were permitted by the state and often indulged in by churches and educational institutions, and in Bethel lotteries were held for the benefit of the church, where, according to Barnum, the minister often preached against gambling. That grandfather, Phineas Taylor, who appears at every turn in the early career of Barnum, was manager of a lottery, and it was by his example and with his advice that Phineas tried this means of growing rich quickly.

In September, 1825, when Barnum was fifteen years old, his father died insolvent. Phineas had loaned his father all his savings and held Philo Barnum's note for the money, but as he was a minor his debt was ruled out, and he was compelled to serve as clerk in a store just before the funeral in order to get money for shoes to follow the coffin to the grave. Irena Barnum, his mother, continued to keep the tavern at Bethel to support herself and her five children, of whom Phineas was the oldest. Phineas soon became a clerk in the general store at Grassy Plain, a village one mile northwest of Bethel, where he worked for six dollars a month and his board. Here his duties were much the same as they had been in his father's country store at Bethel, but he showed signs of the advertising ability and the power to attract by unusual enterprises which were later to make him famous, when he organized at this store in Grassy Plain a lottery for the purpose of moving his boss's old stock of tinware and green glass bottles. Those who won prizes in the lottery received their choice of a tin dipper or some green glass bottles.

It was while he was a clerk at Grassy Plain that Phineas met Charity Hallett. Charity had visited Grassy Plain on a Saturday to buy a hat from Aunt "Rushia," the only milliner of the two towns. It was Phineas's custom to return to Bethel every Saturday night, remaining with his mother until Monday, so that he might go to church with her. He was told that Charity was afraid to return to Bethel alone in the storm on this particular Saturday night. During the ride he learned that "the fair, rosy-cheeked, buxom girl, with beautiful white teeth," as he later described her appearance at the time, was a tailoress in Bethel. Her face haunted him in his dreams that Saturday night. He met her in church the next morning, and the reality seemed to fulfil the pictures of his imagination. But he was able to see her only in church every Sunday that season, for they were separated by the distance between Bethel and Grassy Plain.

As his job continued in a country store, Barnum became more inured to the ways and means of country store success. In his autobiography he recorded the gist of these: "It was 'dog eat dog' — 'tit for tat.' Our cottons were sold for wool, our wool and cotton for silk and linen; in fact nearly everything was different from what it was represented. The customers cheated us in their

fabrics: we cheated the cutomers with our goods. Each party expected to be cheated, if it was possible. Our eyes, and not our ears, had to be our masters. We must believe little that we saw, and less that we heard. . . . Such a school would 'cut eye-teeth,' but if it did not cut conscience, morals, and integrity all up by the roots, it would be because the scholars quit before their education was completed." He did quit for a time and went to Brooklyn, New York, where he was offered a position in a grocery store, but the humdrum of this existence of petty trade was beginning to annoy him. His disposition was speculative, and a regular salary never satisfied him, especially since all these early salaries were small. Although he was only seventeen years old, he was ambitious enough to want his own business, and he opened a porter-house in Brooklyn. He soon sold it at a profit and on the basis of his experience became a bar-tender in another porter-house in New York City. While working and living in New York, he visited the theater frequently, and soon became in his own opinion " a close critic."

Grandfather Phineas Taylor wrote his grandson in 1828, offering him half of his carriage-house rent free, if young Phineas would return from New York and establish some kind of business in Bethel. Before he left New York Phineas made arrangements for shipments with wholesale merchants, and upon his return to Bethel turned the carriage-house, which was situated on the main street of Bethel, into a retail fruit and confectionery store, where ale and oysters were also sold. Phineas invested his entire fortune, $120, in his Bethel store, and during the first day's business took in $63. Grandfather Phineas Taylor was much pleased with his boy's success; he advised him to take the agency for some country-wide lottery in addition to his store business, and Barnum followed his advice. The store was the resort of the country loungers and the town wits, and the practical jokes which were played there, and which delighted Barnum so much that he reproduced them in detail in his autobiography, contributed to make him what he later was. In the autobiography he himself attributes his development in part to the influence of these stale puns and crude practical jokes, which he did not seem to realize, even in his middle age, were far-fetched, and often barbaric.

When Barnum was eighteen years old, his store in Bethel was

visited by the first showman he ever met, Hackariah Bailey, not related to James A. Bailey, who was Barnum's partner many years later. Hackariah Bailey was a "character." He imported the first elephant that was ever brought to this country and made a fortune by exhibiting it. Later he toured with several traveling menageries, operated opposition steamboats on the Hudson River, and finally built a hostelry in Somers, New York, which he called "Elephant Hotel," where a golden elephant stood on a large stone pillar in front of the veranda as homage to the foundation of the Bailey fortune. Young Barnum listened with great interest to the stories of Hackariah Bailey.

Barnum made another trip to New York City in his nineteenth year to investigate opportunities, of which he had been told, for a thriving lottery business in Pittsburg. An agency for the whole State of Tennessee was vacant, and the offer of it was tempting, but there was Charity Hallett, tailoress in Bethel, and Tennessee was too far from Bethel. The possibilities of profit in the lottery business impressed Barnum, and he used all the time he could spare from his store in selling lottery tickets throughout near-by Connecticut counties. He established agents throughout the surrounding country and soon was selling from five hundred dollars' worth to two thousand dollars' worth of lottery tickets each day. It was in this business that Barnum first used advertising. He issued handbills and circulars with extravagant language and huge pictures. Immense gold signs and posters in many colored inks covered the front of Barnum's lottery office, and "home-made poetry" persuaded prospective purchasers. Oyster suppers at his mother's tavern followed the drawing of prizes.

Charity Hallett, the "attractive tailoress," continued to occupy an important place in Barnum's mind; he was still meeting her at church, and whenever the sale of oysters, lottery tickets, and general merchandise permitted him spare time. In the summer of 1829, when he was just nineteen years old, Barnum, without mentioning his intentions to his mother, proposed marriage. Those intentions must have been obvious, however, for some time, because in his autobiography Barnum wrote that his mother and his other relatives thought that his enterprise, if not his origin, entitled him to aim higher in the social scale than a local tailoress. But there were many impartial townspeople, said Barnum, who thought that Charity

Hallett " was altogether too good for Taylor Barnum." They were married that November in New York City at the house of Charity's uncle. Barnum went on record in his autobiography as opposed to early marriages, but he hastily prefaced these admonitions with the statement, " had I waited twenty years longer, I could not have found another woman so well suited to my disposition, and so valuable as a wife, a mother, and a friend." Barnum's mother was angry at his secret marriage in New York, but, after a month of Sundays, he was invited to bring his wife to Sabbath dinner. During the two years after his marriage Barnum continued his country store, his lottery business, with branches in Danbury, Stamford, Norwalk, and Middletown, and found time to engage in religious and political controversy.

III

At this period in New England history religion was rife, and in 1831, particularly in the section where Barnum lived and throughout the rest of New England as well, it was also violent. Converts were being made wholesale by means of protracted religious meetings and hortatory witchery; some of these converts worked themselves into religious frenzy, and suicides as well as murders in the name of God were common occurrences. Many of the more imaginative ministers advocated a Christian Party in politics, and were in favor of confining the right to hold public office to those only who professed faith in God and belief in Jesus Christ. At the age of twenty-one Barnum was sagacious enough to realize that in spite of all his respect for clergymen and his reliance on their work they must be kept in their proper place, which was in church. Many persons besides himself were alarmed at the prospect of a religious fanaticism that would conquer civil government to the destruction of liberty. Barnum wrote several articles on the dangers of religious usurpation, which he sent to the nearest weekly newspaper, a Danbury publication. The editor regretted that he could not find space for Mr. Barnum's contributions, whereupon, like many writers on controversial subjects, Barnum was convinced that the editor did not dare to print his articles, and that there was no free press. But unlike most of his rejected brethren, Barnum took action. He purchased a press and types, and within a few weeks after the rejection

of his religious opinions began publication of his own weekly newspaper in Danbury, Connecticut, which was called, of course, *The Herald of Freedom.*

There are no files of this paper extant, which is unfortunate, for they would undoubtedly reveal interesting character developments in our hero's history. He himself tells us that "the boldness and vigor with which this paper was conducted soon commanded a liberal circulation, not only in the vicinity of its publication, but large numbers of copies were sent into nearly every State in the Union." The vigor and boldness are not Barnum's exaggerations, for we know that he was always vehement, but particularly so at this period, and it was not long before he was sued for libel. A Danbury butcher whom Barnum accused in his paper as a spy in the Democratic Party caucus, sued for libel and collected several hundred dollars. But this did not deter the twenty-one-year-old editor and publisher, and soon afterwards he had another and more important libel suit to defend. *The Herald of Freedom* accused a deacon of "taking usury of an orphan boy." Had he called the deacon a "note-shaver" and extortioner, or merely remarked that he was "grinding the face of a poor orphan boy," the court would have been lenient, but to call a deacon a usurer was ungodly, for usury is forbidden in the Bible, and the judge, who was also a churchman, charged the jury vigorously; and when they brought in the appropriate verdict, he sentenced Phineas T. Barnum, editor, to sixty days in the common jail and to pay a fine of $100.

Barnum went to jail in Danbury, where his room was papered and carpeted, and where friends were allowed to visit him daily. He continued to edit *The Herald of Freedom* there, and several hundred additional subscriptions came in during his period of servitude.

The end of Barnum's term in the Danbury Common Jail was celebrated by indignant defenders of a free press from the surrounding country. In the court-room where he had been convicted and sentenced an ode, written for the occasion, was sung, and an eloquent oration on the Freedom of the Press was delivered by the Rev. Theophilus Fiske. Both the ode and the oration have disappeared into limbo. "A sumptuous repast" was served to several hundred guests, and speeches and toasts continued most of the afternoon. But the most imposing part of the celebration was still to come. It

was reported in Barnum's paper, *The Herald of Freedom,* for December 12, 1832:

> "P. T. Barnum and the band of music took their seats in a coach drawn by six horses, which had been prepared for the occasion. The coach was preceded by forty horsemen, and a marshal, bearing the national standard. Immediately in the rear of the coach was the carriage of the Orator and the President of the day, followed by the Committee on Arrangements and sixty carriages of citizens, which joined in escorting the editor to his home in Bethel.
>
> "When the procession commenced its march amidst the roar of cannon, three cheers were given by several hundred citizens who did not join in the procession. The band of music continued to play a variety of national airs until their arrival in Bethel, a distance of three miles, when they struck up the beautiful and appropriate tune of 'Home, Sweet Home!' After giving three hearty cheers, the procession returned to Danbury. The utmost harmony and unanimity of feeling prevailed throughout the day, and we are happy to add that no accident occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion."

While he was indulging in political and religious controversy, Barnum was also buying recklessly for his country store. In order to do business faster than the ordinary country store, he extended credit and soon had an accumulation of bad debts. Many of these accounts are balanced in his old ledger: "By death, to balance;" "By running away, in full;" "By cheating me out of my dues, to balance;" "By failing, in full;" "By swearing he would not pay me, in full." Barnum became disgusted and sold his interest in the store. And that year lotteries were prohibited in Connecticut by law. *The Herald of Freedom* was not making money, and No. 160 of that paper was the last issue published under Barnum's name. He was compelled to seek new and more profitable enterprises, and he decided to enlarge his horizon. In the winter of 1834–1835, when he was twenty-four years old, Barnum removed his wife and daughter to New York City.

Thus ends the early Yankee influence that shaped Barnum's character. It made of him a creature that in its development was to be-

come the apotheosis of the Yankee, with all the distinguishing characteristics of that type and some very distinctive qualities all his own. Mrs. Trollope in her *Domestic Manners of the Americans* characterizes the Yankee with traits that are appropriate to Barnum's personality as it was bred by his early environment. "In acuteness, cautiousness, industry, and perseverance," wrote Mrs. Trollope of the Yankee, "he resembles the Scotch; in habits of frugal neatness, he resembles the Dutch; in love of lucre he doth greatly resemble the sons of Abraham; but in frank admission and superlative admiration of all his own peculiarities, he is like nothing on earth but himself." The Connecticut Yankee with his wife, Charity, and their daughter, Caroline, left Bethel with nothing but the crafty, bold and thrifty Yankee heritage and the practical education that were calculated to make him preëminent if the proper outlet and channel were offered for his energies.

ROBERT LITTELL

SOME ADVICE TO WRITERS[1]

EVERY few weeks some young man or woman comes around, asking: (1) Is there a job for me here? (2) I want to write, what'll I do about it? The answer to (1) is, Sorry; the answer to (2) is, Sit down and write, damn it. Neither answer gives satisfaction; in particular the second is considered unhelpfully frugal, and causes its recipients, as they leave, to reef in their belts hungrily. Evidently a nine-course meal was expected. Against future requests of the same sort, I have secured seven or eight thousand calories of advice from an old gentleman who knows what he is talking about. Some of it is impossible to carry out, and some of it is a little solemn, but on the whole it fills the bill. So here it is.

Write? Everyone can write. That's just the trouble. Everyone can talk, everyone is possessed of a mother tongue, and, at its

[1] From *The New Republic*. Reprinted by permission of the author and the editors.

simplest, writing is merely a setting down of talk upon paper. Therefore, from one point of view, there is no need to learn to write. Just talk into the typewriter. Ninety per cent of today's writing is no more than that.

I shall assume, however (with considerable tact), that you do not wish to belong to the 90 per cent, but are ready to believe that writing is something that can be learned; something that, like playing the piano or painting portraits, cannot be done at all unless it is learned, studied, practised and sweated over. I shall assume, with even greater tact, that you are willing to tie yourself down to a program which will be as arduous and, for long, as fruitless as finger exercises or drawing from life. I shall further assume, with the height of disregard for reality, that, like the painter and the musician, you will throw the first two years' product into the waste basket, and that, if by mischance you sell anything written within that time to a magazine, you will repent of it and bow your head in shame. There is a maxim used by artists to humble those they teach: love the work, but hate the result. Begin, then, in that frame of mind and you will go a long way.

There is no established procedure, no set of finger exercises for learning to write. Your own ingenuity and constancy must be your guide. Words are to be your raw material, so of course you must know all about them. They are variable and fluid; keep them always in that transient state, turning them over and over, pairing them, matching them, discarding them, picking them up again until some of their innumerable facets have begun to appear to you. Avoid, above all things, that easy coagulation of them into recurring phrases, into the rubber stamps which mark the lazy ear and the jellifying mind. If a phrase recurs to you, do not think well of it because you do not find it in the work of others; every writer has his own private rubber stamps along with those that are public property.

As you listen to people talking around you, you will be struck by how large a part of what they say is the result of sheer habit. Each of them possesses, unknown to himself, several dozen or several hundred grooves, into one of which his speech or his thought will inevitably fall if you listen long enough. Some of these habits may be labeled laziness, others may be ascribed to prejudice, unconscious mimicry, memory, background and many other patterns of mind. In

writing, these habits are less obvious, but they exist to a formidable, to an altogether discouraging degree. Probably the most important thing you can do, as you learn, is to break up your habits, your solidifying ways of saying things, as soon as you are aware of them. Don't let them get ahead of you. Habits are necessary, of course; almost everything we do is habit, but you must form your habits and not let them form you. If you feel, some time before the expiration of your apprenticeship, that a style is growing upon you, smash it, change it; the chances are that you really have as yet no style worth mentioning, so the destruction will actually destroy nothing. Copy other writers, both good and bad, deliberately; write serious imitations and parodies of them, but never copy or make fun of any one of them for very long. Make no long-term favorites nor hold in respect the detail of any writer, because, while you cannot hope to recapture what makes him great, the details of him can be reproduced with surprising faithfulness.

Your style is only a tool, and should not be an end in itself, so long as there is anything you really want to say. The latter possession is by far the more valuable, but it can be warped and defeated by lack of the former. Don't sit back and mutter, I have nothing to say. Having something to say can be learned by anyone of good intelligence and industry. And don't complain that you lack imagination. Imagination, up to a certain point, can be acquired; given a small seed of it, careful watering will make it grow to an astonishing size. For nothing grows out of a vacuum; imagination does not proceed out of a void, but from something else; it is the electric fusion of already existing parts. If your mind is full of things seen, remembered, of people observed and overheard, a systematic shuffling and rubbing of these small fragments together will produce a spark of some sort. In the same way, artificial and repeated conjunction of little details which, separately, suggest no comment worth putting down, will in time and through practice effect a brilliant marriage of trifles, about which something must be said. Imagination and the impulse to speak, then, are largely phenomena of cause and effect; since they are not gifts of the gods, but are born in your own head, look to it that your head is well stored and often replenished.

I do not need to repeat all the old advice about observing, watch-

ing, listening and noting down. Every writer is told to practise these habits, and if he is any good he knows that he ought to do so, instinctively. But there are two stages in this process. The elementary stage is that of promiscuously acquiring the habit, the task, daily, hourly repeated, of looking at and hearing everything; it is learning to make with ease the efforts of attention and retention. Then second stage comes later, at the point where you begin to ask yourself, What am I looking for? Certain things in your surroundings are relevant, others are not. To what shall you choose that they be relevant? Once more, habits begin to harden, and it is necessary to break them up. You may find, for instance, that from the people and scenes about you, you are beginning to pick out what is relevant to the tragic, the comic, the mysterious, or the peculiar aspect of them. One of these views of life, and ways of writing about it, will eventually be more suited to your bent than the others, but do not get the habit of looking through a certain color of spectacles too early. Keep changing your estimate of what is relevant. Force what is irrelevant one day to become relevant the day after.

People are your game. Whether your success is destined to be in dollars or in praise only, other people will always be the thing most worth writing about. Keep your eye for them perpetually fresh. Nothing is more necessary than this almost moral attitude, and few things are more difficult. In effect, I am asking you never to allow yourself to be bored by other people. Boredom lumps them together, and classification is fatal in those who would write about them. They are all different; get that in your head and never let it get out. They are all worth writing about; get that into your head also. Learn to look at and listen to each one of them as if you were confronted by an entirely new specimen, unique in all the world, and learn to examine each one as if you had never seen him before. Approval or disapproval, like or dislike, must be rooted out of your soul, where writing is concerned; entertain no moral or emotional judgments, but perceptions, facts and understanding only.

Inspiration? A question that is sure to be raised. It's not a visitation, of course, but is inside you all the time. Don't wait for it — that is an old saw — keep on writing and writing and every so often it will come roaring up out of your insides and take the pencil

from your hands. Nobody knows how to coax it up. Don't press, as the golfers say; learn to lie fallow and soak up the sun; the shy beast will come up or not, as he chooses.

Not very good advice, perhaps. Hard to understand and harder to follow. So let's end simply and easily. Avoid jobs in publishing houses. Hate paper and ink except when it says something. Read, but keep away from literary garrets, salons, cliques and gossips, and the less you see of your colleagues the better, for most of them don't amount to the head of a pin. Keep your paper smooth and your Waterman clean, and let the light come in over your left shoulder.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

MY APPRENTICESHIP[1]

Two men by their direct and luminous instruction have impressed me with the necessity of persistent effort — Louis Bouilhet and Gustave Flaubert. If I speak here of them and of myself, it is because their advice, briefly summed up, will perhaps be useful to some young people who are less confident of themselves than the ordinary tyro in literature. Bouilhet, whom I knew first with some intimacy two years before I gained the friendship of Flaubert, constantly repeated that two hundred verses, perhaps fewer, suffice for the reputation of an artist. He added that the substance might even be second-rate if the lines were irreproachable and contained the essence of originality and talent. At length, he made me comprehend that continual labor and profound knowledge of the craft, together with a happy choice of subject, might eventually enable me to produce a short work as perfect as it is possible to write. I understand then that even the best writers have hardly ever left more than a volume and that, above all, one must have the good fortune to find and discern, in the multitude of things that present themselves, those which will absorb all one's faculties, strength, and artistic powers.

[1] From "Le Roman," a preface to *Pierre et Jean.*

Subsequently, Flaubert, whom I was seeing from time to time, took a liking to me. I had the hardihood to submit to him some pieces which he kindly read. "I don't know whether you have the ability or not," he told me. "What you have brought me proves a certain intelligence; but don't forget this, young man — that talent, according to the saying of Buffon, is only inexhaustible patience. Work!" I worked and returned to him often, aware that I was pleasing him, for he shortly began laughingly to call me his disciple. For seven years I wrote — verses, stories, novels, even a detestable drama. Not a line of it now remains, but Flaubert read it all. Then the Sunday following, at luncheon, he would give me his criticism and impress upon me, little by little, two or three principles which are the sum and substance of his long and patient teaching. "If one has originality," he used to say, "it is necessary to free it, to develop it; if one hasn't it, then he must acquire it."

Talent is enduring patience. It is a matter of looking at that which one wishes to express long enough and with sufficient attention to discover in it an aspect no one has yet seen. Everything has its unexplored elements, because we are accustomed to see things with the eyes of others. The least thing contains something of the unknown. Find it! To describe a blazing fire or a tree on the plain, let us live with that fire and that tree until they no longer resemble for us any other fire or tree. This is the way one becomes original.

Furthermore, having laid down the truth that in the entire world there are no two grains of sand, two flies, two hands, or two noses entirely alike, he compelled me to describe a creature or an object so particularized as to distinguish it from all others of its species or class. He used to say, "When you pass a grocer seated on his doorstep, or a concierge smoking his pipe, or a cabstand, show me that grocer and that concierge in all their physical appearance and in all their moral nature so that I shall not confound that grocer and that concierge with any other, and make me see by a single word in what a hackney coach horse differs from the fifty others that go before and come after."

ANONYMOUS

THE ART OF PROSE [1]

THE art of writing, whether in prose or in verse, depended, in de Gourmont's opinion, on a rare union of visual and emotive memory: —

> "If to visual memory the writer joins emotive memory, if he has the power, in evoking a material spectacle, of putting himself precisely into the emotional state which that spectacle aroused in him, he possesses, even though he is not aware of it, the whole art of writing."

This is to say that in the creative act of writing there are two elements — the visual image and the emotions associated with this image. The good writer — the artist, if you like — sees the image clearly, and is driven by the mere emotive charge of the image to find for it a fit mating of words. The image is there, stark, visible and real; to find the right words, and only the right words, to body forth that image, becomes in the writer an actual passion. The image evokes the words; or if it fails, if to the visual memory there comes no corresponding emotive or expressive memory, then there is no art. A good writer must then be silent; and only the bad writer will accept the approximate expression — the first expression that comes into his head, which is usually a stale expression, for it is ever so much easier to remember phrases than to evoke words. These memorable phrases press invitingly round the would-be writer; they are the current coin and counters of verbal intercourse; and to refuse them, and to deal only in freshly minted coin, is possible only to a few autocrats. But these are the rulers of literature, the creators of style; and they only should find a place in an anthology of the best prose.

It would perhaps be as well, before we proceed further, to analyse these differences in selected examples. We still take, in the first in-

[1] From *The Times Literary Supplement* (London), March 4, 1926. Reprinted by permission.

stance, a passage from the "Oxford Book"; it is a passage from a modern writer, and here we suspect that the anthologist, not being able to resort to the unanimity of time, has too readily accepted the fashionable opinions of his own age: —

> When, two days previously, the news of the approaching end had been made public, astonished grief had swept over the country. It appeared as if some monstrous reversal of the course of nature was about to take place. The vast majority of her subjects had never known a time when Queen Victoria had not been reigning over them. She had become an indissoluble part of their whole scheme of things, and that they were about to lose her appeared a scarcely possible thought. She herself, as she lay blind and silent, seemed to those who watched her to be divested of all thinking — to have glided already, unawares, into oblivion. Yet, perhaps, in the secret chambers of consciousness, she had her thoughts, too. Perhaps her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it, and retraced, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history — passing back and back, through the cloud of years to older and ever older memories. . . .

This is not an altogether bad piece of prose: it is not sufficiently bad to avert the reader. It has, indeed, attracted a great many. But contrast the passage with the following, from the work of a contemporaneous author not represented in this anthology: —

> "The grainy sand had gone from under his feet. His boots trod again a damp crackling mast, razorshells, squeaking pebbles, that on the unnumbered pebbles beats, wood sieved by the shipworm, lost Armada. Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles, breathing upward sewage breath. He coasted them, walking warily. A porterbottle stood up, stogged to its waist, in the cakey sand and dough. A sentinel: isle of dreadful thirst. Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets; further away chalk-scrawled backdoors and on the higher beach a drying-line with two crucified shirts."

There is evidently a great difference between these two passages, which is not the difference between two kinds of goodness but be-

tween one quality and its opposite. The first causes us the less surprise: we are scarcely conscious of the kind of prose we are reading — apart from a certain ironic affectation; but we are, as a matter of fact, reading a prose densely packed with images and analogies, none of which we actually visualize. "Approaching end," "astonished grief," grief sweeping over the country, "monstrous reversal," "the course of nature," "to take place," "vast majority," "an indissoluble part," "the scheme of things," "a scarcely possible thought," "divested of all thinking," to glide into oblivion, "the secret chambers," "fading mind," "the shadows of the past," "to float before (her mind)," "the vanished visions," "through the cloud of years" — here in eighteen lines are eighteen images or analogies, not one of which is original, not one of which is freshly felt or sincerely evoked, and consequently not one of which evokes in the mind of the reader the definite image it actually portends. Now examine the second passage; there is not a single phrase which does not evoke — which does not force the mind to evoke — the image it expresses. Art, after all, is a question of effect; and does anyone give a thought to the death of Queen Victoria as our author has described it? But merely to read of Stephen Dedalus walking on the beach is to have come into contact with the vibrating reflex of an actual experience.

There are two kinds of prose; they are, we think, the only two possible kinds of prose, and one is good prose, the other bad prose. We do not pretend that the solidity of what we are calling good prose is always possible to sustain, or, indeed, necessary to sustain. We must admit a prose of expediency; counters are legitimate as tokens of exchange when what we want is not truth, or beauty, but the vague generalizations that suffice us for the ordinary business of life. But the prose of expediency is not the prose of art; and even exact utilitarian or scientific prose is only good prose to the degree in which it is salted with vital imagery and an emotional content.

The unit of good prose is either the image or the idiom. Good prose is a mosaic of these units arranged with some regard for rhythm, which is a physical quality, ensuring ease. The image is the closest verbal counterpart of the thing seen: a clean word, fitting closely like a glove, a word with no ragged edges of vagueness or indecision. Such words are placed in some illuminating re-

lationship one with another: they may be in simple metaphorical juxtaposition, as in "razorshells," or in more deliberate, analogical forms, as in "crucified shirts." In both these examples, however, there is an effect of compression which perhaps complicates the issue. Good prose in a more normal form is more direct, less metaphorical, and depends not so much on new analogies as on stark visualization. The image is evoked by the bare relation. And it is this kind of prose that is most permanent in its appeal, since it involves almost no element of fancy and therefore no element of fashion. The following description of the murder of Thomas à Becket from Caxton's edition of the "Golden Legend" does not contain a single metaphor: —

"Then one of the knights smote him as he kneeled before the altar on the head. And one Sir Edward Grim, that was his crossier, put forth his arm with the cross to bear off the stroke, and the stroke smote the cross asunder and his arm almost off, wherefore he fled for fear, and so did all the monks, that were that time at compline. And then smote each at him, that they smote off a great piece of the skull of his head, that his brain fell on the pavement. And so they slew and martyred him, and were so cruel that one of them brake the point of his sword against the pavement. And thus this holy and blessed Archbishop S. Thomas suffered death in his own church for the right of all holy church. And when he was dead they stirred his brain, and after went into his chamber and took away his goods, and his horse out of his stable, and took away his bulls and his writings, and delivered them to Sir Robert Broke to bear into France to the king. And as they searched his chamber they found in his chest two shirts of hair made full of great knots, and then they said: Certainly he was a good man; and coming down into the churchyard they began to dread and fear that the ground would not have borne them, and were marvellously aghast, but they supposed that the earth would have swallowed them all quick. And then they knew that they had done amiss. And anon it was known all about, how that he was martyred, and anon after they took his holy body, and unclothed him, and found bishop's clothing above, and the habit of a monk under. And next his flesh he wore hard hair, full of

knots, which was his shirt. And his breech was of the same, and the knots sticked fast within the skin, and all his body full of worms; he suffered great pain."

It may possibly be objected that such prose is too violent: that it gets its effect by the uninspired record of crude horror. It is more likely that our sense of horror, if it actually exists, is the qualm of a too acute sensibility. This was certainly not a violent prose for the fifteenth century. And apart from the question of a different sensibility, is there really any difference of technique, of art, in so typically modern a passage as this?: —

Everything had come to a standstill. The throb of the motor engines sounded like a pulse irregularly drumming through an entire body. The sun became extraordinarily hot because the motor car had stopped outside Mulberry's shop window; old ladies on the tops of omnibuses spread their black parasols; here a green, here a red parasol opened with a little pop. Mrs. Dalloway, coming to the window with her arms full of sweet peas, looked out with her little pink face pursed in enquiry. Everyone looked at the motor car. Septimus looked. Boys on bicycles sprang off. Traffic accumulated. And there the motor car stood, with drawn blinds, and upon them a curious pattern like a tree, Septimus thought, and this gradual drawing together of everything to one centre before his eyes, as if some horror had come almost to the surface and was about to burst into flames, terrified him. The world wavered and quivered and threatened to burst into flames. It is I who am blocking the way, he thought. Was he not being looked at and pointed at; was he not weighted there, rooted to the pavement, for a purpose? But for what purpose?

Images are the rudiments of a literary art, but, as these passages show, there is another element. An aggregation of fresh images would not of itself constitute a prose style; it would be a rocky, glittering material, too graceless and uneven for the mind's absorption. This other quality which is added to the moments of imagery has for its unit the idiom. An idiom is literally a way of expression peculiar to a person or a language. But we sometimes talk of the *genius* of a language, so possibly the word "idiom"

might be reserved for the more restricted aspect of the question. An idiom then becomes the unit of style; it is the outcome of those hereditary and environmental influences which determine in any man his individual predilections and fancies. It is an index to his personality. As the events were received into each individual mould of sensibility, so the cast of those events which we evoke in writing emerges with all the sutures of this mould. Idiom is the sum of those influences which determine, not only our choice of words, but also their arrangement in a personally appealing rhythm. It is the expression in words of what Remy de Gourmont called the emotive memory; it is the element which, joined to a visual memory, determines style.

But the invention, or rather the evolution, of an idiom operates in two ways; it is either personal, a part of the individual and adapted to his sense of things; or it is the idiom of a tradition. In the latter case the individual almost suppresses his personality and submits to a common rule. We can apply to these two kinds of idiom a distinction similar to that made by M. Thibaudet between prose and verse: the personal idiom is its own law and exists for its own sake; the impersonal idiom seeks to identify itself with the general idiom of contemporary speech. Sir Thomas Browne is a typical example of the creator of a personal idiom, as, among modern writers, is Henry James. Defoe and W. H. Hudson serve as examples of the acceptance of a common standard. It is tempting at first to imagine that the two types of idiom react on one another: that the slowly evolving consensus of national idiom is accelerated or inspired by the outstanding accents of a great personal idiom; and that a personal idiom is but a variation on the characteristic excellences of the national idiom. But, in fact, the eccentrics seem to mount their lonely towers without to any sensible extent deflecting the common trend. The truth is, perhaps, that only a weak-minded or characterless writer would condescend to imitate, or even to be influenced by, anything so little his own as the personal idiom of another writer. And fame has a very summary fashion of dispensing with such reflected graces. But to adopt a common discipline is a different affair, especially since the discipline is not to be learnt by any mechanical paces but must be in the nature of an intuition into the essence of things.

Before passing on to consider the essence of our native idiom it would be well to make one qualification: the assumption of a discipline need not, and perhaps must not, destroy the capacity for a private or licensed style. In the best writers we may look with confidence for both; and it would be a sorry critic who sacrificed "The Journal to Stella" for the sake of his categories. But there is no need; and the good sense that a writer shows in his perfected style is generally evidence of the humanity that we shall find in his journal or letters. As a basis, in every genuine writer, there is his intimate talk or self-communion; it is merely a question of psychological disposition whether you seek a direct aggrandizement of that intimacy by an exaggerated exposure of it in writing, or whether you shrink from that personal exposure and manifest your impulse to expression in the accepted terms of your own age.

With the definition of image and idiom we have not quite completed the analysis of good prose: there is another element which we must call *ordonnance*. Idiom has given us a unity, but it is the unity of a material. To complete the process of perfect writing there must also be structure. Structure, it would seem, is the product of logical thought, whether exercised in argument or in narrative. It implies progression; and good prose is never for long or consistently good without this element of progress. Good prose must have a pace: it must step like a well-bred horse: each word must strike with clean precision and must advance with a continuous rhythm. It is this principle that brings in doubt the stray purple passage, the disjointed prose poem, and the excerpt generally. These can have all the qualities of good imagery and good idiom, but without *ordonnance* they are ruins rather than buildings, and a prose anthology can only be justified with this limitation in mind.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

PROVINCIALITY IN LITERATURE[1]

NOW to get rid of provinciality is a certain stage of culture; a stage the positive result of which we must not make of too much importance, but which is, nevertheless, indispensable, for it brings us on to the platform where alone the best and highest intellectual work can be said fairly to begin. Work done after men have reached this platform is *classical;* and that is the only work which, in the long run, can stand. All the *scoriae* in the work of men of great genius who have not lived on this platform are due to their not having lived on it. Genius raises them to it by moments, and the portions of their work which are immortal are done at these moments; but more of it would have been immortal if they had not reached this platform at moments only, if they had had the culture which makes men live there.

The less a literature has felt the influence of a supposed centre of correct information, correct judgment, correct taste, the more we shall find in it this note of provinciality. I have shown the note of provinciality as caused by remoteness from a centre of correct information. Of course the note of provinciality from the want of a centre of correct taste is still more visible, and it is also still more common. For here great — even the greatest — powers of mind most fail a man. Great powers of mind will make him inform himself thoroughly, great powers of mind will make him think profoundly, even with ignorance and platitude all round him; but not even great powers of mind will keep his taste and style perfectly sound and sure, if he is left too much to himself, with no "sovereign organ of opinion" in these matters near him. . . .

The provincial spirit, again, exaggerates the value of its ideas for want of a high standard at hand by which to try them. Or rather, for want of such a standard, it gives one idea too much prominence at the expense of others; it orders its ideas amiss; it is

[1] From "The Literary Influence of Academies" in *Essays in Criticism: First Series.*

hurried away by fancies; it likes and dislikes too passionately, too exclusively. Its admiration weeps hysterical tears, and its disapprobation foams at the mouth. So we get the *eruptive* and the *aggressive* manner in literature; the former prevails most in our criticism, the latter in our newspapers. For, not having the lucidity of a large and centrally placed intelligence, the provincial spirit has not its graciousness; it does not persuade, it makes war; it has not urbanity, the tone of the city, of the centre, the tone which always aims at a spiritual and intellectual effect, and not excluding the use of banter, never disjoins banter itself from politeness, from felicity. But the provincial tone is more violent, and seems to aim rather at an effect upon the blood and senses than upon the spirit and intellect; it loves hard-hitting rather than persuading. The newspaper, with its party spirit, its thorough-goingness, its resolute avoidance of shades and distinctions, its short, highly-charged, heavy-shotted articles, its style so unlike that style *lenis minimèque pertinax* — easy and not too violently insisting, — which the ancients so much admired, is its true literature; the provincial spirit likes in the newspaper just what makes the newspaper such bad food for it, — just what made Goethe say, when he was pressed hard about the immorality of Byron's poems, that, after all, they were not so immoral as the newspapers. The French talk of the *brutalité des journaux anglais*. What strikes them comes from the necessary inherent tendencies of newspaper-writing not being checked in England by any centre of intelligent and urbane spirit, but rather stimulated by coming in contact with a provincial spirit.

ALEXANDER SMITH

THE ART OF THE ESSAY[1]

THE essay, as a literary form, resembles the lyric, in so far as it is moulded by some central mood — whimsical, serious, or satirical. Give the mood, and the essay, from the first sentence to the last, grows around it as the cocoon grows around the silkworm. The essay-writer is a chartered libertine, and a law unto himself. A

[1] From *Dreamthorp and Other Essays.*

quick ear and eye, an ability to discern the infinite suggestiveness of common things, a brooding meditative spirit, are all that the essayist requires to start business with. Jacques, in "As You Like It," had the makings of a charming essayist. It is not the essayist's duty to inform, to build pathways through metaphysical morasses, to cancel abuses, any more than it is the duty of the poet to do these things. Incidentally he may do something in that way, just as the poet may, but it is not his duty, and should not be expected of him. Skylarks are primarily created to sing, although a whole choir of them may be baked in pies and brought to table; they were born to make music, although they may incidentally stay the pangs of vulgar hunger. The essayist is a kind of poet in prose, and if questioned harshly as to his uses, he might be unable to render a better apology for his existence than a flower might. The essay should be pure literature as the poem is pure literature. The essayist wears a lance, but he cares more for the sharpness of its point than for the pennon that flutters on it, than for the banner of the captain under whom he serves. He plays with death as Hamlet plays with Yorick's skull, and he reads the morals — strangely stern, often, for such fragrant lodging — which are folded up in the bosoms of roses. He has no pride, and is deficient in a sense of the congruity and fitness of things. He lifts a pebble from the ground, and puts it aside more carefully than any gem; and on a nail in a cottage-door he will hang the mantle of his thought, heavily brocaded with the gold of rhetoric. He finds his way into the Elysian fields through portals the most shabby and commonplace.

The essayist plays with his subject, now in whimsical, now in grave, now in melancholy mood. He lies upon the idle grassy bank, like Jacques, letting the world flow past him, and from this thing and the other he extracts his mirth and his moralities. His main gift is an eye to discover the suggestiveness of common things; to find a sermon in the most unpromising texts. Beyond the vital hint, the first step, his discourses are not beholden to their titles. Let him take up the most trivial subject, and it will lead him away to the great questions over which the serious imagination loves to brood — fortune, mutability, death — just as inevitably as the runnel, trickling among the summer hills, on which sheep are bleating, leads you to the sea; or as, turning down the first street you come

to in the city, you are led finally, albeit by many an intricacy, out into the open country, with its waste places and its woods, where you are lost in a sense of strangeness and solitariness. The world is to the meditative man what the mulberry plant is to the silk-worm. The essay-writer has no lack of subject matter. He has the day that is passing over his head; and, if unsatisfied with that, he has the world's six thousand years to depasture his gay or serious humour upon. I idle away my time here, and I am finding new subjects every hour. Everything I see or hear is an essay in bud. The world is everywhere whispering essays, and one need only be the world's amanuensis. The proverbial expression which last evening the clown dropped as he trudged homeward to supper, the light of the setting sun on his face, expands before me to a dozen pages. The coffin of the pauper, which to-day I saw carried carelessly along, is as good a subject as the funeral procession of an emperor. Craped drum and banner add nothing to death; penury and disrespect take nothing away. Incontinently my thought moves like a slow-paced hearse with sable nodding plumes. Two rustic lovers, whispering between the darkening hedges, is as potent to project my mind into the tender passion as if I had seen Romeo touch the cheek of Juliet in the moonlight garden. Seeing a curly-headed child asleep in the sunshine before a cottage-door is sufficient excuse for a discourse on childhood; quite as good as if I had seen infant Cain asleep in the lap of Eve with Adam looking on. A lark cannot rise to heaven without raising as many thoughts as there are notes in its song. Dawn cannot pour its white light on my village without starting from their dim lair a hundred reminiscences; nor can sunset burn above yonder trees in the west without attracting to itself the melancholy of a lifetime. When spring unfolds her green leaves I would be provoked to indite an essay on hope and youth, were it not that it is already writ in the carols of the birds; and I might be tempted in autumn to improve the occasion, were it not for the rustle of the withered leaves as I walk through the woods. Compared with that simple music, the saddest-cadenced words have but a shallow meaning.

The essayist who feeds his thoughts upon the segment of the world which surrounds him cannot avoid being an egotist; but then his egotism is not unpleasing. If he be without taint of boastful-

ness, of self-sufficiency, of hungry vanity, the world will not press the charge home. If a man discourses continually of his wines, his plate, his titled acquaintances, the number and quality of his horses, his men-servants and maid-servants, he must discourse very skilfully indeed if he escapes being called a coxcomb. If a man speaks of death — tells you that the idea of it continually haunts him, that he has the most insatiable curiosity as to death and dying, that his thought mines in churchyards like a " demon-mole " — no one is specially offended, and that this is a dull fellow is the hardest thing likely to be said of him. Only, the egotism that over-crows you is offensive, that exalts trifles and takes pleasure in them, that suggests superiority in matters of equipage and furniture; and the egotism is offensive, because it runs counter to and jostles your self-complacency. The egotism which rises no higher than the grave is of a solitary and a hermit kind — it crosses no man's path, it disturbs no man's *amour propre*. You may offend a man if you say you are as rich as he, as wise as he, as handsome as he. You offend no man if you tell him that, like him, you have to die. The king, in his crown and coronation robes, will allow the beggar to claim that relationship with him. To have to die is a distinction of which no man is proud. The speaking about one's self is not necessarily offensive. A modest, truthful man speaks better about himself than about anything else, and on that subject his speech is likely to be most profitable to his hearers. Certainly, there is no subject with which he is better acquainted, and on which he has a better title to be heard. And it is this egotism, this perpetual reference to self, in which the charm of the essayist resides. If a man is worth knowing at all, he is worth knowing well. The essayist gives you his thoughts, and lets you know, in addition, how he came by them. He has nothing to conceal, he throws open his doors and windows, and lets him enter who will. You like to walk round peculiar or important men as you like to walk round a building, to view it from different points, and in different lights. Of the essayist, when his mood is communicative, you obtain a full picture. You are made his contemporary and familiar friend. You enter into his humours and his seriousness. You are made heir of his whims, prejudices, and playfulness. You walk through the whole nature of him, as you walk through the streets of Pompeii, looking into the interior of

stately mansions, reading the satirical scribblings on the walls. And the essayist's habit of not only giving you his thoughts, but telling you how he came by them, is interesting, because it shews you by what alchemy the ruder world becomes transmuted into the finer. We like to know the lineage of ideas, just as we like to know the lineage of great earls and swift race-horses. We like to know that the discovery of the law of gravitation was born of the fall of an apple in an English garden on a summer afternoon. Essays written after this fashion are racy of the soil in which they grow, as you taste the lava in the vines grown on the slopes of Etna, they say. There is a healthy Gascon flavour in Montaigne's Essays; and Charles Lamb's are scented with the primroses of Covent Garden.

The essayist does not usually appear early in the literary history of a country: he comes naturally after the poet and the chronicler. His habit of mind is leisurely; he does not write from any special stress of passionate impulse; he does not create material so much as he comments upon material already existing. It is essential for him that books should have been written, and that they should, at least to some extent, have been read and digested. He is usually full of allusions and references, and these his reader must be able to follow and understand. And in this literary walk, as in most others, the giants came first: Montaigne and Lord Bacon were our earliest essayists, and, as yet, they are our best. . . .

Bacon is the greatest of the serious and stately essayists — Montaigne the greatest of the garrulous and communicative. The one gives you his thoughts on Death, Travel, Government, and the like, and lets you make the best of them; the other gives you his on the same subjects, but he wraps them up in personal gossip and reminiscence. With the last it is never Death or Travel alone; it is always Death one-fourth, and Montaigne three-fourths; or Travel one-fourth, and Montaigne three-fourths. He pours his thought into the water of gossip, and gives you a drink. He gilds his pill always, and he always gilds it with himself. The general characteristics of his Essays have been indicated, and it is worth while inquiring what they teach, what positive good they have done, and why for three centuries they have charmed, and still continue to charm.

The Essays contain a philosophy of life, which is not specially

high, yet which is certain to find acceptance more or less with men who have passed out beyond the glow of youth, and who have made trial of the actual world. The essence of his philosophy is a kind of cynical common sense. He will risk nothing in life; he will keep to the beaten track; he will not let passion blind or enslave him; he will gather around him what good he can, and will therewith endeavour to be content. He will be, as far as possible, self-sustained; he will not risk his happiness in the hands of man, or woman either. He is shy of friendship, he fears love, for he knows that both are dangerous. He knows that life is full of bitters, and he holds it wisdom that a man should console himself, as far as possible, with its sweets, the principal of which are peace, travel, leisure, and the writing of essays. He values obtainable Gascon bread and cheese more than the unobtainable stars. He thinks crying for the moon the foolishest thing in the world. He will remain where he is. He will not deny that a new world may exist beyond the sunset, but he knows that to reach the new world there is a troublesome Atlantic to cross; and he is not in the least certain that, putting aside the chance of being drowned on the way, he will be one whit happier in the new world than he is in the old. For his part he will embark with no Columbus. He feels that life is but a sad thing at best; but as he has little hope of making it better, he accepts it, and will not make it worse by murmuring. When the chain galls him, he can at least revenge himself by making jests on it. He will temper the despotism of nature by epigrams. He has read Aesop's fable, and is the last man in the world to relinquish the shabbiest substance to grasp at the finest shadow.

Of nothing under the sun was Montaigne quite certain, except that every man — whatever his station — might travel farther and fare worse; and that the playing with his own thoughts, in the shape of essay-writing, was the most harmless of amusements. His practical acquiescence in things does not promise much fruit, save to himself; yet in virtue of it he became one of the forces of the world — a very visible agent in bringing about the Europe which surrounds us to-day. He lived in the midst of the French religious wars. The rulers of his country were execrable Christians, but most orthodox Catholics. The burning of heretics was a public amusement, and the court ladies sat out the play. On the queen-mother and on her

miserable son lay all the blood of the St. Bartholomew. The country was torn asunder; everywhere was battle, murder, pillage, and such woeful partings as Mr. Millais has represented in his incomparable picture. To the solitary humorous essayist this state of things was hateful. He was a good Catholic in his easy way; he attended divine service regularly; he crossed himself when he yawned. He conformed in practice to every rule of the Church; but if orthodox in these matters, he was daring in speculation. There was nothing he was not bold enough to question. He waged war after his peculiar fashion with every form of superstition. He worked under the foundations of priestcraft. But while serving the Reformed cause, he had no sympathy with Reformers. If they would but remain quiet, but keep their peculiar notions to themselves, France would rest! That a man should go to the stake for an opinion, was as incomprehensible to him as that a priest or king should send him there for an opinion. He thought the persecuted and the persecutors fools about equally matched. He was easy-tempered and humane — in the hunting-field, he could not bear the cry of a dying hare with composure — martyr-burning had consequently no attraction for such a man. His scepticism came into play, his melancholy humour, his sense of the illimitable which surrounds man's life, and which mocks, defeats, flings back his thought upon himself. Man is here, he said, with bounded powers, with limited knowledge, with an unknown behind, an unknown in front, assured of nothing but that he was born, and that he must die; why, then, in Heaven's name should he burn his fellow for a difference of opinion in the matter of surplices, or as to the proper fashion of conducting devotion? Out of his scepticism and his merciful disposition grew, in that fiercely intolerant age, the idea of toleration, of which he was the apostle. Widely read, charming every one by his wit and wisdom, his influence spread from mind to mind, and assisted in bringing about the change which has taken place in European thought. His ideas, perhaps, did not spring from the highest sources. He was no ascetic, he loved pleasure, he was tolerant of everything except cruelty; but on that account we should not grudge him his meed. It is in this indirect way that great writers take their place among the forces of the world. In the long run, genius and wit side with the right cause. And the man fighting against wrong to-day is as-

sisted, in a greater degree than perhaps he is himself aware, by the sarcasm of this writer, the metaphor of that, the song of the other, although the writers themselves professed indifference, or were even counted as belonging to the enemy.

Montaigne's hold on his readers arises from many causes. There is his frank and curious self-delineation; that interests, because it is the revelation of a very peculiar nature. Then there is the positive value of separate thoughts imbedded in his strange whimsicality and humour. Lastly, there is the perennial charm of style, which is never a separate quality, but rather the amalgam and issue of all the mental and moral qualities in a man's possession, and which bears the same relation to these that light bears to the mingled elements that make up the orb of the sun. And style, after all, rather than thought, is the immortal thing in literature. In literature, the charm of style is indefinable, yet all-subduing, just as fine manners are in social life. In reality, it is not of so much consequence what you say, as how you say it. Memorable sentences are memorable on account of some single irradiating word. "But Shadwell never *deviates* into sense, for instance." Young Roscius, in his provincial barn, will repeat you the great soliloquy of Hamlet, and although every word may be given with tolerable correctness, you find it just as commonplace as himself; the great actor speaks it, and you "read Shakespeare as by a flash of lightning." And it is in Montaigne's style, in the strange freaks and turnings of his thought, his constant surprises, his curious alternations of humour and melancholy, his careless, familiar form of address, and the grace with which everything is done, that his charm lies, and which makes the hundredth perusal of him as pleasant as the first.

And on style depends the success of the essayist. Montaigne said the most familiar things in the finest way. Goldsmith could not be termed a thinker; but everything he touched he brightened, as after a month of dry weather, the shower brightens the dusty shrubbery of a suburban villa. The world is not so much in need of new thoughts as that when thought grows old and worn with usage it should, like current coin, be called in, and, from the mint of genius, reissued fresh and new. Love is an old story enough, but in every generation it is re-born, in the downcast eyes and blushes of young maidens. And so, although he fluttered in Eden, Cupid is young to-day. If

Montaigne had lived in Dreamthorp, as I am now living, had he written essays as I am now writing them, his English Essays would have been as good as his Gascon ones. Looking on, the country cart would not for nothing have passed him on the road to market, the setting sun would be arrested in its splendid colours, the idle chimes of the church would be translated into a thoughtful music. As it is, the village life goes on, and there is no result. My sentences are not much more brilliant than the speeches of the clowns; in my book there is little more life than there is in the market-place on the days when there is no market.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE STUDY OF POETRY

THE future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry."

Let me be permitted to quote these words of my own, as uttering the thought which should, in my opinion, go with us and govern us in all our study of poetry. In the present work it is the course of one great contributory stream to the world-river of poetry that we are invited to follow. We are here invited to trace the stream of English poetry. But whether we set ourselves, as here, to follow only one of the several streams that make the mighty river of poetry, or whether we seek to know them all, our governing thought should be the same. We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive

of it as capable of higher uses and called to higher destinies, than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, I say, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry "the countenance of all science"; and what is a countenance without its expression? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge": our religion, parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being; what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize "the breath and finer spirit of knowledge" offered to us by poetry.

But if we conceive thus highly of the destinies of poetry, we must also set our standard for poetry high, since poetry, to be capable of fulfilling such high destinies, must be poetry of a high order of excellence. We must accustom ourselves to a high standard and to a strict judgment. Sainte-Beuve relates that Napoleon one day said, when somebody was spoken of in his presence as a charlatan: "Charlatan as much as you please; but where is there *not* charlatanism?" "Yes," answers Sainte-Beuve, "in politics, in the art of governing mankind, that is perhaps true. But in the order of thought, in art, the glory, the eternal honour is that charlatanism shall find no entrance; herein lies the inviolableness of that noble portion of man's being." It is admirably said, and let us hold fast to it. In poetry, which is thought and art in one, it is the glory, the eternal honour, that charlatanism shall find no entrance; that this noble sphere be kept inviolate and inviolable. Charlatanism is for confusing or obliterating the distinctions between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true. It is charlatanism, conscious or unconscious, whenever we confuse or obliterate these. And in poetry, more than anywhere else, it is unpermissible to confuse or obliterate them. For in poetry the distinction

between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true, is of paramount importance. It is of paramount importance because of the high destinies of poetry. In poetry, as a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty, the spirit of our race will find, we have said, as time goes on and as other helps fail, its consolation and stay. But the consolation and stay will be of power in proportion to the power of the criticism of life. And the criticism of life will be of power in proportion as the poetry conveying it is excellent rather than inferior, sound rather than unsound or half-sound, true rather than untrue or half-true.

The best poetry is what we want; the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining, and delighting us, as nothing else can. A clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, is the most precious benefit which we can gather from a poetical collection such as the present. And yet in the very nature and conduct of such a collection there is inevitably something which tends to obscure in us the consciousness of what our benefit should be, and to distract us from the pursuit of it. We should therefore steadily set it before our minds at the outset, and should compel ourselves to revert constantly to the thought of it as we proceed.

Yes; constantly, in reading poetry, a sense for the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read. But this real estimate, the only true one, is liable to be superseded, if we are not watchful, by two other kinds of estimate, the historic estimate and the personal estimate, both of which are fallacious. A poet or a poem may count to us historically, they may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves, and they may count to us really. They may count to us historically. The course of development of a nation's language, thought, and poetry, is profoundly interesting; and by regarding a poet's work as a stage in this course of development we may easily bring ourselves to make it of more importance as poetry than in itself it really is, we may come to use a language of quite exaggerated praise in criticizing it; in short, to overrate it. So arises in our poetic judgments the fallacy

caused by the estimate which we may call historic. Then, again, a poet or a poem may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves. Our personal affinities, likings, and circumstances, have great power to sway our estimate of this or that poet's work, and to make us attach more importance to it as poetry than in itself it really possesses, because to us it is, or has been, of high importance. Here also we overrate the object of our interest, and apply to it a language of praise which is quite exaggerated. And thus we get the source of a second fallacy in our poetic judgments, — the fallacy caused by an estimate which we may call personal.

Both fallacies are natural. It is evident how naturally the study of the history and development of a poetry may incline a man to pause over reputations and works once conspicuous but now obscure, and to quarrel with a careless public for skipping, in obedience to mere tradition and habit, from one famous name or work in its national poetry to another, ignorant of what it misses, and of the reason for keeping what it keeps, and of the whole process of growth in its poetry. The French have become diligent students of their own early poetry, which they long neglected; the study makes many of them dissatisfied with this so-called classical poetry, the court-tragedy of the seventeenth century, a poetry which Pellisson long ago reproached with its want of the true poetic stamp, with its *politesse stérile et rampante* [sterile and servile politeness], but which nevertheless has reigned in France as absolutely as if it had been the perfection of classical poetry indeed. The dissatisfaction is natural; yet a lively and accomplished critic, M. Charles d'Héricault, the editor of Clément Marot, goes too far when he says that "the cloud of glory playing round a classic is a mist as dangerous to the future of a literature as it is intolerable for the purposes of history." "It hinders," he goes on, "it hinders us from seeing more than one single point, the culminating and exceptional point; the summary, fictitious and arbitrary, of a thought and of a work. It substitutes a halo for a physiognomy, it puts a statue where there was once a man, and hiding from us all trace of the labour, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures, it claims not study but veneration; it does not show us how the thing is done, it imposes upon us a model. Above all, for the historian this creation of classic personages is inadmissible; for it withdraws the poet from his time, from his proper life, it breaks historical relation-

ships, it blinds criticism by conventional admiration, and renders the investigation of literary origins unacceptable. It gives us a human personage no longer, but a God seated immovable amidst his perfect work, like Jupiter on Olympus; and hardly will it be possible for the young student, to whom such work is exhibited at such a distance from him, to believe that it did not issue ready made from that divine head."

All this is brilliantly and tellingly said, but we must plead for a distinction. Everything depends on the reality of a poet's classic character. If he is a dubious classic, let us sift him; if he is a false classic, let us explode him. But if he is a real classic, if his work belongs to the class of the very best (for this is the true and right meaning of the word *classic, classical*), then the great thing for us is to feel and enjoy his work as deeply as ever we can, and to appreciate the wide difference between it and all work which has not the same high character. This is what is salutary, this is what is formative; this is the great benefit to be got from the study of poetry. Everything which interferes with it, which hinders it, is injurious. True, we must read our classic with open eyes, and not with eyes blinded with superstition; we must perceive when his work comes short, when it drops out of the class of the very best, and we must rate it, in such cases, at its proper value. But the use of this negative criticism is not in itself, it is entirely in its enabling us to have a clearer sense and a deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent. To trace the labour, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures of a genuine classic, to acquaint oneself with his time and his life and his historical relationships, is mere literary dilettantism unless it has that clear sense and deeper enjoyment for its end. It may be said that the more we know about a classic the better we shall enjoy him; and, if we lived as long as Methuselah and had all of us heads of perfect clearness and wills of perfect steadfastness, this might be true in fact as it is plausible in theory. But the case here is much the same as the case with the Greek and Latin studies of our schoolboys. The elaborate philological groundwork which we require them to lay is in theory an admirable preparation for appreciating the Greek and Latin authors worthily. The more thoroughly we lay the groundwork, the better we shall be able, it may be said, to enjoy the authors. True, if time were not so short, and schoolboys' wits

not so soon tired and their power of attention exhausted; only, as it is, the elaborate philological preparation goes on, but the authors are little known and less enjoyed. So with the investigator of "historic origins" in poetry. He ought to enjoy the true classic all the better for his investigations; he often is distracted from the enjoyment of the best, and with the less good he overbusies himself, and is prone to overrate it in proportion to the trouble which it has cost him.

The idea of tracing historic origins and historical relationships cannot be absent from a compilation like the present. . And naturally the poets to be exhibited in it will be assigned to those persons for exhibition who are known to prize them highly, rather than to those who have no special inclination towards them. Moreover the very occupation with an author, and the business of exhibiting him, disposes us to affirm and amplify his importance. In the present work, therefore, we are sure of frequent temptation to adopt the historic estimate, or the personal estimate, and to forget the real estimate; which latter, nevertheless, we must employ if we are to make poetry yield us its full benefit. So high is that benefit, the benefit of clearly feeling and of deeply enjoying the really excellent, the truly classic in poetry, that we do well, I say, to set it fixedly before our minds as our object in studying poets and poetry, and to make the desire of attaining it the one principle to which, as the *Imitation* says, whatever we may read or come to know, we always return. *Cum multa legeris et cognoveris, ad unum semper oportet redire principium* [When you have read and known many things, you ought always to revert to the one beginning].

The historic estimate is likely in especial to affect our judgment and our language when we are dealing with ancient poets; the personal estimate when we are dealing with poets our contemporaries, or at any rate modern. The exaggerations due to the historic estimate are not in themselves, perhaps, of very much gravity. Their report hardly enters the general ear; probably they do not always impose even on the literary men who adopt them. But they lead to a dangerous abuse of language. So we hear Cædmon, amongst our own poets, compared to Milton. I have already noticed the enthusiasm of one accomplished French critic for "historic origins." Another eminent French critic, M. Vitet, comments upon that famous document of the early poetry of his nation, the *Chanson de Roland.* It is

indeed a most interesting document. The *joculator* or *jongleur* Taillefer, who was with William the Conquerer's army at Hastings, marched before the Norman troops, so said the tradition, singing " of Charlemagne and of Roland and of Oliver, and of the vassals who died at Roncevaux "; and it is suggested that in the *Chanson de Roland* by one Turoldus or Théroulde, a poem preserved in a manuscript of the twelfth century in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, we have certainly the matter, perhaps even some of the words of the chaunt which Taillefer sang. The poem has vigour and freshness; it is not without pathos. But M. Vitet is not satisfied with seeing in it a document of some poetic value, and of very high historic and linguistic value; he sees in it a grand and beautiful work, a monument of epic genius. In its general design he finds the grandiose conception, in its details he finds the constant union of simplicity with greatness, which are the marks, he truly says, of the genuine epic, and distinguish it from the artificial epic of literary ages. One thinks of Homer; this is the sort of praise which is given to Homer, and justly given. Higher praise there cannot well be, and it is the praise due to epic poetry of the highest order only, and to no other. Let us try, then, the *Chanson de Roland* at its best. Roland, mortally wounded, lays himself down under a pine tree, with his face turned toward Spain and the enemy:

De plusurs choses à remembrer li prist
De tantes teres cume li bers cunquist,
De dulce France, des humes de sun lign,
De Carlemagne sun seignor ki l'nurrit.[1]

That is primitive work, I repeat, with an undeniable poetic quality of its own. It deserves such praise and such praise is sufficient for it. But now turn to Homer:

Ὣς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἤδη κατέχεν φυσίζοος αἶα
ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὐθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.[2]

We are here in another world, another order of poetry altogether; here is rightly due such supreme praise as that which M. Vitet gives to the *Chanson de Roland*. If our words are to have any meaning,

1 " Then began he to call many things to remembrance, — all the lands which his valor conquered, and pleasant France, and the men of his lineage, and Charlemagne his liege lord who nourished him."

2 " So said she; but them the life-giving earth held fast there in Lakedaimon, in their dear native land." (Leaf, Lang, & Myers.)

if our judgments are to have any solidity, we must not heap that supreme praise upon poetry of an order immeasurably inferior.

Indeed there can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry. Of course we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them: it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we may place beside them. Short passages, even single lines, will serve our turn quite sufficiently. Take the two lines which I have just quoted from Homer, the poet's comment on Helen's mention of her brothers; or take his

> Ἀ δειλὼ τί σφῶϊ δόμεν Πηλῆϊ ἄνακτι
> θνητῷ; ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστὸν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε.
> ἦ ἵνα δυστήνοισι μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἄλγε' ἔχητον;[3]

the address of Zeus to the horses of Peleus; or, take finally, his

> Καὶ σέ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὄλβιον εἶναι[4]

the words of Achilles to Priam, a suppliant before him. Take that incomparable line and a half of Dante, Ugolino's tremendous words:

> Io no piangeva; si dentro impietrai.
> Piangevan elli . . .[5]

take the lovely words of Beatrice to Virgil:

> Io son fatta da Dio, sua mercè, tale,
> Che la vostra miseria non mi tange,
> Nè fiamma d'esto incendio non m'assale . . .[6]

take the simple, but perfect, single line:

> In la sua volontade è nostra pace.[7]

[3] "Ah, unhappy, pair, why gave we you to King Peleus, to a mortal? but ye are without old age, and immortal. Was it that with men born to misery ye might have sorrow?"

[4] "Nay, and thou too, old man, in former days wast, as we hear, happy."

[5] "I wailed not, so of stone grew I within; — *they* wailed."

[6] "Of such sort hath God, thanked be his mercy, made me, that your misery toucheth me not, neither doth the flame of this fire strike me."

[7] "In His will is our peace."

Take of Shakespeare a line or two of Henry the Fourth's expostulation with sleep:

> Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
> Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
> In cradle of the rude imperious surge . . .
> . . .

and take, as well, Hamlet's dying request to Horatio:

> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
> To tell my story . . .

Take of Milton that Miltonic passage:

> Darkened so, yet shone
> Above them all the archangel; but his face
> Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
> Sat on his faded cheek . . .

add two such lines as:

> And courage never to submit or yield
> And what is else not to be overcome . . .

and finish with the exquisite close to the loss of Proserpine, the loss

> . . . which cost Ceres all that pain
> To seek her through the world.

These few lines, if we have tact and can use them, are enough even of themselves to keep clear and sound our judgments about poetry, to save us from fallacious estimates of it, to conduct us to a real estimate.

The specimens I have quoted differ widely from one another, but they have in common this: the possession of the very highest poetical quality. If we are thoroughly penetrated by their power, we shall find that we have acquired a sense enabling us, whatever poetry may be laid before us, to feel the degree in which a high poetical quality is present or wanting there. Critics give themselves great labor to draw out what in the abstract constitutes the characters of a high quality of poetry. It is much better simply to have recourse to concrete examples: — to take specimens of poetry of the high, the very highest quality, and to say: The characters of a high quality of poetry are what is expressed *there*. They are far better recognized

by being felt in the verse of the master, than by being perused in the prose of the critic. Nevertheless if we are urgently pressed to give some critical account of them, we may safely, perhaps, venture on laying down, not indeed how and why the characters arise, but where and in what they arise. They are in the matter and substance of the poetry, and they are in its manner and style. Both of these, the substance and matter on the one hand, the style and manner on the other, have a mark, an accent, of high beauty, worth, and power. But if we are asked to define this mark and accent in the abstract, our answer must be: No, for we should thereby be darkening the question, not clearing it. The mark and accent are as given by the substance and matter of that poetry, by the style and manner of that poetry, and of all other poetry which is akin to it in quality.

Only one thing we may add as to the substance and matter of poetry, guiding ourselves by Aristotle's profound observation that the superiority of poetry over history consists in its possessing a higher truth and a higher seriousness (*φιλοσοφώτερου καὶ σπουδαιότερου*) [more philosophic and more serious]. Let us add, therefore, to what we have said, this: that the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing, in an eminent degree, truth and seriousness. We may add yet further, what is in itself evident, that to the style and manner of the best poetry their special character, their accent, is given by their diction, and, even yet more, by their movement. And though we distinguish between the two characters, the two accents, of superiority, yet they are nevertheless vitally connected one with the other. The superior character of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the superiority of diction and movement marking its style and manner. The two superiorities are closely related, and are in steadfast proportion one to the other. So far as high poetic truth and seriousness are wanting to a poet's matter and substance, so far also we may be sure, will a high poetic stamp of diction and movement be wanting to his style and manner. In proportion as this high stamp of diction and movement, again, is absent from a poet's style and manner, we shall find, also, that high poetic truth and seriousness are absent from his substance and matter.

MAX EASTMAN

THE TECHNIQUE OF POETIC NAMES[1]

TERMS are commonly supposed to perform the two functions of indicating things and suggesting their significance in human economy. But besides indicating things, and without relating them at all to human economy, they continually perform this third function of enriching the very experience of the things. Until this is understood, the natural origin of poetry will not be understood. We add the names to the things in order to enhance our participation in their being. Here is the expression, from a nature utterly poetic, of the state of mind which such a use of names fulfils:

"When I am in a room with people, if I ever am free from speculating upon the creations of my own brain, then not myself goes home to myself, but the identity of every one in the room begins to press upon me [so] that I am in a very little time annihilated. Not only among men; it would be the same in a nursery of children."

". . . if a sparrow come before my window, I take part in its existence, and pick about the gravel."[2]

It is marvellous to know that mere words, with their little acts of selecting and comparing, could contribute anything to vivify the experience of one so sensitive to reality. Yet it is true that he could hardly look upon a thing he loved without longing for the poetic name and searching it out, whether in the language of others or in his own mind. It is marvellous, indeed, because words are such tiny dry bits of things compared with the great flush objects that the world is full of. And yet if we remember how intimate and strong a part these little words have played in the very making of those objects what they are in our experience, we shall understand how it is that the poetic love them. They love the appropriate name

[1] From *Enjoyment of Poetry*. Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission.

[2] Quoted from letters of John Keats. W. M. Rossetti's "Life," pp. 154–155.

— whether it be a name that selects or a name that compares — because through it they are able in a way to encompass with consciousness the object to which it is applied.

As for the first kind, the selective poetic name, its value for this purpose is simple to understand. It guides the attention to a focus. And this service, though it may seem slight in the proposal, is in fact very great, and for the majority indispensable to the acute realization of anything. Even to that lucky few who are by nature awake when their eyes are open, the living word is no superfluity. He who can speak it, who can sometimes catch the humor of their sensibility and crystallize it upon a point, is as dear to them as he is tedious who can neither select a focus nor remain silent, but spreads adjectives all over the face of nature.

It is difficult to exemplify this gift, because in life the applicability of the choicest name is so often transient and specific. Some old white horse may look exactly "as if he had been used to scratch matches on," but this would be one out of a million white horses. Certain water-weeds in a swift stream may be called "yearning," but not so all water-weeds in all streams. Perhaps you have heard some one speak of the "sucking utterance" of a person, or the "dancing" of a voice, or the "shadowy haste" of a gray cat, and while the suitability of the word at the moment was so great as to make a little crisis in experience, it could hardly be reproduced after the moment was gone.

And yet poetic words which are generally, or again and again, applicable, abide in the memories of some people, and come out at the appropriate times to help them see. How many there must be wandering in the world who can never look at minnows in a brook but they see them stay "their *wavy* bodies 'gainst the streams," or listen to the gray flies but they hear them wind their "*sultry* horn." Doubtless there is a special passion for the word in some, and others just as poetic are less articulate in their modes of realization. But the average man is so deeply social that some part of the machinery of communication is present in his simplest perception. The more alive he is, the more likely is a word hovering near his lips.

"Million-footed Manhattan" is not the name to guide you in making your way to the metropolis, but if it chances to echo perfectly in your mind, it gives a gift to the journey.

"Million-footed Manhattan, unpent, descends to her pavements."

So of the minnows — when you watch them now, those "wavy" bodies, and —

> "How they ever wrestle
> With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
> Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand" —

you know them as they existed for one with the supreme gift of realization. You know them more intimately, and you like them better.

"Here are sweet-peas," he said, "on tip-toe for a flight" — a phrase which will give grace, better than water, to your garden. For words make the world grow — not, I think, because they express a feeling, for that means that they relieve you of it, but because they give to the feeling locality and distinct body. It comes down like dew out of the general air and alights here in a bright drop.

Even without a word, it is thus that we make what we love our own. Notice how specific you become in the presence of a loved object, and how all your tenderness or your delight seems to distil itself and hang upon a certain motion of that object, or a certain pencilling, or shining glance, or shadow. It is no strange, ancient, or bookish trick to greet things with epithets; it is the way the mind always welcomes an experience. And the more hot and electric its passion for that experience, the more it narrows itself to a single item and condenses there the whole ecstasy. In the midst of such passion, to be able to select with perfect intuition or judgment the item that will support and enhance it, is the first half of the poetic gift.

The second half, and that which is more susceptible of cultivation, is the power to evoke into the clear light of thought those specific memories of similar things that hover above every acute perception. The chambers of all minds are stored with them; they are latent in every common noun, or verb, or adjective, or adverb; so natural to us that in childhood we have trouble to distinguish them from the sensible reality, and yet for most of us in maturity blurred into nonexistence by custom and the pressure of affairs. But linger to taste the flavor of any moment in your experience, and you will find vistas opening backward into other experiences which clarify and intensify it. They determine its being.

So essential is this union of two things similar in difference to the very existence, or definition, of human consciousness, that we cannot help believing it describes all consciousness, both in its essence and in its origin. It is the comfortable fortune of a clam to be so limited in sensations that the experience of to-day is almost exactly the same as the experience of yesterday, and may be dealt with in the same manner. Hence almost his whole life must be as unprovoking to him as the little daily act of buttoning and unbuttoning is to us. He is hardly ever roused into awareness of his environment at all. Nothing will rouse him, indeed, but an accident — the discomfort of an unfamiliar sensation. This he will have to attend to, and in some flickering adumbration of genuine perception, decide to which of the old sensations it is most similar, and respond to it accordingly. His being conscious in that moment depends upon the shock of difference and the need of similarity. It is an act of uniting or identifying two things that are similar although different.

And so is all consciousness, in a profound way of speaking, a uniting of two things that are similar in difference. In the practical or onward course of evolution it was only thus, as a detector of similitude, that consciousness ever arose. And since we are all, by the continuing irony of nature, essentially practical and onward, it is still only thus that consciousness appears in us. As soon as we become genuinely aware of anything, we are already receiving a hint or intimation of its likeness to something else. We are uniting the present with the past; for this function our minds exist.

And therefore it is no great exaggeration to say that one who cannot perform this function, and who never responds to an intimation of similarity, has no mind at all, but belongs among the mollusks or the dead. Only we must not make the mistake of identifying with one who does not respond to any similarity, one whose response is to abhor all those that are poetic, or presented for the sake of consciousness itself. He is not a clam but a practical man. A clam, indeed, would be more likely, upon the stimulus of some boisterous morning current, to glance round among certain irrelevant sensations of his just to "see what they are like," than would the practical man to contemplate for the wink of an eyelash a poetic similitude. He calls them mere metaphors, and thinks that in so doing he

has relegated them to a region as far off as possible from the righteous business of scientific, effective, or " real " identification.

Yet they are exactly the same thing, with the same basis in reality, only free from the domination of prospective conduct and employed for the sake of reality itself. They are correlations proposed, without reference to action, by those who desire consciousness for its own sake. It is as though the poets, seeing that we are all so blindly practical — we are made like tops to go to sleep running unless something upsets us — had determined to rouse us out of this too mechanical condition, and show us the world. And they have discovered an adroit and profound method for accomplishing this. Instead of interrupting our operations and making us wake only to the interruption, they insert into our minds direct the very essence of wakefulness — similarity in difference — and make us wake to anything under the sun that they choose. And that is the explanation, if for so original a fact explanation is possible, of the value to poetic perception of the names which compare.

It is customary in books about rhetoric and prosody to state, as an elucidation of certain figures of speech, that the cultivated mind takes a peculiar delight in apprehending a similarity in difference — a statement which is accepted in silence by the obedient pupil, and harbored in his true heart as one more evidence of the triviality of the cultivated mind and the great foolishness of having one. But we ought to state the case in this way: that mind, so far as we can distinguish it, *is* similarity in difference, it is a state of comparison, and what it takes delight in is the experience of the nature of things. Such a statement, besides approximating the truth, would have the advantage of suggesting to the pupil that his mind is probably a good deal more poetic than that of his cultivated teacher.

Imagine that we hear, or rather we are seized by, a loud and prolonged whistle-blast from across the river. It ends abruptly, and while some are trying in a maundering way to say that the change seemed very sharp, one whom we will call the poet, or the namer, states that " you feel as if you had been over there and got back." Will this be a special delight to the cultivated only, or will it be the common pleasure of all those who are fond of a sensation and want to get the full savor of it? Whatsoever they were fond of, they would love to have their vague, fumbling, and yet unique, aware-

ness of it suddenly set forth for them articulate, and consummate, and clear, in a climax of the essence of consciousness. And that would be the manifestation not primarily of a love of "similarity," but of a love of the qualities of things. And that is the love that is fed by the utterances of the poet or the child.

He will say that the clouds are *like pop-corn,* and every one will pause and look up at the sky with pleasure. Or he will say that sumach-trees are *like poor people,* or that a pewee's note comes to you through the air *like an arrow.* Or, even in a more conventionalized and common way, he will call a man *goatish,* or *half-baked,* or *off his trolley;* or he will say that he has *butter-fingers,* as they do in base-ball. A boy *gets jumped on* by the teacher; a girl is as *gay as a merry-go-round.* These are all, in their various ways, utterances of the poet among us, increasing our taste of the reality by selective comparison.

He it is that all down the path of human experience has been speaking, and has established such poetry in the heart of language. Nor can we in any way better understand him, and these two gifts of his, than by turning again to the dictionary and looking into the story of the births of words. *Gymnasium,* "the place of nakedness," was the work of a poet who *chose;* and I think he chose the best, as well as the most striking, feature of his object. *Sarcasm,* "flesh-tearing," was the creation of a poet who not only chose but also compared. He united an experience which is spiritual, with one which is different in being physical but similar in the sheer quality of pain. We said that he might call a man *goatish,* and ages ago in the word *capricious* he has done so. In the word *insult* he has said that he "got jumped on." He has called men *half-baked* also, or at least *cooked too quick* in the word *precocious;* and in the word *delirious* he has called them, not *off their trolley,* but what is the same thing in an earlier state of civilization, *out of their furrow.* More beautifully in a word like *moss-rose* he has made his choice and comparison, and in *ruby-throat,* and *fire-tail,* and all those names of flowers and wild birds, uniting them always with something of invasive individuality, and usually with something beautiful because they are beautiful.

Birds were the first minstrels, and their notes slip like clear joy into the heart. Who has not a "Hail to thee, blithe spirit!" for the

least of these aërial beings! Feathered voices, who can thrill with tiny energy acres of the dull air, and set quivering even in man's heaviest breast vague hopes of an eternal spring. Commonly and of old they have been named with words of subtle discriminating affection, brief perfect utterances, a poetry of the people. And rarest among them all, perhaps, in adoring realism — rarest of all, to one who knows at twilight the place of her wild and tender rhapsody, the swamp-angel.

Crests of nature's loveliness, thus tuned, thus dyed, and thus proportioned, the birds and blossoms have won out of all tribes a treasury of poetic names. And they who have the genius or desire to make poignant through language beings that are less easily or less quickly loved, will not alter the method here simply revealed. They will select in each a certain part or quality, and in a strong revery of the mind unite it with something they remember that is different, but in that high quality the same. They will name it after that. And a world that is sufficiently drab and monotonous to one whose mental indolence is great, or who has sophistication for an ideal, will be rich and wonderful to them.

WILLIAM P. TRENT

STANDARDS OF FORMAL CRITICISM [1]

I

REDUCED to their lowest terms, the principles for which most academic critics stand are, I think, three in number: (1) That due weight should be given to the collective wisdom of the past and the trained knowledge of the present; (2) that there are more or less ascertainable degrees of values in the various genres of artistic production; and (3) that no art can be absolutely divorced from ethics.

It follows at once from the assumption of these three principles that if it can be shown that a special kind of poetry, say the epic,

[1] From *The Authority of Criticism and Other Essays.* Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission.

is of greater value (that is, makes a higher and wider appeal to the minds and hearts of men in general) than another kind, say the elegy, it is not merely a mistake of judgment to prefer the latter to the former, but also, where sufficient knowledge is available, — a point which is covered by the first principle given above, — an ethical lapse of a more or less venial character. In fine, if there were such a person as a purely academic critic of perfect fearlessness, he would affirm that to prefer Gray's *Elegy* to *Paradise Lost* is not only foolish, but wrong: for this is the sense in which he accepts the dictum that art cannot be divorced from ethics; it being quite possible for an academic critic to acquiesce in the truth of the maxim "Art for art's sake," provided it be interpreted rationally. In other words the academic critic, while he may not judge works of art from a preconceived ethical point of view, and demand that they serve some definite ethical purpose, will, if he be consistent, assert emphatically that, as no judgment can be formed without entailing some corresponding responsibility, and as objects of art must be judged before we can determine whether the emotions produced by them are really wholesome or harmful, it follows that art, by entailing responsibilities upon all who are brought into contact with it, — and what experience in life does not entail upon us the responsibility of determining whether it be wholesome or harmful? — cannot in the last analysis be divorced from ethics.

If, now, it be urged that what we ought to examine and pass judgment upon is not the object of art that produces emotions in us, but ourselves who experience these emotions, the critic will reply that he has always maintained the necessity for self-examination in aesthetic matters, but that, if a doubt be implied with regard to the possibility of obtaining valid objective judgments in the domain of the arts, such doubt must apply as well to the ultimate validity of all other objective judgments, with the result that we are landed either in pure idealism or in universal scepticism. An objection, however, that is so far-reaching is practically no objection at all.

But certainly this strange doctrine, that it is in some way wrong to prefer a poem, a picture, or a statue of an inferior genre to one of a superior genre, will not be admitted by many persons without considerable protest. Yet, if it be once granted that there are higher and lower forms of art, and that it is the duty of every man, not

merely to act on the highest level possible, but also to expose his soul to the highest influences possible, it follows that to prefer wilfully the lower to the higher in any particular is, strictly speaking, an ethical lapse. Many of us are, of course, absolved from all blame in this regard on account of our ignorance in the premises: those of us who are not ignorant have generally tried to justify ourselves by affirming that, while there may be genres, there is no proof that one is higher than another; that it is a mere assumption of *a priori* criticism to say, for example, that a fine ode like Gray's *Progress of Poesy* is *per se* superior to the same poet's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, — an opinion held, perhaps, both by Gray himself and by Matthew Arnold.

The answer made by the academic critic to this contention will naturally bring into question his first principle, viz., that due weight should be given to the collective wisdom of the past and to the trained knowledge of the present. The ode, he will say, stands at the head of all forms of lyrical poetry, because in it the subjective emotions of the poet are fused to a white heat. The ancients regarded the ode as the greatest of lyrical forms; and modern students of poetry have as yet seen no reason to abandon this view. The finest ode of Pindar ought then to be superior to any elegy of Mimnermus, and Gray's ode should outrank his Elegy, unless in the former poem the poet has fallen below the level proper to the genre selected, and in the latter poem has risen to an equal or greater degree, — a phenomenon which seems to have occurred, if the two pieces be regarded as wholes, and which both explains and justifies the popular verdict in the matter.

This answer shows us at once how interdependent the three principles of the academic critic really are. If there are genres of higher and lower value, then it is our duty to try to put ourselves in greater sympathy with the higher than with the lower; or, in other words, we cannot, if we would, divorce art from ethics. But we cannot establish our contention that there are superior and inferior genres, unless we insist that due weight be given to that collective wisdom of the past which has established and differentiated the various genres. It is the conscious, or unconscious, perception of the interdependence of these principles of academic criticism that has led the impressionists, who generally desire to escape from

ethical responsibilty, to attack with relentless vigor that deference to the judgment of the past inculcated by the first principle. They cannot well attack the second part of this principle, that due weight should be given to the trained knowledge of the present; for this would be to undermine the authority of their own privileged order of *mandarins:* they can, however, say much about a servile dependence on an effete past.

But, if the collective wisdom of the ages be of paramount importance in ethics, philosophy, law, and all studies in which fresh material for experimentation is not being continually introduced, it is difficult to see how its authority, within reasonable limits, can be questioned with regard to criticism. That genres exist even in art is a fact as well determined as the existence of the various mental faculties. That we do not know the ultimate nature of art in the one case, or of mind in the other, does not prove that we have no need of the hypotheses of criticism and of metaphysics. That there is a hierarchy of genres is a fact as well proved as that there is a hierarchy of mental powers or of bodily functions. To cut the *Æneid* out of Latin literature would be like putting out a man's eye: to cut out Juvenal's *Satires* would be like amputating a finger. "Solvitur inquirendo." Ask even the most rampant impressionist — except, perhaps, the ultra-Whitmanite — which he would rather have written, Shakespeare's dramas or Burns's songs, Scott's romances or Maupassant's tales, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* or Macaulay's *Essays,* and the answer will nearly always indicate a tacit acceptance of the theory of a hierarchy of genres. "A mere instance of the force of convention," the Whitmanite might say, "Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* put all the genres to the blush, and the academic critics, too. You will not dare to mention Shakespeare and Milton in the same breath with him!" An advocate of free love might make just such a reply to an argument in favor of monogamy.

In fact it can be easily shown that the distinctions and gradations sanctioned by the great critics of the past, and upheld by the arguments of the academic critics of the present, are founded on just the same basis as the distinctions and gradations established and supported by the jurist and the scientific moralist. The critic may often deal with matters of less transcendent importance than his fellow-students: but his science, in the last analysis, is as securely

based as theirs; for all three ultimately rest on authority and present judgment. He has no such sanctions to rely upon as the jurist and the moralist have; hence he is often doomed to see uninformed opinions prevail: his domain is one that can be easily entered from all sides; hence he is compelled to struggle with numerous rivals who are continually betraying the cause of the science he serves. But he feels that his position is at bottom as secure as that of any student of any semi-science can be; and he bides his time in the hope of better days.

II

We have now seen what, in brief, are the contentions of the academic critic; and we must admit that if his claim, that criticism rests for its authority on the same basis as ethics and law, be established, it is expedient for us, if not incumbent upon us, to give criticism its due influence in the formation of our literary and artistic tastes and judgments. Could we once bring ourselves to do this, we should find that the parallel between criticism and its sister semi-sciences holds very closely. Just as there are some ethical principles acted upon by all civilized men, others acted upon chiefly by certain races, others only by individuals of a high type of character, so there are principles of criticism universal, racial, and individual in their application. For example, all men have practically agreed — at least till the present generation — to regard poetry as superior, on the whole, to prose; the French have practically agreed that the drama which preserves the unities is the best for their stage; most highly cultured individuals are agreed in giving a greater value to the sonnet as a poetic form than would be accorded it by the average reader. In the light of these facts we must infer that there are some principles of criticism so binding upon us that we ought to endeavor not only to make an individual application of them, but also to inculcate them in our children; others which, as Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, or what not, it will probably be to our advantage to follow; still others which, in all likelihood, will appeal to us more and more as we advance in culture. In short, no man who is seeking to develop his literary and artistic taste and judgment can afford to be a thoroughgoing impressionist any more than he can afford to be an absolute individualist in his daily life and conduct.

If there be any force in the above reasoning, it is plain that something at least of M. Brunetière's teaching may be taken to heart by us all. The duty of fitting ourselves not merely to enjoy the great poetry of the world, but to prefer it to all other form of aesthetic enjoyment, may be insisted upon with advantage. All men will not attain to such enjoyment or such preference; but this is no reason why all men should be admonished to make the effort to attain. No man follows perfectly the law of Christ; yet no preacher ceases to uphold that law as an ideal pattern of conduct. It is clear, then, that no man or child should be allowed to say complacently, as one so often hears it said, "I don't care for poetry." Perhaps they cannot be made to care for it; but their complacency may at least be shaken.

Again, it is just as certain that there are higher and lower genres of poetry as that poetry is superior, on the whole, to prose. Hence it is our duty to fit ourselves to prefer the higher genres to the lower. This, again, we shall not all attain to. Some people are so constituted that elegiac musings and speculations, such as those that make up the *In Memoriam*, will always attract them more than the stately march of the *Paradise Lost*, or the subtle beauty and keen interest of the *Divine Comedy*. On the other hand, one can find persons who do not care at all for such admirable elegiac verse as Lamartine's *Le Lac*. In either case, we may be unable to correct the bias; but we need not fail to point out that it is an unfortunate one, if any reliance may and should be placed upon the collective wisdom of the past and the trained judgment of the present.

But our teaching need not stop here. There will always be persons who will care more for the subject-matter of a book than for the style in which it is written; yet we should none the less insist that it is the duty of every man to fit himself to tell a good style from a bad, to enjoy an excellent style, and to eschew, whenever it is possible, the books that are clumsily written. An insistence upon this matter of taste in style has, after many generations, placed French literature in its present position of supremacy: a failure to insist upon it has left German literature where it is to-day. If we Americans and Englishmen will only cultivate our taste for style, and will remember, too, that principle upon which Matthew Arnold was forever harping, that great literature needs a sound subject-

matter, we shall all be saved from many bizarre judgments and opinions. We shall not then be able to rank Whitman, true and great poet though he often was, among the *dii majores* of song, nor imagine that Tennyson or Wordsworth or Shelley can rightly be mentioned in the same breath with Milton.

Yet, although we shall do well to respect the academic critic when he bids us distrust our own judgments and consult the authoritative opinions of the best critics past and present, it does not follow that we must all endeavor to inform ourselves about the evolution of genres, the details of literary history, or any of the numerous matters that assume great importance in the eyes of the professional critic. Few of us have the time for such minute study: fewer still have any inclination for it. One can love and get pleasure from flowers without knowing much about botany; similarly, one can love and get pleasure from literature without being a trained critic. The botanist and the critic, to be sure, ought, unless they become dry-as-dusts, to have decided advantages over the mere lovers of flowers and of books; but the latter are in no bad way if their minds and souls have been enlightened in a broad and general manner. This broad and general enlightenment will begin to dawn upon us the moment we are brought in contact with great literature and art; provided always that our tendency to excessive individualism is checked by proper training. Such being the case, we are in duty bound to range ourselves by the side of those academic critics who offer to furnish this training which, as we have just seen, is by no means technical in character.

III

Granting, however, that criticism has a certain authority over us with regard to the submission of our individual judgments relative to such matters as the supremacy of poetry to prose, of one genre to another, of form to formlessness, it would seem to be true also that, as we are constituted with varying tastes and aptitudes, and brought up in varying environments, we are more or less forced to form subjective opinions and thus to become impressionist critics, at least for the time being. If all criticism is, in its essence, subjective, and attains objectivity only through its subsequent acceptance by minds other than the critic's own, which in turn is a subjective

prodecure, it is certain that our own judgment or opinion with regard to any object of art will be of more vital importance to us than any conventional judgment or opinion can possibly be. In other words, the impressionist critic would seem to have a *rôle* as important and a province as extended as the academic critic has.

There can scarcely be two opinions with regard to this matter. The fact that there are impressionist critics who are widely read and enjoyed seems of itself to prove their usefulness. It is not possible to deny that, by concentrating themselves upon some favorite author, artist, book, or painting, impressionist critics have added to the world's knowledge, and, what is more, to its enjoyment; that they have actually forged weapons for their foes, the academic critics, to use against them. Who, for example, has done more to make contemporary France return to a proper admiration of Lamartine than that prince of impressionists, M. Lemaître? Certainly not M. Brunetière. But impressionists are justified in existing not only by the good they do, but also by the fact that there is an abundant range of work for them to accomplish. There are regions in the domain of literature and art over which the academic critic has little or no control. No one should affirm, for example, that it is the duty of the academic critic to set us rules for the enjoyment or even full comprehension of that department of poetry known as "society verse." He can tell us, indeed, that it should not be ranked high in the scale of the genres; but, if he be wise, he will scarcely undertake to tell us how much we ought to care for it, or when it will most appeal to us.

The reason for this proper reticence on his part is very simple. Society verse does not necessarily appeal to the natural man; and the academic critic, in most of his reasoning, finds it necessary to give his principles of criticism the broadest basis possible. He tells us that it is human to admire the sublime and to weep at the pathetic; but he cannot tell us with any truth that it is human to smile at the cleverness of a smart social set. The academic critic feels at home, therefore, in praising the *Paradise Lost* and the *Antigone:* he will do well to leave to the impressionist — to the man to the manner born, like the late Mr. Locker-Lampson (who indeed could theorize also on the subject in an admirable way) — the task of initiating us into the charming mysteries of society verse. The

moment, however, that the impressionist goes too far in his advocacy of his favorite poet or kind of poetry, the academic critic, with his broader knowledge and wider range of thought, is ready to check him. Pope, for instance, is, in many respects, a poet of society whom it would be easy for a certain kind of impressionist to overrate, and for another kind, preferring, let us say, the poetry of nature, to underrate, even to the point of proclaiming that the brilliant satirist was no poet at all. Both these extremes of judgment would surely be corrected by a competent academic critic.

But not only can the impressionist critic serve us as the best possible guide in certain well-defined regions of literature and art; he is also the person to help us in the exploration of new regions. There are genres like the novel, the possibilities of which we are probably far from knowing thoroughly. With respect to present work in these genres, it may be questioned whether the training and methods of the academic critic fit him for doing effective service: he is at his best in dealing with genres of which the capabilities have been long tested. The impressionist, on the other hand, unfettered by rules and traditions, is likely to be sympathetic with the fresh tentatives which creative genius is continually making in what we may call the "unclosed genres." He is the best critic for the new writers and, hence, for the majority of contemporary readers, who naturally form the clientage of the men who are making current literature. Then, again, it is the impressionist critic who is best qualified to apply to the literature of the past those fresh and novel points of view which each advancing generation supplies, — a most important work when it is not undertaken in a captious and self-seeking spirit.

Now surely, if all that has been said be true, the *rôle* of the impressionist is by no means a contemptible one. Not only has he certain departments of art and literature practically under his control, but he can do his share in criticising the men and works of the past, and he has the lion's share of the critical labors of the present. He has no reason to call the academic critic by harsh names; yet he frequently does — seemingly because, being bound by few rules, he forgets that he is bound by any, even by those of courtesy. He generally takes up a favorite and becomes a partisan, after which he fancies that, in order to elevate his hero, he must labor not merely

to subordinate, but to cast down other great men. He will praise Tintoretto while belittling Titian; he will laud Shelley while decrying Byron; and he pities the benighted soul that in the bonds and fetters of custom still grovels before the "crumbling idol." This is but to say that, although the *rôle* of the impressionist is a great one, he is often false to it. Narrow and bigoted critics of an academic kind there have been in abundance; and they have done much harm, but scarcely enough to equal that done by the wild impressionists who are forever running amuck through the storied realms of art and literature.

ANATOLE FRANCE

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT IN CRITICISM[1]

CRITICISM, I take it, like history and philosophy, is a species of romance for the use of the initiated and curious-minded, and all romance, rightly understood, is autobiography. The good critic is he who recounts the adventures of his soul in the presence of masterpieces.

Objective criticism no more exists than objective art, and those who suppose that they are putting anything but themselves into their work are the dupes of the most fallacious illusion. The fact is that one never escapes from himself. That indeed is one of our great misfortunes. What would we not give for the power to see, just for one moment, the heavens and earth as they appear to a fly or comprehend nature with the rude brain of an ape? But we are for ever precluded from doing so. Unlike Tiresias, we are not able to be men and yet remember having been women. We are confined within our bodies as in a perpetual prison. The better part, it seems to me, is to admit unhesitatingly this deplorable condition and to avow that we speak of ourselves each time that we have not the resolution to remain silent. To be frank, the critic ought to say — Gentlemen, I am going to speak of myself apropos of Shakespeare, apropos of Racine, of Pascal, or of Goethe. Even so it may be a great occasion.

[1] From *La Vie Littéraire: Première Série.*

I had the honor of acquaintance with M. Cuvillier-Fleury, a critic of long standing who knew his own mind. One day when I was visiting him at the little house in the Avenue Raphael, he showed me the modest library of which he was proud. "Monsieur," he remarked, "oratory, *belles-lettres*, philosophy, history — all varieties are represented there, not to mention criticism which includes all the rest. The critic is by turns orator, philosopher, historian."

He was right. Criticism is all that, or rather may be made so. It gives opportunity for the demonstration of the rarest intellectual faculties, the most diverse, the most varied, and when practised by a Sainte-Beuve, a Taine . . . or a Jules Lemaître, it does not fail. In itself it comprehends the intellectual history of man. Criticism is the last in date of all literary forms. It suits very well a highly civilized society whose memories are rich and whose traditions are already old. It is particularly appropriate to a humanity which is curious, learned, cultivated. In order to prosper it presupposes more culture than is demanded by other literary forms. . . . It proceeds from both philosophy and history. For its development is required an epoch of absolute intellectual liberty. It replaces theology; for, if one seeks the universal savant, the Thomas Aquinas of the nineteenth century, is not Sainte-Beuve the man?

JOHN GALSWORTHY

MEDITATION ON FINALITY[1]

In the Grand Canyon of Arizona, that most exhilarating of all natural phenomena, Nature has for once so focussed her effects, that the result is a framed and final work of Art. For there, between two high lines of plateau, level as the sea, are sunk the wrought thrones of the innumerable gods, couchant, and for ever revering, in their million moods of light and colour, the Master Mystery.

Having seen this culmination, I realize why many people either recoil before it, and take the first train home, or speak of it as a "remarkable formation." For, though mankind at large craves final-

[1] From *The Inn of Tranquillity*. Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission.

ity, it does not crave the sort that bends the knee to Mystery. In Nature, in Religion, in Art, in Life, the common cry is: "Tell me precisely where I am, what doing, and where going! Let me be free of this fearful untidiness of not knowing all about it!" The favoured religions are always those whose message is most finite. The fashionable professions — they that end us in assured positions. The most popular works of fiction, such as leave nothing to our imagination. And to this craving after prose, who would not be lenient, that has at all known life, with its usual predominance of our lower and less courageous selves, our constant hankering after the cosey closed door and line of least resistance? We are continually begging to be allowed to know for certain; though, if our prayer were granted, and Mystery no longer hovered, made blue the hills, and turned day into night, we should, as surely, wail at once to be delivered of that ghastliness of knowing things for certain!

Now, in Art, I would never quarrel with a certain living writer who demands of it the kind of finality implied in what he calls a "moral discovery" — using, no doubt, the words in their widest sense. I would maintain, however, that such finality is not confined to positively discovering the true conclusion of premises laid down; but that it may also distil gradually, negatively from the whole work, in a moral discovery, as it were, of Author. In other words, that, permeation by an essential point of view, by emanation of author, may so unify and vitalize a work, as to give it all the finality that need be required of Art. For the finality that is requisite to Art, be it positive or negative, is not the finality of dogma, nor the finality of fact, it is ever the finality of feeling — of a spiritual light, subtly gleaned by the spectator out of that queer luminous haze which one man's nature must ever be to others. And herein, incidentally, it is that Art acquires also that quality of mystery, more needful to it even than finality, for the mystery that wraps a work of Art is the mystery of its maker, and the mystery of its maker is the difference between the maker's soul and every other soul.

But let me take an illustration of what I mean by these two kinds of finality that Art may have, and show that in essence they are but two halves of the same thing. The term "a work of Art" will not be denied, I think, to that early novel of M. Anatole France, *Le Lys*

Rouge. Now, that novel has *positive* finality, since the spiritual conclusion from its premises strikes one as true. But neither will the term " a work of Art " be denied to the same writer's four " Bergeret " volumes, whose *negative* finality consists only in the temperamental atmosphere wherein they are soaked. Now, if the theme of *Le Lys Rouge* had been treated by Tolstoy, Meredith, or Turgenev, we should have had spiritual conclusions from the same factual premises so different from M. France's as prunes from prisms, and yet, being the work of equally great artists, they would, doubtless, have struck us as equally true. Is not, then, the positive finality of *Le Lys Rouge*, though expressed in terms of a different craftsmanship, the same, in essence, as the negative finality of the " Bergeret " volumes? Are not both, in fact, merely flower of author true to himself? So long as the scent, colour, form of that flower is strong and fine enough to affect the senses of our spirit, then all the rest, surely, is academic — I would say, immaterial.

But here, in regard to Art, is where mankind at large comes on the field. " ' Flower of author,' " it says, " ' Senses of the spirit! ' Phew! Give me something I can understand! Let me know where I am getting to! " In a word, it wants a finality different from that which Art can give. It will ask the artist, with irritation, what his solution, or his lesson, or his meaning, really is, having omitted to notice that the poor creature has been giving all the meaning that he can, in every sentence. It will demand to know why it was not told definitely what became of Charles or Mary in whom it had grown so interested; and will be almost frightened to learn that the artist knows no more than itself. And if by any chance it be required to dip its mind into a philosophy that does not promise it a defined position both in this world and the next, it will assuredly recoil, and with a certain contempt say: " No, sir! This means nothing to me; and if it means anything to you — which I very much doubt — I am sorry for you! "

It must have facts, and again facts, not only in the present and the past, but in the future. And it demands facts of that, which alone cannot glibly give it facts. It goes on asking facts of Art, or, rather, such facts as Art cannot give — for, after all, even " flower of author " is fact in a sort of way.

Consider for instance, Synge's masterpiece, *The Playboy of the*

Western World! There is flower of author! What is it for mankind at large? An attack on the Irish character! A pretty piece of writing! An amusing farce! Enigmatic cynicism leading nowhere! A puzzling fellow wrote it! Mankind at large has little patience with puzzling fellows.

Few, in fact, want flower of author. Moreover, it is a quality that may well be looked for where it does not exist. To say that the finality which Art requires is merely an enwrapping mood, or flower of author, is not by any means to say that any robust fellow, slamming his notions down in ink, can give us these. Indeed, no! So long as we see the author's proper person in his work, we do not see the flower of him. Let him retreat himself, if he pretend to be an artist. There is no less of subtle skill, no less impersonality in the "Bergeret" volumes than in *Le Lys Rouge*. No less labour and mental torturing went to their making, page by page, in order that they might exhale their perfume of mysterious finality, their withdrawn but implicit judgment. Flower of author is not quite so common as the buttercup, the Californian poppy, or the gay Texan gaillardia, and for that very reason the finality it gives off will never be robust enough for a mankind at large that would have things cut and dried, and labelled in thick letters. For, consider — to take one phase alone of this demand for factual finality — how continual and insistent is the cry for characters than can be worshipped; how intense and persistent the desire to be told that Charles was a real hero; and how bitter the regret that Mary was no better than she should be! Mankind at large wants heroes that are heroes, and heroines that are heroines — and nothing so inappropriate to them as unhappy endings.

Travelling away, I remember, from that Grand Canyon of Arizona were a young man and a young woman, evidently in love. He was sitting very close to her, and reading aloud for her pleasure, from a paper-covered novel, heroically oblivious of us all:

"'Sir Robert,' she murmured, lifting her beauteous eyes, 'I may not tempt you, for you are too dear to me!' Sir Robert held her lovely face between his two strong hands. 'Farewell!' he said, and went out into the night. But something told them both that, when he had fulfilled his duty, Sir Robert would return. . . ." He had not returned before we reached the Junction, but there was finality

about that baronet, and we well knew that he ultimately would. And, long after the sound of that young man's faithful reading had died out of our ears, we meditated on Sir Robert, and compared him with the famous characters of fiction, slowly perceiving that they were none of them so final in their heroism as he. No, none of them reached that apex. For Hamlet was a most unfinished fellow, and Lear extremely violent. Pickwick addicted to punch, and Sam Weller to lying; Bazarof actually a Nihilist, and Irina — ! Levin and Anna, Pierre and Natasha, all of them stormy and unsatisfactory at times. *Un Coeur Simple* nothing but a servant, and an old maid at that; *Saint Julien l'Hospitalier* a sheer fanatic. Colonel Newcome too irritable and too simple altogether. Don Quixote certified insane. Hilda Wangel, Nora, Hedda — Sir Robert would never even have spoken to such baggages! Monsieur Bergeret — an amiable weak thing! D'Artagnan — a true swashbuckler! Tom Jones, Faust, Don Juan — we might not even think of them. And those poor Greeks: Prometheus — shocking rebel. Œdipus — for a long time banished by the Censor. Phaedra and Elektra, not even so virtuous as Mary, who failed of being what she should be! And coming to more familiar persons — Joseph and Moses, David and Elijah all of them lacked his finality of true heroism — none could quite pass muster beside Sir Robert. . . . Long we meditated, and, reflecting that an author must ever be superior to the creatures of his brain, were refreshed to think that there were so many living authors capable of giving birth to Sir Robert; for indeed, Sir Robert and finality like his — no doubtful heroes, no flower of author, and no mystery — is what mankind at large has always wanted from Letters, and will always want.

As truly as that oil and water do not mix, there are two kinds of men. The main cleavage in the whole tale of life is this subtle, all-pervading division of mankind into the man of facts and the man of feeling. And not by what they are or do can they be told one from the other, but just by their attitude toward finality. Fortunately most of us are neither quite the one nor quite the other. But between the pure-blooded of each kind there is real antipathy, far deeper than the antipathies of race, politics, or religion — antipathy that not circumstances, love, good-will, or necessity will ever quite get rid of. Sooner shall the panther agree with the bull than

that other one with the man of facts. There is no bridging the gorge that divides these worlds.

Nor is it so easy to tell, of each, to which world he belongs, as it was to place the lady, who held out her finger over the gorge called Grand Canyon, and said:

"It doesn't look thirteen miles; but they measured it just there! Excuse my pointing!"

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

"STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS"[1]

I DO not know whence the phrase came, nor does it matter, since it has become familiar to us all within the last decade. The stream-of-consciousness novelist is the one who attempts to portray life and character by setting down everything that goes on in his hero's mind; notably all those unimportant and chaotic thought-sequences which occupy our idle or somnolent moments, and to which, in real life, we pay, ourselves, little attention. One of the starkest records of the sort is to be found in the last forty (unpunctuated) pages of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, which give you the slackening processes of a woman's cerebration after she has gone to bed and before she finally goes to sleep.

James Joyce, I need hardly say, did not invent the use of the stream of consciousness in fiction. Dorothy Richardson, if I mistake not, had done some volumes before *Ulysses* began its subway career. Before Dorothy Richardson was Conrad; and before Conrad was Henry James. Henry James, rather than anyone else, may be said to have introduced the method in English fiction. It is only fair to cite the authors who have used it wisely, as well as those who have used it foolishly.

That Henry James began the stream-of-consciousness method in English fiction is proved, I think, by the very basis of the old wor-

[1] From *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Reprinted by permission of the author and the editor.

ship of his prose. Those of us who adored Henry James in the days when such adoration existed, adored him chiefly because he seemed to us to be the only person who had ever recorded the things that go on in the mind *exactly as they go on in the mind.* Only for that reason could anyone adore the later work — *The Spoils of Poynton,* let us say, down to and including *The Golden Bowl.* The people who really loved Conrad — by which I mean the people who loved him early, before the critics had told them to — were usually "Jacobites," people who already adored James. Conrad applied the Jamesean method to exotic new material; and that made a very enticing combination. They were different, the two of them, from all their contemporaries in that they used mental rhythms instead of rhetorical ones — especially Henry James, who, indeed, became so intent on the accuracy of his mental rhythms that he neglected rhetoric entirely, forsaking the forum for the laboratory. That is the whole secret of his "later manner," and his *débâcle* — for rhetoric is merely the art of communicating ideas to an audience, and while no man is rhetorical in solitude, every man is rhetorical as soon as he is with some one else. In *The Finer Grain* and *The Ivory Tower,* James adopted even the syntax of solitary reflection; the stumbling, elliptical, parenthetical, almost unparsable complex of our thoughts. No one, of course, could read them. The Master had gone too far into the jungle. But if you really want "stream of consciousness," there it is.

Conrad presented a slightly different problem to the reader. Henry James was a great novelist; and even at the end he was the ghost of a great novelist. He never forgot, wholly, his architectonics. Conrad, I take it, though he was a great writer, was not habitually a great novelist; and we all remember, we Conradians, how we struggled with his inconvenient structure in *Lord Jim,* in *Nostromo,* in *The Rescue,* as well as in *Almayer's Folly,* and *An Outcast of the Islands.* I sometimes wonder if these folk who are so glib about Conrad have ever read those longer and more chaotic works, which oblige the devotee to be architect as well as reader, detective as well as lover. Conrad, however, grew more lucid, more dramatic, as he went on writing; and *Victory* is a great novel. He became constantly more rhetorical, as James became contantly less so. In the end, Conrad faced his audience,

whereas James eventually turned his back upon it. The stream of consciousness does not dominate "*Victory*."

What these two masters, who cultivated mental rhythms, mind-content, the continuous, involved, and delicate processes of reflection, never forgot, was that the stream of consciousness can be valuable in fiction only if it is dramatic in effect. The things we naturally think, as we sit with folded hands or take a country walk, are interesting to no one unless they bear fruit in action. You can create drama, sitting in your easy-chair, only if you formulate an attitude, make a decision, adopt some opinion which is going to influence your behavior and therefore other people's The mere series of images that passes through your mind as you idly let the law of association work is apt to be quite unimportant, quite uncreative of incident or attitude, even for you. These modern heroes who stand on street corners noting stray dogs, old women, garbage tins, flying newspapers, women's hats, and men's shoes — and taking several pages to it — give us nothing, either of themselves or of drama. Even the content of the hero's mind is not so instructive, illuminating, as the authors think; and we often get chapters which record that content exhaustively, yet leave us quite in the dark as to the hero's character. Much of his reflection on street corners is mere sequence of associations, more or less duplicated by all of us when we stand on street corners. There is likely to be nothing distinguishing or individual in those sequences, and the man does not stand revealed. James and Conrad used the stream of consciousness to determine attitudes: the character's real feeling about the world, his real feeling about the people he was involved with, his gradual determination to do thus and so, rather than otherwise. The stream of consciousness, as employed by them, took you somewhere. The plot progressed while the hero was reflecting. Even in their fullest and most meticulous records, they practised selection, introduced stress and proportion. Details, even the smallest, had their place in a pattern; and all that "consciousness" was made dramatically valuable. For they knew that much of our reflection goes into the discard, is forgotten by ourselves, has no smallest effect on any part of our lives that counts; and that reflection of this sort is not the novelist's business. Nothing is the novelist's business that does not either illumine a character or help on the action. If we are made to live through a significant

mood, well and good; but it cannot have escaped the average reader that many of the moods we are asked to live through at such length are not significant, and that when we have finished our patient perusal, no new figure has been added to our portrait gallery, no new situation to our vicarious experience of life.

* * *

Why do gifted writers go in for the stream of consciousness, one often wonders. Partly, no doubt, because it is the fictional fashion of the moment, and it amuses them to try it. For that reason and no other, surely, could Joseph Hergesheimer forsake the manner of *Java Head* or that of *Balisand* for the manner of *Tampico*. In *Balisand* he uses the method as it should be used, to give us a veritable character and the whole inner drama of a life — as Conrad does in *The End of the Tether*, or Henry James in *In the Cage*. In *Tampico*, we fall into the modern welter. For this famous "stream" is not precisely a stream, and has no epic quality. We start at no source and follow to no destination. It is disturbance, not a flow; its sequences are so tiny and repetitious that it seems static rather than progressive — an eddy in a pool rather than a stream. However, we will keep the famous phrase.

Part of the reason, doubtless, for this popularity among minor authors is the extreme ease of it. Any clever sophomore can do it. His phrases may be less polished or less striking than some of Mr. Anderson's or Mrs. Woolf's or Mr. Hemingway's, but he achieves, in creation of character or of drama, precisely as much as they do. You can do it, I can do it, anyone with a vocabulary and a fountain pen can do it. It is construction, narrative flow, selection, massing, the vivid conceiving of human figures and human fates, that are hard. Asterisks, and loose images, and no syntax, are easy. Telling a story and creating characters are not easy — they never were.

It is not the fashion in *The Saturday Review* to call Sherwood Anderson a minor author; and, indeed, the "intellectuals" in general might take me to task for including him in that group. I do not know just who the intellectuals are, or why; I can neither infallibly name them, nor expound their theories with certitude. I know only that they exist and are articulate, and I take it that it is the intel-

lectuals — or certain bands of them — who praise James Joyce, Sherwood Anderson, Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf, Ernest Hemingway, James Branch Cabell, and — for all I know — Theodore Dreiser. In any case, enough of the intellectuals have praised one or more of these authors to create for them a certain reputation, and, owing to the suggestibility of the wistful public, a measure of almost popular success. Certainly the public would never have taken to "stream of consciousness" if it had not been told that it must; for the stream of consciousness, even in the hands of masters like James and Conrad, was by its nature unpopular; and the dulness of books like *Dark Laughter* and *Mrs. Dalloway* would almost make the comic strips seem amusing. *Balisand*, as I said before, made due use of the method — and I fancy *Balisand* has been less widely read than *Cytherea*, or even *Tampico*, wherein Mr. Hergesheimer let the method run away with him. There must be another reason for the popularity or pseudo-popularity of the stream-of-consciousness authors, for public taste has proved, over and over, inappreciative of the method as such, even when it is cannily employed.

Minor writers, it has just been said, "do" the stream of consciousness partly because it is fashionable at the moment — that, it owes to the critics — and partly because it is easy. It is easy, not simply because it ignores all the problems of art, but because it offers peculiar opportunity for exploiting two universal human tastes — the taste for sentiment and the taste for salacity. "Sex and sqush" is how one critic summed up *Dark Laughter* in my hearing. Sex and sqush (impossible to spell, but easily pronounced), properly proportioned, will make a best-seller any day, and do make most best-sellers. The proportions vary with the authors, and the sales vary with the proportions. In the half-million sales, sentiment usually predominates over sex; in the hundred-thousand sales, there is apt to be more sex than sqush.

* * *

How easily sentiment can be made to dominate the stream of consciousness is plain to see. Heroes and heroines have only to let themselves drift — for they do not have, according to this method, to be active or effectual or dramatic. They can sit and cerebrate, tenderly, diffusely, vaguely, for whole pages, nay, whole chapters.

Sex enters with almost more insidious ease. The American public, like any other public one has ever heard of, has a predilection — not an unmeasured, or an unnatural, or a dangerous, but a merely average, predilection — for salacity. But the English-speaking peoples do not like their pornography straight, they do not even like it frank — they find that disgusting. On the whole, in spite of much that is nowadays preached, the fact is probably creditable to us, for reasons which it would be beside the point to state, here and now. We like our sex heavily mantled in sentiment, and that is the way our most popular authors give it to us. The Harold Bell Wrights and Zane Greys, etc., know also that to sell to news stands and trains, in the basements of department stores as well as in the basements of little book shoppes, they must have action. Accordingly, they furnish it; and the fact that they actually plot their novels, however unplausibly, is to their credit. The stream-of-consciousness writers leave action out, along with other troublesome things. Not that their characters never act; rather, they act spasmodically and unconvincingly and their deeds seem to be committed by mistake in the middle of a dream. The stress is on the turbid course of cerebration, the ebb and flow of the perturbed mind.

Now it is easier for an author to make a character dare all things in his intention or his memory than to make him dare all things in fact; and even the most morbid writers sometimes jib at the *flagrant délit*. The desire is usually more detailed than the accomplishment. Two birds are killed with that stone: it is easier to dwell on thoughts than on deeds; and the susceptibilities of their public are saved. The majority of readers still prefer unclean thought to unclean action, and would rather go on imputing the sin to each frustrate ghost than to be confronted with the physical detail of an achieved infidelity. They get their aphrodisiac — if that is what they want — in what seems to them (God knows why) more delicate form. Particularly when the character wraps his lustful reflections in sentimental verbiage and intimations of universal sorrow. "The tears of things" are also sure-fire. The American public, indeed, can do without sex if it must, but cannot do without sentiment; and occasionally a novel owes its tremendous success to sentiment alone. Such novels, however, are seldom of the "stream-of-consciousness" type.

The intellectuals (that vague but potent crew) would have us

believe that they care especially for style; and indeed they sometimes praise a book which, whether or not it has style, certainly has nothing else. I name no names, for, in my humble way, I, too, care about style, and I seldom agree with the intellectuals about contemporary fiction. If the critics can get the public to read any given book for the sake of style, more power to their elbows, even if the style seems to oneself pretty poor. None of the contemporary stream-of-consciousness novelists so far as I have read them, seem to me to have achieved stylistic distinction. It is not enough to be startling, or to be precious. The only legitimate "shock" in the field of prose is the shock of unexpected truth. An unexpected falsity is not the same. To be successfully precious, on the other hand, one needs more solid learning back of one than any of these authors possesses. Nothing is more distressing than inaccurate preciosity, of which we have a good deal just now. Beauty is not, apparently, the concern of any of them — as it was, perpetually, the concern of Conrad and of James.

* * *

It is inevitable that one should wonder how much the psychology of Freud and Jung has contributed to the general delusion that unselective "stream of consciousness" is literature. A good deal, in all probability. The authors themselves are usually tyros in scientific psychology, and the readers always are. It is not what the average man has learned from Freud and Jung — for he has never, directly, learned anything — but what he thinks he has learned from them that counts, in this matter. Few readers or writers of novels have escaped a hazy sense that, according to the best authorities, repressions are damaging to mental health, and that reflections and impulses which we used to think unimportant may be the most important of all. In fact, that the unfulfilled impulse is, if anything, more revealing, more significant, than the one which is merely acted upon and, you may say, disposed of. The prevalence of such a conviction is bound to result in a redistribution of fictional values, and the complete rewriting of moral tales. Confusion and shamelessness become, respectively, virtues. Either to arrange or to omit might be equivalent to lying to your physician. And it cannot have escaped the novel-reader that his rôle has latterly been reversed.

Once he was in the hands of the author, who proceeded to act upon his imagination, mind, and nerves — the author, in other words, was the creator, and the reader was passive. Now, the reader must do the creating, if any is done; he seems to be the psychiatrist to whom the unfortunate writer is telling everything he knows, in the hope that the welter will mean something to the listening specialist. The author is apparently the patient.

How, on that basis, should style matter, or how can style be looked for when form is ignored? Diction itself cannot bloom irrelevantly outside all context and pattern; back of the briefest phrase there must be an idea larger than the phrase itself. Where there is no general conception there can be no relevance. Heaven knows, in most of this fiction, there is no relevance — to anything. When nothing is forbidden and nothing is demanded, there can be no form. And again, heaven knows, in most stream-of-consciousness fiction, there is none.

One little test of style is very simply applied: memorability. The stream-of-consciousness novelists are notably unmemorable. The devotees of Dorothy Richardson, Sherwood Anderson, Virginia Woolf, the latest Joseph Hergesheimer, the latest Willa Cather, and all the others, never quote, never even cite. They cannot. All they remember is a tone, a mood — and even the tone, the mood, they can only with great difficulty qualify. It is less difficult perhaps with Mr. Anderson than with some of the others, because he occasionally permits himself to record a case of conduct too nauseous to be easily forgotten — like some of the more perverse murders in the daily press. When an admirer praises a writer's prose, yet cannot define, even to the extent of one clear adjective, the nature of that prose, one suspects both praise and prose.

"In Henry James's *The Awkward Age*," an undergraduate once wrote, "there is so little action that the characters hardly rise from their chairs." Quite so. Yet even in *The Awkward Age* characters were revealed, lives were made and broken, by the cerebration that was recorded, the talk that was set down. A profound social conflict was described for the reader. Nanda, Vanderbank, little Aggie, Mitchy — in spite of the James idiom, already breaking down — were, and are, real. It all happened; and one can still shudder at Mrs. Brookenham's mastery in the rôle of destroying

angel. "Let us then also," said Henry James concerning Balzac, "if we see him, in the sacred grove, as our towering idol, see him as gilded thick with so much gold — plated and burnished and bright, in the manner of towering idols. It is for the lighter and looser and poorer among us to be gilded thin!" James would have reserved a peculiar horror, one fancies, for the writers who have reduced his method to absurdity, and replaced his tender precisions with a verbal slush that is sometimes disgusting and always dull. He would not, one is sure, have wanted them — so light and loose and poor — to be gilded at all.

IRWIN EDMAN

PATTERNS FOR THE FREE[1]

A POET," says Thomas Love Peacock, "is a semi-civilized barbarian in a civilized age. The march of his intellect is like that of a crab, backwards." But even men of letters, so often the facile *ignoranti* of their generation, cannot remain long or altogether insensitive to the transformations in thought and in daily life which are making the contours of a new age. Poets breathe the common air; they cannot escape the poison of new ideas, though they may never have heard the name of the most deadly current bacillus. It was to be expected that the work of Darwin and Lyell should eventually find related imaginative utterance in a Hardy or an Anatole France. The laboratory finds its public voices among writers who have never seen a test tube. The new psychology affects novelists who could not identify an intelligence quotient or measure a reaction time.

In the same way it is inevitable that the rumble of industry should have reached even the Ivory Tower. The tumult of cities and the nervous anarchy of a jazz age must necessarily find appropriate voices and adequate patterns. Poets may yearn to move among

[1] From *The Bookman*. Reprinted by permission of the author and the editor.

eternities but the stream of their consciousness is colored with all the deposits of that life which most of them daily live in a mechanized, standardized and urbanized civilization.

The revolts against tradition in literature have too often been explained away as the mere exhibitionism of literary eccentrics or of writers perversely weary of beautiful classic molds. The desire for change is far more plausibly explained by the rise of mechanical science, the spread of industry and the sophistication of psychology than by any merely personal foible of an abstract littérateur.

The revolt against traditional patterns in literature has been parallel with the revolt against traditional patterns in thought and life. In comparison wth the revolution of our ideas concerning God and sex (the most cosmic and the most personal of human experiences), a modification of merely literary conventions may seem altogether trivial. What is a change in a cadence compared with a change in a creed? Mechanical inventions have changed the range and the intimate detail of the lives of most denizens of the planet. A verbal device of a novelist may hope at most to touch the imaginations of thousands; a chemist deals with poison gases that may kill or synthetic foods that may nourish millions. Why, one may well ask, should changes in the patterns of literature merit the attention of those interested in the larger and more serious patterns of our lives? Why should rhetoric become more important than existence?

If changes in literary forms were simply verbal and rhetorical, they would indeed be unimportant. But the revolts in the last fifty years have been expressions of those deeper and more pervasive changes which literature is gradually learning to express. There has been, in the first place, a reaction against the genteel tradition in literature. Writers have wearied of the routine prettiness of a "literary" poetry. They have sickened of the stereotype beauties of a tepid, abstract and elegant world. Time and again in the history of literature the same phenomena have occurred. Writers who have wished to be something more than flutists in words have wanted to give expression to all the possible areas of human thought and emotion. It is precisely this concern with those larger tracts of experience that makes Shakespeare seem to most readers so immeasurably more massive than Racine's tutored rhetoric of his so beauti-

ful, so restricted and so rhetorical a world. Now the moderns, too, wish the scope of literature to be enlarged to permit the expression of that variety of thought and that anarchy of emotion which is coming to seem so peculiarly characteristic of our age. Poets have occasionally sought new forms and devices for their own sakes, and have found in a freshness of rhythm or a strange new trick of dialogue the sheer delight of an original technical beauty. In an imperfect universe any good is a cause for gratitude; and the searchers after novel loveliness ought to be thanked rather than forgiven. But, for the most part, the novelists and poets of the last twenty-five years have been feeling for and working toward new forms for more responsible reasons. They have found the old forms inadequate to express those miscellanies of life hitherto inadmissible to the literature of the genteel tradition.

The pursuit of new forms is thus engendered as part of the interest in a newer subject matter, and a larger one. Contemporary fiction, among its more serious practitioners, is no longer content with that prescribed and gardened terrain, cultivated so exquisitely and tactfully by an Edith Wharton and with such gravity by a Henry James. Their choice and smooth human landscapes now have come to seem meaningless elegant house parties on large enclosed estates shut in by tall trim hedges from the vulgar general life. The novelists, led by Bennett in England, by Lewis in America, have been reaching out among the rich areas of dullness and poverty, of humdrum tragedy and the dull-edged comedy of the common man. They have passed from lawns in Surrey or terraces in Newport to the mean streets and mean souls of middle-class life.

In the place of a poetry "warbling," as Norman Douglas somewhere says "about buttercups," we have a Masters in America, or a Masefield or a Wilfrid Gibson in England to make a music out of the glare and heat and routine of our own omnipresent industrial civilization. The polite blue surfaces of social romance have been ruffled by the uprush of dark passions not hitherto recognized as decent or tolerable materials for fiction. The actual unspoken torments of sex no longer lie veiled in the urbanities of a Howells or a Henry James. The net spiritual result of the recent serious movements in fiction may be suggested by saying that fiction has been bringing into its province whole areas of human concern that the

older generation would have regarded as inelegant or unliterary. Writers as different as James Joyce and Sherwood Anderson have been attempting to bring literature, as Socrates brought philosophy, from the clouds to the haunts of men.

Underlying the appearance of new forms lies thus an interest in wider materials. Literature is no longer to be regarded as the expression of a choice and pretty, but of an authentic and comprehensive cosmos. Dreiser brings the actualities of sex; Lewis brings the actualities of business; Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce and Virginia Woolf bring the misty and turbid recesses of the spirit into the field of literary subject matter. A wider area of the social scene is uncovered, and the novelist cuts deeper into the psychological soil. The outer aspect and the inner ferment have both been more completely and more minutely studied. It has come to seem a little tepid to be interested in writing merely as a subtle working in curious and irrelevant jewels. The adult artist is beginning to recognize that to write, if one is not merely to hum, is to write about something, and that writing is ultimately rendered great by the weight and poignancy of what it says and represents. Sinclair Lewis is impressive perhaps chiefly because he renders so bitterly and unmistakably the portrait of a futile civilization; Sherwood Anderson, because he follows so sincerely the inner stream of lost and reaching souls.

The interest in the enlargement of subject matter, if it has led to the search for new forms, has been partially eclipsed in interest by these forms. There are many reasons why an artist may come to be fascinated by new forms for their own sake. One of them arises from his awareness of a wider content than the older forms have embodied. The artist may feel that the formal rhythms and the stereotyped vocabulary of the older poetry, the objective and materialistic photography of fiction are inadequate to represent those wide tracts of experience and those fine *nuances* of feeling which are the business of a responsible modern intelligence. Or the interest in new forms may be the characteristic delight of the virtuoso in experiment, the abstracted pleasure of the technician in an unprecedented handling of words.

The arguments for experiments in verse forms are by this time familiar, and the experiments by this time dull. We have ceased to

hear of late of the slavery of rime and the strait-jacket of the formal meters. We have tired a little of puny imitators of Whitman's roaring freedom. But the tinkling and the controversy have left a net deposit that is all to the health of English verse. The disciples of free verse wished to remove poetry from the character of a formal ballet at a court function. They wished it to be the spontaneous song of a democratic and miscellaneous world. They have been more spontaneous than singing, and they have often widened the area of poetic materials without making that material into music. But their intention was generous and their effect salutary. Now that the heat of rebellion has died down, we know that the revolt against standard forms has been a little silly. Milton uses a thousand forms of blank verse in a thousand lines, and in the hands of a master, even the jeered heroic couplet may become a singing of endless variety; rime may become a subtle and pliable instrument of iteration and psychological echo.

The net effect of the revolt in poetry has been to release poets from the conventions of the poetasters and render them free voices of whatever of passion and intelligence they are provoked to in their life in the contemporary world. It may be a generation yet before the atmosphere of the modern mind becomes sufficiently pervasive to touch even poets. It was several hundred years after naturalism started in Greece that Lucretius appeared in Rome to translate the science of a free spirit into music. But intelligence is becoming domestic in modern verse. Miss Millay treats love and E. A. Robinson treats failure and success with an unremitting ironic intelligence that is the very tincture of its time, and they sing in forms too beautiful to date. Other poets are learning from them that the free mind is not doomed to flee even beauty. All forms, the sonnet included, are free, so only that they are subdued to the articulate intention of an authentic emotion and an honest mind. An artist will find forms to fit his moods, and his moods may eventually be magnificent enough to match the wide canvas of possible human settings, and the subtilized organ of possible human passions. Only those enslaved to rebellion will say that free verse is the sole adequate instrument for a free poet. It is striking that Edwin Arlington Robinson, in many ways the most emancipated in temper and the most magnificent in reach of contemporary poets, has found in the ancient

and austere pattern of the sonnet a suitable instrument for the singing of imaginative depths and freedom.

In the case of fiction there have been reasons far more serious than those of the virtuoso why new forms have been sought and found. James Joyce, more intelligibly and availably, Virginia Woolf, and, to some degree, May Sinclair have contrived to throw into suspicion the objective realism of Galsworthy, Bennett and Wells. Their method in fiction is indirectly — in the case of May Sinclair, fairly directly — the fruit of the new psychology and of the more recent philosophies.

From the new psychology these writers and many others have learnt the cardinal fact, known though not formulated by the common man, that people's behavior is as much determined by the things they do not think about as by the things about which they consciously do think. From philosophies new and old they have learnt that what is " really real " is what happens in, or to, a man's consciousness; that the objective world dissolves in fact and in analysis to what it is as experienced in the living stream that is a person's thought or emotion. D. H. Lawrence has tried and succeeded, despite all his turbid falterings, in making clear or at least phosphorescent what happens in the dark forest of the troubled subconscious self. James Joyce and Virginia Woolf have tried to reveal what the world is through and in the minds of those to whom it appears in broken flashes and intermingling echoes. The older method that revealed character in action and action in terms of doors and windows, tables and chairs, the meat, potatoes and furniture of our daily lives, has come to seem unconvincing. It has, moreover, come to seem irrelevant to those novelists and those readers interested in the most primary of all realities, a man's soul. The new psychological method in fiction (a method, by the way, as old as Chekhov and Dostoievsky) is not a mere playful variation in form. It amounts to little short of a revolution in the fictionist's approach to life and his conception of the content of narrative literature.

The way in which, as the psychologists say, we apperceive our world is largely a matter of habit. And we are certainly habituated to the older method in fiction. Even the receptive find James Joyce as difficult as he is impressive. Our minds, as Bergson long ago

suggested, are geometrized. We see life in fixities, in the routine categories of mechanism and of logic.

The sane man, it has been said, holds a lunatic in leash. And that poignant madness that lies simmering in the interior of many lives, outwardly sensible and polite, is only now being uttered in its native idiom by writers like May Sinclair, Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. That idiom of the basic hum and simmer of our lives, those glimpses of terrifying and real abysses, of haunting and ugly echoes, of thunderclaps of beauty arising suddenly in the midst of obscure reveries: these are surprising and terrible things. They fit into no usual codes and into no hitherto outspoken grammars of emotion. We are inclined to find them unintelligible or horrible or absurd. It will require many years of training to understand these new fluent languages by which novelists are trying to introduce us to the sobbing and staccato current of ourselves.

Dr. Johnson long ago pounded his walking stick testily on the pavement and thought that thus he had refuted Berkeley's conviction that the world was merely our ideas and perceptions. Many critics of these newer novelists bang, too, on the pavement or on their own heads and insist that these hard things alone are realities, and that only the stiff objective language and method of the older fiction is intelligible. The newer novelists are trying to find patterns that will free us to look keenly at ourselves. These patterns in fiction are not yet found. But these writers are pointing the way toward an art that will be as lucid and succinct and intelligible as the old, and will speak more eloquently and fully to man of his own unpetrified soul.

STUART P. SHERMAN

ON FALLING IN LOVE [1]

My quarrel with the Dreiser-Hecht school of monoptic novelists and with the Menckenian school of monoptic critics is not that they fail to see sharply but that they are stone blind of one eye, and that they tend to transmit this monoptic peculiarity to all their literary posterity. I have professed my admiration for the intensity of their limited vision. They see very well the turmoil of instinctive and passional life which seethes beneath the surface of civilized and moralized life. Their disclosures of the subconventional welter have the value for us of all explorations of dark continents. I accept many of their conclusions about the obscure territory which they have traversed. I think, for example, that they are probably right in representing the subconventional relationships of the mass of human beings as almost indescribably lustful and hateful.

It is only when they begin to reason about the value of the subconventional life as compared with the civilized and moralized life that they appear to me to be afflicted with blindness. Having demonstrated, very ably demonstrated, that the subconventional life is lustful and hateful, they next proceed to argue that it alone is "real." If there is a logical connection, I miss it. The argument affects me as fantastic: it is as if an arctic explorer, having proved that the cold of the polar regions is almost incredibly painful, should proceed to argue that Prince Patrick Island is the only fit place to live, and that London, Paris, and New York are phantasmagorial. My faith is weak: I have never been able to think of New York, or even of Chicago, as a dream-city.

Yet the moment the monoptic naturalists begin to discuss the moral world, they take just that line: they insist that the moral world is so unreal as to be virtually non-existent — at the same time howling at the thorns which it thrusts into them. The as-

[1] From *Points of View*. Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission.

sumption of practically all the insurgents against custom, convention, and morality is that every man who takes a customary, conventional, or moral attitude is a hypocrite, and that every man who doesn't abandon such attitudes is a coward and essentially a moral phantom.

The now popular but profoundly erroneous notion underlying their mental processes is this: that no man can express himself hotly and sincerely through any form of action or through any form of words which has ever been employed before. It is an extension of the attack on the verbal *cliché* to the entire fabric of approved and applauded values which we call civilization. A Hebrew singer smites his harp and sings: "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord." That is all right; probably he meant it. Some thousands of years later I write in my diary: "*De profundis clamavi.*" That is a *cliché*. When I repeated that trite form, I meant nothing, I felt nothing. Jacob clove to Rachel. All right; probably he liked her. Jones cleaves to Mrs. Jones. All wrong; doubtless he hates her. Dumas created the three musketeers. All right; a bright idea. A Scotch writer describes the search for hidden treasure. All wrong; paste and scissors.

In some such fashion as this many a good man's reputation for being alive has been destroyed or seriously damaged. A very pretty case is that of R. L. Stevenson. I am one of the old fogies, past forty, who are not ashamed to acknowledge that they have preserved their "illusion" about Stevenson, in spite of everything that Henley and the surviving members of the Stevenson family and old Edinburgh gossips have done to smash his image. The illusion of my youth about Stevenson was this: that he was one of the most accomplished and versatile artists of the later nineteenth century — that he could play every instrument in the band, and most of them with a degree of skill beyond the reach of his detractors.

On Mr. Scribner's recent republication of his verse and his short stories in two comprehensive volumes, I tried him again where he is often said to be weakest, as a poet. I record here without shame that I can't get through the poems today without feeling once more some such emotional perturbation as caused me many years ago, after standing for a few minutes before Saint-Gaudens' memorial on the wall of St. Giles in Edinburgh, to walk abruptly aside from my companions into a duskier aisle of the church. The lilt of the

voice, the essence and sting, the authentic bite of the personality are there. The fiddling, dancing, preaching, flute-playing, play-acting, ever-various Stevensonian personality, the Scotch Presbyterian in his French velveteen jacket is there; and he is the man that we loved.

Now the grand business of monoptic naturalistic criticism is to prove that there never was any such personality as convulses my diaphragm. The creature whose memory, mixed with the music of the organ in St. Giles, leads me weeping up the Samoan mountain to the rock-hewn tomb under the southern skies never existed. The "real Stevenson," I am assured, was a wretched, pallid, rakehelly, tuberculous fellow, so shambling, disreputable, ill-kept, and dirty that one would be rather ashamed to be seen on the street with him. Naturalistic criticism establishes that such was the "real" man. Next, naturalistic criticism searches for this tuberculous weevil in the prose and poetry of "R. L. S.; is obliged to report that, except for a rare blood spot or so, he is not there; regretfully — O, so regretfully — announces that Stevenson the writer was a "sham," a "poser." This naturalistic attack had begun even before his death, and the family made merry over it in Vailima: "To carry a brave front though your heart quaked was a pose; to live up to your better nature was a pose; and Louis made us all laugh by saying earnestly, in short, everybody who tries to do right is a hypocrite!"

To continue for a moment with our example: I do not contend that the picture of a pallid, rakehelly, tuberculous, shambling, disreputable Stevenson is false, so far as it goes. There is quite a bit of evidence and an abundance of gossip to the effect that there was such a Stevenson. What we old fogies contend is merely that this Stevenson was collected by a man with one eye. We contend also that there is nothing in the collection that seems more real or more valuable than what we discovered with an eye on the other side of our heads. The best-equipped heads have two eyes; but if some curious religious impulse urges the critic to pluck out one eye, we old fogies think it betrays a perverted judgment always to pluck out the right eye.

When only the left eye is preserved, criticism functions with the monotonous inevitability of predestination in some such fashion as this.

Hamlet exclaims in one place that man is a remarkable piece of work: "how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! . . . in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God." But on another occasion Hamlet says: "I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things it were better my mother had not borne me. . . . What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven, we are arrant knaves all; believe none of us." The first speech is windy rhodomontade; in the second, we see the "real" Hamlet.

Tennyson wrote *Idylls of the King*, but in his off hours he smoked infinite tobacco and relieved his mind by relating Rabelaisian anecdote. The author of *Idylls of the King* was a Victorian hypocrite. The "real" Tennyson was a Rabelaisian.

Dr. Kennicott in *Main Street* says, "A fellow ought to go to church — keeps him in touch with the higher things!" but Dr. Kennicott slips down the street and spends the evening with Maud Dyer. The speaker was a hypocritical Puritan. The "real" man went down the street to Maud Dyer.

One of our sweethearts of the stage sings her love lyrics, touching every section of the audience with the caress of her eyes, and in a flight of wafted kisses vanishes behind the scenes, where she explodes in shrewish curses at the man who has dropped the curtain a quarter of a second too soon. On the stage, the actress: off the stage, the "real" woman.

Two young fellows entertain a starchy and correct elderly man before their fire. After some hours of serious talk, the elderly man withdraws. As the door closes behind him, one of the young chaps eases himself in the chair, stretches out his legs, yawns, and says: "Now, let's talk smut." The first part of the evening was passed in an uncomfortable illusion; the second part, amid the "realities of life."

The old-fashioned poets inspect their dreams and paint a woman as the object of every man's desire. But the naturalistic novelists see her and paint her as she "really" is. They see her losing her temper, see her dowdy and with a smirched face, see her sick at the stomach, see her mean and cattish and sulky. A husband with a restless wife should say to her lover: "Here, take her and keep her for two years, and you will be as little enchanted with her as I am."

The poets are professional liars. The novelists at last are giving us the "truth" about the great romantic humbug.

Such is the procedure of monoptic naturalistic criticism.

Now let us re-examine our last case — with two eyes, if we possess them. What is the real truth about falling in love? Is that object which commands the adoration of a young man's heart a mere brain-begotten fantasy of his own? By no means. What one falls in love with is, in most cases, "real" enough, what there is of it. But what one falls in love with is only a careful *selection* from the miscellaneous qualities possessed by the beloved person. The romantic passion of youth is monoptic. It is bred of occasional meetings, of prearranged contacts, of intercourse in agreeable settings, under favorable lights, with the two actors bringing to each other the best of their gayety, the choicest extracts of their talk, the distilled cup of their emotions, the flower of their personalities, all heightened a bit in value by the intoxication of young kisses and embraces, yet it is all substantial; that with which we fall in love is real enough.

Yet in so far as these romantic youths are love-worthy persons, they are artists scrupulously employing their available means to produce a preconceived effect, namely, to appear lovable. They are acting a part — one of the several parts which they act; and perhaps they are doing it very well indeed. Perhaps they are throwing themselves so earnestly into their part that they conceive themselves to be essentially and mainly lovers, when, as a matter of fact, they are essentially and mainly a real estate agent and a cook, an egotistical novelist and a pianist, a financier and a female athlete, or a professor and a semi-professional bridge player. Presently they neglect their make-up and forget their cues. They stop acting. They slip back into their main business. They lapse to the level of their natural instincts and emotions. And the moment they begin to be entirely natural, they begin to bore each other; they begin to fall in hate. They look at each other with monoptic naturalistic gaze: and they fall in hate with a careful selection of the hateful qualities possessed by — by all men and women.

I have known in the entire course of my life perhaps half a dozen men and women who were invariably charming, the very sight of whom rejoiced and refreshed any company in which they appeared.

They have a natural genius for being charming, no doubt; but they have something more than that. They have a delight in practising the fine art of charm; they understand the technique of charm; they have drilled themselves in the expression of charm, till they are accomplished artists, as incapable of a false note in personal relations as Paderewski is incapable of striking the wrong note at the piano. Do they never feel headache, melancholy, exasperation, fatigue, wrath? They are human: I am sure they do. But they are finished and highly conscientious performers in the art of life; and one never catches them out. Their "pose" seems effortless now. It seems to spring from a vital principle of their being. Whatever they do, whatever they say, gives delight, because the welter of their subconventional instincts and emotions finds no outlet except through beautiful forms.

When I think of these charming persons, I wish to write an essay in defense of "posing." It is very clear, in the light furnished by the psychoanalysts and the naturalistic novelists — it is very clear that whenever we have been decently agreeable to one another for an hour at a time we have been posing — we have been acting a part, and we are a little fatigued when it is over. There is work in it. There is real work done when a lady accepts with effusive joy an invitation to a dinner, which she tells her husband five minutes later that she would "rather die than attend."

Nature does so little for us. Nature does not even teach us how to walk or to speak or to eat in a fashion which is not repulsive to civilized society. Military training and the dancing master and the singing teacher and the *mater familias* have to stand over us with a stick for the first eighteen years of our lives to take the natural curvature out of our spines, the shamble from our gaits, the squeak and snuffle from our voices, the cormorant from our table manners, before we are even physically fit subjects for any but the most indulgent scrutiny. No one who has ever been a parent but remembers how he longed for the time when his child would begin to "pose" as one who liked to have his face clean and his hair brushed. Eventually, one feels fairly sure that the child will like the part, and will keep his face clean and his hair brushed for the rest of his life, and will even add to these acquired graces daily manicure and shaving; but no analyst of human nature pretends that a well-

groomed man is a sincere expression of the subconventional welter of instincts and emotions. He is the laborious triumph of art over nature.

All the world that is capable of ministering delight to any discriminating sense is a stage; and all the men and women, from pope to peasant, who do anything distinguished on this stage are merely actors. Why insult the bad actors by calling them hypocrites? A hypocrite is a man who has been cast for a part to which he is unsuited, and who consequently fails to identify himself with it. The sincere and successful actor is the one wise enough and fortunate enough to choose out of all the rôles open to him that which he likes the best, or those which he likes the best; and who then devotes himself with ardor to the perfection of his rôles. All that he possesses of virtue and power and passion and personality — practically all of it, if he is a great actor — he finds means and occasions for using and expressing through his art. What remains — the dross and debris of his days — he destroys, if he can, as valueless; or if he is negligent about his rubbish, he leaves it as a rich legacy to some monoptic naturalistic biographer to be dished up after his death as the "real" man.

As I draw towards the conclusion of this meditation, my mind reverts to its starting point; and I ask myself quite simply the question: "Why do lovers fall out of love?" And now the reason has become as clear as daylight: They fall out of love because they grow too lazy to act their part. Pleased with my progress in discovery, I proceed to another question. I ask myself quite simply why the Dreiser-Hecht school of naturalistic or monoptic fiction and the Menckenian school of naturalistic or monoptic criticism are at the present time enjoying such wide popularity among our young people. And once more the reason is as clear as daylight: The monoptic or naturalistic vision and criticism of life are enjoying wide popularity because they are tremendously flattering to the performance of bad actors; they are tremendously flattering to the lazy men and women who are out of their part; they confer a sense of superiority upon that indolent and inferior portion of mankind which slips and slumps from the great stage which tests a man's art back into the subconventional, formless, unchanneled turmoil of instinct and passion.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE AMERICAN TRADITION[1]

I REMEMBER a talk in Dublin with an Irish writer whose English prose has adorned our period. It was 1918, and the eve of forced conscription, and his indignation with English policy was intense. "I will give up their language," he said, "all except Shakespeare. I will write only Gaelic." Unfortunately, he could read Gaelic much better than he could write it. In his heart, indeed, he knew how mad he would have been to give up the only literary tradition which, thanks to language, could be his own; and in a calmer mood since he has enriched that tradition with admirable translations from the Irish. He was suffering from a mild case of Anglomania.

Who is the real Anglomaniac in America? Not the now sufficiently discredited individual with a monocle and a pseudo-Oxford accent, who tries to be more English than the English. Not the more subtly dangerous American who refers his tastes, his enthusiasms, his culture, and the prestige of his compatriots to an English test before he dare assert them. The real Anglomaniac is the American who tries to be less English than his own American tradition. He is the man who is obsessed with the fear of "Anglo-Saxon domination."

How many Anglomaniacs by this definition are at large in America each reader may judge for himself. Personally, I find them extraordinarily numerous, and of so many varieties, from the mere borrower of opinions to the deeply convinced zealot, that it seems wiser to analyze Anglomania than to discuss the various types that possess it. And in this analysis let us exclude from the beginning such very real, but temporary, grievances against the English as spring from Irish oppressions, trade rivalries, or the provocations which always arise between allies in war. All such causes of anti-

[1] From *Definitions: First Series,* by Henry S. Canby. Copyright, 1922, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission.

English and anti-" Anglo-Saxon " sentiment belong in a different category from the underlying motives which I propose to discuss.

These new Anglomaniacs, with their talk of Anglo-Saxon domination, cannot mean English domination. That would be absurd, although even absurdities are current coin in restless years like these. At least one Irishman of my acquaintance *knows* that King George cabled Wilson to bring America into the war, and that until that cable came Wilson dared not act. I can conceive of an English influence upon literature that is worth attacking, and also worth defending. I can conceive of a far less important English influence upon our social customs. But in neither case, domination. That England dominates our finance, our industry, our politics, is just now, especially, the suspicion of a paranoiac, or the idea of an ignoramus.

" Anglo-Saxon domination," even in an anti-British meeting, cannot and does not mean English domination; it can mean only control of America by the so-called " Anglo-Saxon " element in our population. The quarrel is local, not international. The " Anglo-Saxon " three thousand miles away who cannot hit back is a scapegoat, a whipping boy for the so-called " Anglo-Saxon " American at home.

What is an " Anglo-Saxon " American? Presumably he is the person familiar in " want " advertisements: " American family wants boarder for the summer. References exchanged." But this does not help us much. He is certainly not English. Nothing is better established than the admixture of bloods since the earliest days of our nationality. That I, myself, for example, have ancestral portions of French, German, Welsh, and Scotch, as well as English blood in my veins, makes me, by any historical test, characteristically more rather than less American. Race, indeed. within very broad limits, is utterly different from nationality, and it is usually many, many centuries before the two become even approximately identical. The culture I have inherited, the political ideals I live by, the literature which is my own, most of all the language that I speak, are far more important than the ultimate race or races I stem from, obviously more important, since in thousands of good Americans it is impossible to determine what races have gone to their making. There is no such thing as an " Anglo-Saxon " American — and so few English Americans that they are nationally insignificant.

An American with a strong national individuality there certainly is, and it is true that his traditions, irrespective of the race of his forbears, are mainly English; from England he drew his political and social habits, his moral ideas, his literature, and his language. This does not make him a " slave to England," as our most recent propagandists would have it; it does not put him in England's debt. We owe no debt to England. Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and ourselves are deeply in debt to our intellectual, our spiritual, our æsthetic ancestors who were the moulders of English history and English thought, the interpreters of English emotion, the masters of the developing English *mores* that became our *mores*, and have since continued evolution with a difference. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton, Wycliffe, Bunyan, Fox, and Wesley, Elizabeth, Cromwell, and the great Whigs, these made the only tradition that can be called Anglo-Saxon, and if we have an American tradition, as we assuredly have, here are its roots. This is our " Anglo-Saxon domination."

But if the roots of this tradition are English, its trunk is thoroughly American, seasoned and developed through two centuries of specifically American history. As we know it to-day it is no longer " Anglo-Saxon," it is as American as our cities, our soil, our accent upon English. If we are going to discuss " domination " let us be accurate and speak of the domination of American tradition. It is against the American tradition that the new Anglomaniac actually protests.

Dominating this American tradition is, dominating, almost tyrannical, for one reason only, but that a strong one, a fact not a convention, a factor, not a mere influence — dominating because of the English language.

In our century language has become once again as powerful as in the Roman Empire — and its effects, thanks to printing and easy transportation, are far more quickly attained. Hordes from all over Europe have swarmed into the domain of English. They have come to a country where the new language was indispensable. They have learned it, or their children have learned it. English has become their means of communication with their neighbors, with business, with the State. Sooner or later even the news of Europe has come to them through English, and sometimes un-

willingly, but more often unconsciously, they have come under the American, the real " Anglo-Saxon " domination.

For a language, of course, is more than words. It is a body of literature, it is a method of thinking, it is a definition of emotions, it is the exponent and the symbol of a civilization. You cannot adopt English without adapting yourself in some measure to the English, or the Anglo-American tradition. You cannot adopt English political words, English literary words, English religious words, the terms of sport or ethics, without in some measure remaking your mind on a new model. If you fail or refuse, your child will not. He is forcibly made an American, in ideas at least, and chiefly by language.

I submit that it is impossible for an alien *thoroughly* to absorb and understand Lincoln's *Gettysburg Speech* or Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* without working a slight but perceptible transformation in the brain, without making himself an heir of a measure of English tradition. And the impact of English as a spoken tongue, and the influence of its literature as the only read literature, are great beyond ordinary conception. Communities where a foreign language is read or spoken only delay the process, they cannot stop it.

The foreigner, it is true, has modified the English language precisely as he has modified the American tradition. Continental Europe is audible in the American tongue, as it is evident in the American mind; but it is like the English or the Spanish touch upon the Gothic style in architecture — there is modification, but not fundamental change.

Many a foreign-born American has been restless under this domination. The letters and memoirs of the French immigrants from revolutionary France express discomfort freely. The Germans of '48, themselves the bearers of a high civilization, have often confessed an unwilling assimilation. The Germans of earlier migrations herded apart like the later Scandinavians, in part to avoid the tyranny of tongue.

Imagine a German coming here in early manhood. His tradition is not English; he owes nothing to a contemporary England that he but dimly knows. Speaking English, perhaps only English, he grows impatient with a tongue every concept of which has an English coloring. The dominance of the language, and especially of its literature, irks him. He no longer wants to think as a German; he

wants to think as an American; but the medium of his thought must be English. His anger often enough goes out against English history, English literature. He is easily irritated by England. But it is the American past that binds and is converting him. Such consciousness of the power of environment is perhaps rare, but the fact is common. In our few centuries of history millions have been broken into English, with all that implies. Millions have experienced the inevitable discomfort of a foreign tradition which makes alien their fatherlands, and strangers of their children. This is an " Anglo-Saxon " domination. But it is useless to struggle against it.

There is a similar discomfort among certain American authors, especially just now, when, for the first time since the Civil War and the materialism that succeeded it, we are finding our national self once again in literature. Mr. Mencken and Mr. Dreiser have vigorously expressed this annoyance with American tradition. They wish to break with it — at least Mr. Dreiser does — break with it morally, spiritually, æsthetically. Let the dotards, he says, bury their dead.

Mr. Mencken wishes to drive us out of Colonialism. He says that Longfellow has had his day, and that it is time to stop imitating Addison, time to be ashamed of aping Stevenson, Kipling, or John Masefield. He is right.

But when it comes to disowning English literature and the past of American literature (as many a writer directly or by implication would have us) in order to become one hundred per cent American, let us first take breath long enough to reflect that, first, such a madcap career is eminently undesirable, and, second, utterly impossible. It is a literature which by general admission is now the richest and most liberal in the world of living speech. English is a tongue less sonorous than Italian, less fine than French, less homely than German, but more expressive, more flexible, than these and all others. Its syntax imposes no burdens, its traditions are weighty only upon the vulgar and the bizarre. Without its literary history, American literature in general, and usually in particular, is not to be understood. That we have sprung from a Puritanical loin, and been nourished in the past from the breast of Victorianism, is obvious. In this we have been not too much, but too narrowly, English. We have read Tennyson when it might have been better to have read Shakespeare or Chaucer. But to wish to break with English liter-

ature in order to become altogether American is like desiring to invent an entirely new kind of clothes. I shall not give up trousers because my fourth great-grandfather, who was a Yorkshireman, wore them, and his pattern no longer fits my different contour. I shall make me a pair better suiting my own shanks — yet they shall still be trousers. But in any case, language binds us.

Indeed, in this welter of newcomers here in America, whose children learn, read, write only English, the tradition of Anglo-American literature is all that holds us by a thread above chaos. If we could all be made to speak German, or Italian, or Spanish, there would be cause, but no excuse, for an attempted revolution. But English is dominant here and will remain so. Could we hope to make an American literary language without dependence on English literature, a protective tariff on home-made writing, or an embargo against books more than a year old, or imported from across the Atlantic, would be worth trying; but the attempts so far are not encouraging. This has not been the way in the past by which original literatures have been made. They have sucked nourishment where it could best be found, and grown great from the strength that good food gave them.

One can sympathize with the desire to nationalize our literature at all costs; and can understand lashings out at the tyranny of literary prestige which England still exercises. But the real question is: shall the English of Americans be good English or bad English; shall a good tradition safeguard change and experiment, or shall we have chaotic vulgarity like the Low Latin of the late Roman Empire?

The truth is that our language *is* tradition, for it holds tradition in solution like iron in wine. And here lie the secret and the power of American, "Anglo-Saxon" domination.

What is to be done about it? Shall anything be done about it? The Anglomaniac is helpless before the fact of language. The most he can do is to attack, and uproot if he can, the American tradition.

There is nothing sacrosanct in this American tradition. Like all traditions it is stiff, it will clasp, if we allow it, the future in the dead hand of precedent. It can be used by the designing to block progress. But as traditions go it is not conservative. Radicalism, indeed, is its child. Political and religious radicalism brought the Pilgrims to New England, the Quakers to Pennsylvania; political

and economic radicalism made the Revolution against the will of American conservatives; political and social radicalism made the Civil War inevitable and gave it moral earnestness. Radicalism, whether you like it or not, is much more American than what some people mean by " Americanism " to-day. And its bitterest opponents in our times would quite certainly have become Nova Scotian exiles if they had been alive and likeminded in 1783.

Nor is this American tradition impeccable in the political ideas, the literary ideals, the social customs it has given us. We must admit a rampant individualism in our political practices which is in the very best Anglo-American tradition, and yet by no means favorable to coöperative government. We admit also more Puritanism in our standard literature than art can well digest; and more sentiment than is good for us; nor is it probable that the traditions and the conventions which govern American family life are superior to their European equivalents. We should welcome (I do not say that we do) liberalizing, broadening, enriching influences from other traditions. And whether we have welcomed them or not, they have come, and to our great benefit. But to graft upon the plant is different from trying to pull up the roots.

We want better arguments than the fear of " Anglo-Saxon " domination before the root-pulling begins. We wish to know what is to be planted. We desire to be convinced that the virtue has gone out of the old stock. We want examples of civilized nations that have profited by borrowing traditions wholesale, or by inventing them. We wish to know if a cultural, a literary *sans-culottism* is possible, except with chaos as a goal. Most of all, we expect to fight for and to hold our Anglo-American heritage.

It is not surprising that discontent with our own ultimately English tradition has expressed itself by a kind of Freudian transformation in anti-English sentiment. Every vigorous nation strains and struggles with its tradition, like a growing boy with his clothes, and this is particularly true of new nations with old traditions behind them. Our pains are growing pains — a malady we have suffered from since the early eighteenth century at the latest. Tradition, our own tradition, pinches us; but you cannot punch tradition for pinching you, or call it names to its face, especially if it proves to be your father's tradition, or your next-door neighbor's. There-

fore, since that now dim day when the Colonies acquired a self-consciousness of their own, many good Americans have chosen England and the English to symbolize whatever irked them in their own tradition. It is from England and the English that we have felt ourselves growing away, from which we had to grow away in order to be ourselves and not a shadow — imitators, second-bests, Colonials. England and the English have had our vituperation whenever the need to be American has been greatest. And when an English government like Palmerston's or Salisbury's, or Lloyd George's, offends some group or race among us, a lurking need to assert our individuality, or prove that we are not Colonials, leads thousands more to join in giving the lion's tail an extra twist.

This may be unfortunate, but it argues curiously enough respect and affection rather than the reverse, and it is very human. It is a fact, like growing, and is likely to continue until we are fully grown. It will reassert itself vehemently until upon our English tradition we shall have built an American civilization as definitely crystallized, a literature as rich and self-sufficing, as that of France and England to-day. Three quarters of our national genius went into the creating of our political system. Three quarters of our national genius since has gone into the erecting of our economic system. Here we are independent — and thick-skinned. But a national civilization and a national literature take more time to complete.

Cool minds were prepared for a little tail-twisting after the Great War, even though they could not foresee the unfortunate Irish situation in which a British government seemed determined to make itself as un-English as possible. If there had not been the patriotic urge to assert our essential Americanism more strongly than ever, there still would have been a reaction against all the pledging and the handshaking, the pother about blood and water, the purple patches in every newspaper asserting Anglo-Saxonism against the world. I remember my own nervousness when, in 1918, after the best part of a year in England, in England's darkest days, I came back full of admiration for the pluck of all England and the enlightenment of her best minds in the great struggle, to hear men who knew little of England orating of enduring friendship, and to read writers who had merely read of England, descanting of her virtues. I felt, and many felt, that excess of ignorant laudation

which spells certain reaction into ignorant dispraise. No wonder that Americans whose parents happened to be Germans, Italians, Jews, or Irish grew weary of hearing of the essential virtues of the Anglo-Saxon race. There never was such a race. It was not even English blood, but English institutions that created America; but Liberty Loan orators had no time to make fine distinctions of that kind. They talked, and even while the cheers were ringing and the money rolled in dissent raised its tiny head.

Dissent was to be expected; antagonism against a tradition made by English minds and perpetuated in English was natural after a war in which not merely nationalism, but also every racial instinct, has been quickened and made sensitive. But *tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*, is only partly true in this instance. We should understand, and be tolerant with, the strainings against tradition of folk to whom it is still partly alien; we should diagnose our own growing pains and not take them too seriously. Nevertheless, the better more violent movements of race and national prejudice are understood, the less readily can they be pardoned, if by pardon one means easy tolerance.

It is not inconceivable that we shall have to face squarely a split between those who prefer the American tradition and those who do not, although where the cleavage line would run, whether between races or classes, is past guessing. There are among us apparently men and women who would risk wars, external or internal, in order to hasten the discordant day; although just what they expect as a result, whether an Irish-German state organized by German efficiency and officered by gradutes of Tammany Hall, or a pseudo-Russian communism, is not yet clear. In any case, the time is near when whoever calls himself American will have to take his stand and do more thinking, perhaps, than was necessary in 1917. He will need to know what tradition is, what his own consists of, and what he would do without it. He will need especially to rid himself of such simple and fallacious ideas as that what was good enough for his grandfather is good enough for him; or that, as some of our more reputable newspapers profess to think, the Constitution has taken the place once held by the Bible, and contains the whole duty of man and all that is necessary for his welfare. He will need to think less of one hundred per cent Americanism, which, as it is com-

monly used, means not to think at all, and more of how he himself is moulding American tradition for the generation that is to follow. If he is not to be a pawn merely in the struggle for American unity, he must think more clearly and deeply than has been his habit in the past.

But whatever happens in America (and after the sad experiences of prophets in the period of war and reconstruction, who would prophesy?), let us cease abusing England whenever we have indigestion in our own body politic. It is seemingly inevitable that the writers of vindictive editorials should know little more of England as she is to-day than of Russia or the Chinese Republic; inevitable, apparently, that for them the Irish Policy of the Tory group in Parliament, Indian unrest, and Lloyd George, are all that one needs to know about a country whose liberal experiments in industrial democracy since the war, and whose courage in reconstruction, may well make us hesitate in dispraise. But it is not inevitable that Americans who are neither headline and editorial writers, nor impassioned orators, regardless of facts, should continue to damn the English because their ancestors and ours founded America.

ANONYMOUS

MAKE-BELIEVE[1]

By Clare Sheridan

THE only hope for the reader of Mrs. Sheridan's new novel is to turn the reading of it into a veritable game of make-believe. One can ask himself how Miss Rose Macaulay would have treated this opening — a rector's daughter, studying to be a barrister, leaves home because she is expected to attend church; how Mr. D. H. Lawrence would have treated the men of the story, Nial and his passionate, celibate renunciation of all the world outside the Catholic Church, Lord Coel and his shop of marvellous furniture and silks, and his furious loves; how Mr. Wells would have treated the con-

[1] A review from *The Nation and Athenaeum* (London). Reprinted by permission.

clusion, in which the revolt of Sheila culminates in her marrying, in the role of virgin hero-worshipper, an aged psychologist and thinker with whom she travels to the Desert, taking with her the child of another couple. By the time one has enjoyed the game of imagining such talents at work on such situations, one has forgotten to be impatient with Mrs. Sheridan's futility. One feels even comforted by having at least proved that her material is workable when it gets into other hands.

ANONYMOUS

MR. PANAME: A PARIS FANTASIA[1]

By Sisley Huddleston

THIS novel belongs to a kind which it is difficult to write and in which it is easy to fail. Barrie's "The Little White Bird" and Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème" are successful. They consist of practically nothing and the little they contain is constantly repeated; but there is something exquisite in their sentimentality, their faint colouring, and the final intimacy of the atmosphere they convey. Mr. Huddleston has attempted to emulate this delicate art and he has failed. He has suitable material in a few Bohemians of the Latin Quarter who wander in and out of the cabarets and the gardens. But his effort falls flat, and the reasons for this seem clearer than the reason for Loti's success — which is a matter of a subtle if not very profound genius. The love story between Mr. Paname and Emilie the dancer is an idyll gone wrong: it is naïve and melodramatic in the earthly sense. This central theme is surrounded by a great deal of matter which is not particularly valuable in itself and has very little relation to it. We are treated to descriptions of Bohemian Paris, which, although informative and suggestive, drag heavily, and, even when they are entertaining, we may very well ask why they are there. Even in a fantasia — more than ever in a fantasia — the parts ought to fit mosaically together.

[1] A review from *The Nation and Athenaeum* (London). Reprinted by permission.

MAURICE HEWLETT

THE DEATH OF SOCIETY[1]

I AM not proposing to review Miss Romer Wilson's *Siegmund-and-Sieglinde* idyll [*The Death of Society*] at the moment, but have made bold to lift the title she has given it to what I think a more appropriate place, and that is a short consideration of the manners and customs reflected in Miss Rose Macaulay's recent study of a section of society. Miss Wilson's book could have done with an apter name. No kind of Society is going to die because youthful mouth seeks youthful mouth. That has been going on ever since there was a society to live or die, and long before that. By way of parenthesis, however, I might stay to remark that when youthful mouth seeks two youthful mouths of the other sex for its satisfaction, and those of mother and daughter at that, such society as it represents, though not likely to die, lacks tone, and had better see a doctor. That is by the way.

I regard Miss Macaulay's study of her world as more indicative of a moribund society. *Dangerous Ages*, she calls it; and as she selects sixty-three, forty-three, and twenty for diagnosis, it will be seen that, according to her, society is pretty generally sick. It is true that her field is limited. She only deals with the maladies of women, and of a particular class of women — those who live in London and the suburbs, and used to be called the Idle Rich a few years ago. But London is a very large place, which seems larger still when you live in it. Miss Macaulay makes it reach to Guildford on one side and Saint Margaret's Bay on another. And so it does; and to Brighton on another, and Hitchin on another. It is also the fact that it holds a great many of those women, and of the parasites of both sexes and no sexes who live upon them. I doubt myself whether they are worth the ability and subtlety she has

[1] From *Extemporary Essays*. By permission of the publisher, the Oxford University Press, and of Mr. Robin Richards, executor of the estate of Maurice Hewlett.

bestowed. I prefer Miss Macaulay when she is doing burlesque. Serious novel-writing demands a more serious subject, a something of the universal, a something of the abiding element in life. Her people are perverts or neurotics: *libido*, as she thinks, money and idleness have made them what they are, a thing not permanent. They are infertile, and in the struggle which is hard upon us must go down before the fertile classes. That is a certainty, because child-bearing and child-rearing women must and will be fed, whatever happens.

I have lived almost wholly in the country for several years, and my visits to London have been fitful and as short as possible. I don't pretend that I have furrowed very deeply into life as it is lived up there now; but I have been struck by a little thing or two which seem to me significant. Most of the young men I have met with belong to the Labour Party, a Platonic attachment which does not seem to involve them in labour, at least; and practically all the young women walk about half-clad. The symptoms correlate. The undressing of the mind of man has always involved that of the body of woman. Supply follows demand. Until that relationship can be corrected female suffrage is not going to be much advantage to the female sex. But most people knew that before. The peculiar mental twist which the symptoms indicate is not, with all respect to Miss Macaulay and her psychoanalysts, properly towards *libido*. There is more involved than appetite and curiosity. *Libido*, *le plaisir*, has lost itself now in *talento*. *Il talento*, according to the Italians who first observed the thing and made the phrase to suit it, is that mixture of desire and opportunity to gratify which can raise itself, like a bed of nettles in a croft, the moment the moral forces are let down. Cæsar Borgia is the common example of *il talento*. Shakespeare, who knew everything without learning anything, put up Iago, who cannot be bettered. The fences were markedly down, and *il talento* gadded like a weed, in the Italian Renaissance; so here from 1660 onwards until the Revolution; so in France when Louis XIV's hand was taken off; and now it is all over Europe. "Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?" What keeps Europe as a butcher's shop? *Il talento*. It urged D'Annunzio into Fiume; it was behind Korfanty in Silesia. It is the ferment in the blood of De Valera. It inspires young men to murder their sweethearts for

a pound note or two, to hold up post-office assistants while the till is cleared, to club chauffeurs from behind and steal their motor-cars. Men fear neither God nor the policeman. In its own smaller way the class which Miss Macaulay has been studying is similarly affected, though not moved to deeds of blood or to rapes: we are dealing with a community of talkers. Here is one of her subjects, bored with an unsuccessful love-chase in Cornwall:

"At Newlyn Nan stopped. She said she was going to supper with some one there and would come on later. She was, in fact, tired of them. She dropped into Stephen Lumley's studio, which was, as usual after painting hours, full of his friends, talking and smoking. That was the only way to spend the evening, thought Nan, talking and smoking and laughing, and never pausing."

London is full of such Nans. The sanctions are down, and the darnels thrive. The end of it all will be, broadly speaking, the end of the nettle-bed. It will seed and gad until it becomes a nuisance or an offence. When the real party — I mean the people who labour and don't talk — labour has reached the appointed term, whether it be the point of starvation or the limit of irritability, it will take to the scythe. After the scythe the plow. And then, no doubt, the whole thing will begin over again. It sounds like a *mauvaise plaisanterie;* but Nature works like that.

Although nobody might be so surprised to know it as Miss Macaulay's young Bolsheviks and Russian Ballet ladies, there *is* a labour party, not yet a Labour Party, which works, and says nothing, observes much, and knows all about it. It is a silent but uncompromising critic. It has standards of its own based upon tradition incredibly ancient, rigidly observed — standards which have scarcely shifted since the neolithic age, which sometimes conflict with the political or social law of the day, but never with the laws of being. A society which still works, still breeds, and still believes in love, not as an aberration but as a function of sex; one also which confesses to a moral law, needs but little more to be formidable. I think it is in the way to obtain it. If it has learned anything out of modern life it is the right of private judgment of which a long servitude had until lately deprived it. If it has gained anything out of mechanical development it is facility of communication. These two advantages taken together make it now possible for an inexpressive host to be-

come self-conscious, and class-conscious; and those are the first steps, always, to revolution. Here they will be prelude to a revolution which must indeed prove incidentally the death of Society. Neither strikes, nor red flags, nor Bolshevism, will so surely procure it. Nor can a parliament prevent it. Parliament, if it ever hold up its head again, which many doubt, will do little more than wag it. Irritation, flaming into sudden passion, will make an end of the Society so acutely observed by Miss Macaulay. The people who obey the laws of being will take what they need under pressure of those laws, and the others, who neither work, nor love, nor breed, will disappear. The logic of things will see to it, aided by economic pressure. The bubbles of talk in their envelope of cigarette smoke will break and merge in the atmosphere. Poverty will make Britain a small country again, and very soon. But a very jolly country! Imagine it — a place inhabited only by people who do their jobs!

ANONYMOUS

IT'S ALL SO EASY[1]

THE most interesting fact about this book is contained in the various prospectuses that accompany the volume, in which we are informed that in the United States "over 50,000 copies have already been sold at $5 each. *The Story of Mankind* has now displaced Wells's *Outline of History* as the best selling non-fiction book in America." This is, perhaps, not surprising, as Mr. Wells, with all his faults, was serious, and did not write down to his audience beyond a certain point. To read *The Outline of History* needs an appreciable amount of mental effort, so that Mr. Van Loon was well advised to come forward with a version that should need absolutely none. He has certainly succeeded in his futile task and deserves all the money he may get, as he has prepared a concoction made of everything thrown away after the nutritious elements have been extracted. These remnants are called *The Story of Mankind*, and we are informed that they are singularly suitable for children's diet.

[1] From *The New Statesman* (London). Reprinted by permission.

As a matter of fact, *The Story of Mankind* is not written for children at all, but for grown-ups with inadequately developed intelligence. Intelligent children like things cut and dried, with fact following fact in pitiless and logical sequence. The moment the form of a book becomes flabby and shapeless we know it is primarily intended for grown-ups, though, of course, they can read aloud to their children what is really suited to their own taste, while pretending that they are sacrificing their own interests to those of their young brood. But the real object of the book is to persuade the citizens of America that nothing which is not, at first sight, clear to them is worth the trouble of being learned. This is Mr. Van Loon's final comment on the Reformation: "Protestants and Catholics killed each other for the greater glory of certain theological doctrines, which are as incomprehensible to the present generation as the mysterious inscriptions of the ancient Etruscans." Plain hundred per cent Americans know a Christian when they see one, and that is good enough for them. The intellectual strivings of their predecessors can best be dismissed with a sniff. It might be necessary to think for a moment or two before they become intelligible, and thought must at all costs be avoided by the ordinary sensible man, who knows what's what and who has made the world what it is. The ordinary man does not want to read the history of mankind, but at the same time he wants to get an easy reputation for being cultivated, and having a broad view of human affairs, which will keep up his reputation at dinner parties. All such persons will revel in Mr. Van Loon. Out go all the facts, all the long words, all the dates, all the labour of scholars and the strivings of centuries. Instead we get a little chit-chat about the Greek theatre, the Roman provinces, the Papacy, Humanism, and the Revolution. A gentle trickle of easy generalisation flows through the sleepy brain.

An amazing feature of this amazing book is the incredible illustrations that decorate the pages, and are the sort of stuff that is usually scribbled on the blotting-pad by somebody thinking of something else. Those curious in such matters might turn to the two scrawls called "Hannibal crosses the Alps" and "Caesar goes West." They have a certain pathological importance, and reach, it may be safely said, a deeper point of imbecility than has ever yet appeared

in any book, or even in any picture. It is perhaps optimistic to hope that this book will not repeat in England its American success. It is impossible to imagine a more ghastly tribute to the intellectual deliquescence of a nation. The publisher, however, is to be congratulated; 492 large pages, enlivened with "over 140 black-and-white illustrations, 9 four-colour pages, numerous animated maps and half-tone pictures, and an Animated Chronology of the History of the World, done by the author," is devilish cheap at 12*s.* 6*d.* And this time perhaps we really have reached rock bottom.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

HENRY WARD BEECHER[1]

AN AMERICAN PORTRAIT

By Paxton Hibben

MR. HIBBEN has based this study of a prominent American upon thorough, extensive, and discriminating research. He has investigated not only the documents bearing upon Beecher himself, but also, and very widely, the history of the middle nineteenth century, social, political, and religious. The result is a remarkable and brilliant character portrayal, certain to offend and distress Beecher's numerous friends and admirers, to delight his critics, and to perplex and dishearten the unprejudiced reader who would like to retain as good an opinion of human nature as he can.

The portrait is human, undeniably. We have a sensitive, emotional, rather indolent, self-indulgent, yet ambitious temperament, swept hither and thither by all sorts of cross tides and conflicting currents of circumstance, preserving no essential unity except that of a persistent desire for success, distinctly preferring the good, but inextricably and again and again mixed up with the bad, and displaying an appalling ingenuity in blending, confusing, and misrepresenting the two.

[1] A review from *The Atlantic Monthly.* Reprinted by permission of the Atlantic Monthly Company.

Oh, yes, the creature, whether historical or not, is profoundly human, in his struggles, in his efforts, in his weaknesses, and in his success. Most of all is he human in the great climax of the Tilton Trial, the central tragic scene, which the unregenerate world will chiefly associate with his name. And here Mr. Hibben, while professing not to commit himself any more than the jury did, certainly leaves upon the reader's mind the strong impression that Beecher was fatally and hopelessly guilty, with a guilt that involves not only the crime of direct adultery, but, as he was situated, the far worse stain of a prolonged, deliberate, elaborate, hypocritical pretense of a virtue that did not exist.

For what makes Beecher's guilt, if he was guilty, far worse than that of an ordinary man is the greatness of his position. He had millions of followers; he held them in the hollow of his hand, swept them by his mighty power of speech whither he would, and then, if Mr. Hibben is right, betrayed them, and Judas's betrayal was not much more cruel.

Mr. Hibben's study is further deepened by the constant suggestion of the religious evolution that Beecher embodied. His father, Lyman, was the essence of the strictest Calvinism. But in Henry's age, in his life, and in his mind, Calvinism, the religion of Hell, was melted, transformed, dissolved utterly away, and with it went naturally the original divine personality and office of Christ, as atoning for all sin and achieving redemption, since, if Hell was impossible, atonement was unnecessary. In place of these austere doctrines came a religion of love, of fluid self-adjustment, self-congratulation, self-contentment. All was well with the world; the evolution of Darwin meant a beatific progress by which all humanity would in the end sing itself through the portals of Plymouth Church, under the benevolent gaze of its all-understanding pastor, into an undying, complete, well-ordered bliss, which should satisfy the longings of all the well disposed and the benign intentions of Deity.

To many persons this evolution of religion will no doubt seem a great advance. Yet when one sees the advance supremely illustrated in Beecher, as portrayed by Mr. Hibben — Beecher the idol of millions of average Americans and in many respects the type of them — one wonders.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

A FREUDIAN BIOGRAPHY[1]

THE new psychology substitutes complexes for principles and inhibitions for morality. It is convinced that religion is a myth and that all the ideals and achievements of life are the result of sexual aberrations.

In his biography of HENRY WARD BEECHER, Paxton Hibben has observed every tradition of the Freudian school. He first collects all the derogatory material that he can find concerning his subject, who was not only the best loved but also the worst hated man of his day. Among his sources he includes the *Police Gazette*, anonymous pamphlets and posters issued by Beecher's political enemies, the yellow journals of his time, and statements from the lunatic fringe of contemporary society. This mass of information Mr. Hibben then had psychoanalyzed by a practitioner of that art.

The result of this method is a character who is a compound of Pecksniff, Uriah Heep, and Casanova. This Frankenstein monster Mr. Hibben has christened "Henry Ward Beecher." Toward it, as perhaps is natural, he has conceived a bitter hatred. Griswold's treatment of Poe is a panegyric compared with Hibben's biography of Beecher. As a finishing touch the book is illustrated with cartoons from papers politically opposed to Beecher.

In order to be absolutely impartial Mr. Hibben has highly resolved to pay no attention to eight other biographies of Beecher written by his contemporaries, for the reason that they all found him to be a man who deserved well of his country. He quotes Robert Ingersoll, the atheist, as an authority on Beecher's home life, and the New York *Sun*, the yellow journal of that day, and Woodhull's *Weekly*, as authorities on his morals. Every achievement of his life is belittled. Lincoln and Stanton and the press of 1864 were entirely wrong, according to Mr. Hibben, in their estimate of the result

[1] From *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Reprinted by permission of the author and the editor.

of Beecher's orations before the roaring mobs of England during the dark days of the Civil War. Lincoln and Stanton erred grievously in selecting Beecher as the orator when the flag was raised again on Fort Sumter. So did Oliver Wendell Holmes when he christened Beecher "Our Minister Plenipotentiary" in his celebrated article in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Perhaps the main trouble between Hibben and the subject of his biography is that they do not speak the same language. Of religion Hibben writes that it was a "vice which played the very mischief with Tilton when he brought it into his daily life as a guide to conduct." The ministry itself Hibben describes as "a life of controversies, betrayals, meannesses, intrigue, and sharp bargainings"; and he speaks of Beecher as having been "trapped into the church."

Perhaps, too, it is some well-founded inferiority complex, to borrow the language of Mr. Hibben's biography, which leads him to blacken the characters of most of the men he meets in his biography — Harrison, Clay, Grant, Colfax, Greeley, Garfield, Blaine, Cleveland, Tracy, Sherman — he has a little mud for each.

So too, the suppressions of psychoanalysis have in some way extended to the facts in his book. For example, when he comes to the charges of immorality brought against Beecher in the seventies, Mr. Hibben fails to print a word of the defense which convinced three tribunals of Beecher's innocence. Moreover, he forgets to mention at all that a council of two hundred and forty-four churches called to consider these charges, including prominent judges and lawyers from all over the country, unanimously found Beecher innocent of any wrongdoing.

In his last chapter Hibben tries at some length to explain why Beecher's accusers by their own testimony were ostracized from society and held up to scorn and contempt by practically every great newspaper in the country. He decides that it was probably the influence of that same great wealth which starved so many families to death in the seventies, although that fact does not seem to have been included in any of our histories.

Mr. Hibben suddenly closes his biography with one of the many imaginary episodes which appear throughout his pages and ends with a silly verse of abusive doggerel — an appropriate ending for a dull and dirty book.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

HAWTHORNE, MAN OF ACTION

By Lloyd Morris

WHEN I was in college, the examination-paper for admission to a certain undergraduate society included this question: *Does a Chimaera, ruminating in Vacuo, disseminate Second Intentions? If you reply in the affirmative, explain your reasons, with illustrations.* My reply was, No: but I added as an illustration the familiar case of the German philosopher who, asked to describe a camel, evolved the animal from his interior consciousness, — " subliminal " we might call it today.

Mr. Morris's book reminds me of this incident. It is a sort of chimæra, or subliminal camel, and I am at a loss how to tackle it. The subtitle, " The Rebellious Puritan," adds to my perplexity. And why write " Mr. Hawthorne " on the title page, and then, throughout the volume, refer to the hero of his story as " Nathaniel," — a name applied to him in the baptismal ceremony, I suppose; but never afterward used by family, friends, or foes. His sisters called him " Natty "; his college friends, " Nath," and his wife — by such titles as a loving and imaginative wife might employ. His children called him " Papa " — never " Pa," " Dad," or even " Father," except in moments of emotion. Of course, external people addressed him as " Mr. Hawthorne," and old Salem folks as " Hathorne," declining to recognize the " w " which he had restored to the name from the English ancestral usage. In his writings he sometimes referred to himself as " De L'Aubepine," because genealogical records indicated that the family was of Norman origin and came over with William the Conqueror, and had presumably performed prodigies of valor at the Battle of Hastings. I don't know. But of course " De L'Aubepine " is French for Hawthorne.

As to the Professor's volume — (I assume him to be a professor, because I am under the impression that most writers of biographies

nowadays are professors, and I take this to be a biography) — well, it may not be a biography after all. Sometimes, on my journey through it, it read like a queer sort of romance; full, to be sure, of realistic data; but so are the novels composed by our contemporary addicts of fiction: but the suspicion would recur to me that the author was intending a work of art. I seemed to scent a species of *motif* in it. I strove to repudiate the idea, but it hung on. For instance, the entire work might be regarded as a meditation of Mr. Emerson's, in his study, with paper and ink before him, just after he had returned home from Hawthorne's funeral. There is a "Prologue" at the beginning of the volume, and at the end, when you think it is all over, you turn the page and find an "Epilogue," and Emerson is the protagonist in both. But though the theory of the narrative, or exposition, or romance, may be Emersonian, the hand is the hand of Mr. Morris, unmistakably. And though he may have meant to make a portrait of Mr. Hawthorne, his results remind me of the camel of the German philosopher. In short, he seems to be barking up the wrong tree. He is not to be blamed for thinking that his quarry was in the tree; but I cannot disguise my conviction that he has mistaken not the tree only, but the forest in which it occurs.

In his preparations for the hunt he was amply diligent, and he enumerates his sources on the fly-leaf. Of these, two are authentic, — my own "Biography," published in 1884, and Horatio Bridge's "Recollections." The little volume by my younger sister, Rose, was written about 1897, and she had been but thirteen years old when Hawthorne died; neither was she temperamentally fitted to form sound judgments; nor was she always able to distinguish between her personal experience of her father, and what she had been told about him by others. Bridge's contribution is animated and cordial, but he was no delver into depths, nor always accurate in his placer diggings. He loved Hawthorne, but had seen very little of him after his marriage in 1842. The author whom I am now considering, however, got access to materials which had been laid away in J. P. Morgan's library, and elsewhere; but it offered small opportunity to enlarge or clarify one's point of view. He pondered seriously upon his accumulations — which after all are all that anybody will ever be able to acquire — and thereupon he conceived and gave birth to his "Rebellious Puritan." It is an odd offspring, and bears,

I fancy, a closer likeness to a metaphysical camel than to anything of human flesh and blood.

* * *

But I recognize the futility of this criticism. For the honest gentleman believes he is right, and who is there now living on this earth and conversant with the facts, who can contradict him? Who *won't* believe him? and who *will* hear or believe me? Coventry Patmore says, —

> After its work is done, the lie will rot:
> Mighty is truth, and shall prevail
> When none cares whether it prevail or not!

If the herd gets off to a false start, there are no cowboys to corral them. How many thousand volumes have been written about Napoleon? and who understands him? Cellini's account of himself seemed frank enough, but it now appears that he misled us. What could be more convincing than Boswell's "Johnson"? But the diligence of resurrectionists has already begun to revise our opinion of him. Poor Herman Melville's innocent remains have been torn from his grave and sent hurtling aloft with fireworks and acclaim. The trouble is, not that truth about a person doesn't exist, but as soon as he has died, nobody will or can find it out. Possibly, for example, I myself didn't know my father as he really was: nor any others of the family: nor he himself even! His books, stories, and letters remain, or some of them; but such things can be and often are misinterpreted, and besides, during the early years of his life he not only wrote under pseudonyms, but he admits that he was prone, at times, to enact the imaginary authors, — gentle, subdued, almost feminine creatures, instead of big, broad-shouldered, ruddy-cheeked, powerful he-men such as he actually was. He encouraged the Gentle Fanny conception of himself because it amused him, helped him to escape being pointed out as an "author" in the street or in omnibuses; and very likely, too, out of pious deference to his black-browed, grim-jawed ancestors, who, as he remarks in one of his prefaces, would have denounced him as a preposterous interloper in the family preserve. Despotic mariners, they were, who rounded the Horn, applied the nine-tailed cat to rebellious crews, drank deep

with slave-holding planters in Jamaica and Cuba, and passed sentence of death on Salem witches. The Nathaniel Hawthorne of our times might have been and done all that, and could look the part when he was aroused; what possessed him to turn to pen-and-ink? From their Valhalla they would have damned him for a degenerate or a pretender; why, he would sometimes growl quarter-deck anathemas against himself! And if he hadn't met Sophie Peabody just when he did, he would have thrown his inkstand at the devil and joined the buccaneers of the Spanish Main. Instead of that, he made honeymoon in the Old Manse, begot children, and wrote "The Scarlet Letter": which made a dent, to be sure, and was a blowing-off of steam; but James T. Fields, his publisher, would sometimes refer to him as The Pirate.

Oh, I know that this is no proper criticism or review of Lloyd Morris's psychical romance. It only goes to indicate that he had no conception of what Hawthorne really was, front-face as well as profile; and that, to do him (Professor, or Mr. Morris) justice he had no means of finding out. Hawthorne was three or four men bound-up as one; of which combination Mr. Morris picks out the one that has in it least of all of the true person, and then he goes on to eviscerate and transubstantiate that. But what especially makes his book a cross-word puzzle is, that he keeps quoting real or authentic attributes of his subject, and then goes on to present his imaginary concoction, just as thin and pithless as before. He manifestly tries to tell not merely the truth, but a superfine, esoteric, psychoanalytic truth which never could be true of anybody. I said that the tree he picked was not the right one; but God never made such a tree as he is barking up. And as to his justifiable quotations — why quote them, since they were already in print and published? Why not have written an elegiac poem, and let his fancy run free, instead of hobbling himself with incongruous facts? "The Rebellious Puritan" isn't a bad title, and might have led to the movies; but Hawthorne wasn't a Puritan, and therefore couldn't rebel; and Mr. Emerson knew him almost as little as Professor Morris does. Neither could stand the other's books; and though they existed side by side in Concord for a while, as soon as they cast off the fetters of a falser life we may be sure that they got off on opposite sides of the universe, and built up a barrier between them of the furthest stars back.

It might have helped our author if he had happened to observe that the most salient element in Hawthorne's nature is his humor. He was continually ironic, and in order to convey what he meant, said the opposite of that. His children knew that he was habitually "in fun" about everything. But their insight was aided by his chuckle, which, like the magic mirror in his story, "Dr. Heideigger's Experiment," showed things as they really were. The mirror was not included in this biographer's equipment, but having conceived his pale, gentle, sensitive, elegiac figure, he relentlessly thrusts it upon us, from childhood up. Once in a while, to be sure, some stubborn little fact might crop up, to queer the portrayal; but on the whole, it prevails, and Mr. Emerson sits ready, at the end, to pen his epitaph.

* * *

It seems a pity that this should go down to posterity as the final word on my poor father. One wouldn't so much mind the romantic and esoteric method; for aught I know, it may be the fashionable sort of thing, just now, in biographical essays, and the last biography I have read was Strachey's about Queen Victoria; and, before that, Anthony Trollope's capital volume about Trollope. Since then, many things have been jettisoned. But I can't reconcile myself to the tone of this fluting and harping composition: I long for an axe and a sledgehammer. Hawthorne was first of all masculine; being a good-looking child, and clever, he was spoiled by his mother and sisters. Among other boys, he was pugnacious and domineering, and though he limped for a while on one foot, his spirit was not crippled, and if he lay flat on the floor to read books, it was because he was a boy, and naturally preferred the floor to a chair. When he went to college, he was athletic, tall, and handsome; insubordinate toward the Faculty and maintaining toward his fellow students an intellectual ascendancy, — he dominated them. If undergraduate pranks were afoot, he was apt to be in them; he drank, but never got drunk: played cards, but didn't gamble; and, moreover, he kept men like Frank Pierce and Horatio Bridge within bounds; and to the end of their lives they adored him. Meanwhile, an insubordinate imagination, fed by the books he had read and the tales he had heard, led the strong man captive, and he began to write stories himself, little to his own satisfaction however; but in the cold Salem winters

they were good for kindlings. But home conditions and lack of other occupation, together with the obstinate streak in his composition, made him stick to his desk, pending a chance to become a Red Rover of the Seas; he cursed his fate, and would write extravagant letters to his friends, but, like his tales, they were also imaginative and "in fun." He was disgusted with himself, and declared he was a victim of the ancestral witch's curse; but that too was in fun; he was the most common-sensible man I ever knew. To add to his discomfort, he had no love affairs, and he adhered rigorously to the classic standards of a gentleman. If he hadn't happened, at a critical juncture, to meet the woman he married, who was stronger than he, he might have become — who knows what! She gave him all he lacked, and much more; and American literature owes her thanks for him.

The Professor seems to me to have missed the point, but that is the way of the world, and I suppose it is, somehow, for the best.

EDWIN MUIR

LYTTON STRACHEY[1]

THE art of biography," said Mr. Strachey in the preface to "Eminent Victorians," "seems to have fallen on evil times in England. . . . With us the most delicate and humane of all the branches of the art of writing has been relegated to the journeyman of letters: we do not reflect that it is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one. Those two fat volumes, with which it is our custom to commemorate the dead — who does not know them, with their ill-digested masses of material, their slip-shod style, their tone of tedious panegyric, their lamentable lack of selection, of detachment, of design?" The judgment passed there on biography might as justly have been passed on the main branch of modern literature, the novel. There, too, would have been found "ill-digested masses of

[1] From *The Nation and Athenaeum* (London). Reprinted by permission of the author and the editor.

material," a "slip-shod style," a "lamentable lack of selection, of detachment, of design." When Mr. Strachey wrote, the novel had lost its autonomy, its inner centre, and the laws springing from that which determine aesthetic form. It had lost its laws, and sought laws outside itself, in the subject-matter which it treated, in political and moral concepts. The result was that it had ceased to be an aesthetic phenomenon and had become very largely a social one. Anything whatever could be called a novel which treated of manners, just as anything whatever could be called a biography which gave information about a personality. It was Mr. Strachey's distinction in reinstating biography as an art to draw attention to the formlessness of literature generally. He did this in common with writers very unlike him, for whom he could have had little sympathy: with such writers as Mr. Joyce and Mr. Eliot. Progress in literary appreciation is very slow; but now, at any rate, it is becoming less general to judge a novel by its subject-matter, or a biography by the industry of the biographer.

In his attempt to capture biography for art Mr. Strachey started with an immense advantage over the novelist: for biography was neither regarded as an art nor expected to be one. His problem was therefore admirably simple, and his success correspondingly clear and unmistakable. "Eminent Victorians" was a demonstration more victoriously obvious than anyone could have produced in the confused field of fiction of the difference between art and the immense body of writing which is not art. It provided almost immediately a new criterion for the judgment of biography. People were suddenly dissatisfied with the biographer in the old style who avoided with equal skill tragedy and comedy, actual and artistic truth. And they appreciated anew the excellence of art, when they found it in such an unexpected place.

In "Eminent Victorians" Mr. Strachey did two things for biography: he humanized it by irony, he gave it form. He went out in search not of great figures and noble characters, but of human nature, and he always found it. Having found it, he set it out in his own terms. All his characters passed through his eighteenth-century workshop, and emerged in the ironically appropriate costumes he had devised for them. They emerged, if not in their own shape, then in some shape which revealed it. For the time being their author's

puppets, they played over again the game which they had played far more intensely, sometimes in tears and agony, in the actual world. Mr. Strachey held the strings which moved this puppet play, and they were constantly being manipulated, but very rarely did we catch sight of them. The figures seemed to be going through the ballet of their own lives, a ballet simplified and stylized to the last detail; and it was only in the conventionalization of the costumes and attitudes that one recognized the choreographer.

There was drama in that spectacle, but it was a drama which had taken place a long time before, and existed now only as a memory and a conscious play. The figures "remembered" for the hundreth time when they had to make such and such a gesture, when they had to laugh, weep, show lively apprehension, anticipation, repentance, doubt, affection. They did not feel; they only imitated the passions, sorrowful or happy, which happened to come their way in the game.

It is this effect of distance and illusion which gives Mr. Strachey's work its rare poetic quality, and makes him a distinguished artist. He writes in two moods: the consciously ironical in which he satirizes the pretensions and hypocrisies of men, and the involuntarily ironical in which he sees the drama of existence as a transitory, illusory process which has happened so often that it has now but an apparent reality. Only where his deliberate irony is quiescent does this more profound irony come into play. His portrait of Arnold of Rugby, for example, is excellent satire; but his portraits of Manning, Florence Nightingale, and Victoria are something more. "Queen Victoria" was commended for being less ironical than "Eminent Victorians," but the truth was that in it Mr. Strachey's irony had only released the lesser themes of the satirist to seize upon life itself. With the abrogation of his conscious gift for ironical presentation the true bias of his profoundly ironical mind was revealed, and the complete compass of his imagination released.

The strange thing is that through this irony he arrived, without formulating them, at conclusions not unlike those of men for whom one can detect in his works no sympathy: the metaphysicians, mystics, and saints. Life as Mr. Strachey portrays it is an illusion; he can portray it as nothing else; and his work is most profound precisely where the sense of illusion is most unmistakably given: where

he shows Manning mounting the little back stair of the Vatican or walking in state to Westminster; where he describes the distant and tiny figure of Gordon standing on the toy ramparts of Khartoum, gazing over a desert which only to him is illimitable; where he records the remote sorrows, domestic and State, of the little woman who sat on England's throne. We remember the incidents in his books which destiny seems to be arranging for their unconscious effect: Newman weeping outside the house at Littlemore, Disraeli bearing flowers to the Queen. These incidents, trivial or moving, have a significance almost symbolical, as if in them the complete essence of a character were expressed. If a choreographer of genius were to put these characters in a ballet he would fix them in precisely the postures Mr. Strachey has fixed them in. And a mystic would do the same. On the life of this world a complete scepticism and a profound mysticism may come to the same conclusions.

For the rarefied drama of his biographers Mr. Strachey has a style in appearance artificial, but in essence transparently simple, with the arresting simplicity, once more, of the ballet. It has been called an eighteenth-century style, but it is something far more rare, an echo of the eighteenth century, with a remoteness, a complete lack of matter of fact, of which the eighteenth century did not dream. At his best this style gives his work an impressive feeling of distance; at his second-best it seems both to temper and emphasize his irony: very seldom does it ring false. It is a perfect means when he is writing of Manning or of anyone else who has lived a great number of times in history, and, always suffering from the same scruples, has always done the same things for the satisfaction of the same ambitions. These men, who are regularly recurring historical figures rather than persons, Mr. Strachey's style seems made for; its conventionalization and ceremoniousness seem to generalize every manifestation of human nature, to show in the particular act the invariable form to which it belongs, and in every attempt to disobey, a disguised conformity. One sometimes feels that in Mr. Strachey's mind there is a mathematical formula for certain types; for Manning, for example, and Arnold, and Victoria. When these recur in history they will inevitably do certain things and deceive themselves about them in certain ways; and Mr. Strachey's intellectual pleasure is to perch them for a moment on the fence, knowing

mathematically on which side they must fall. The drama of his characters is in moments like these, which seem to be free, but are not. He is interested in the norm, and while he enjoys deviations from it his main pleasure is in the inevitable return from the deviation. He is delighted by the things which always manage to happen, against every probability but the chief one.

He succeeds with the rule; he does not always succeed with the exception. His Manning is admirable; his Gordon is unconvincing. For the exception is a man who avoids those universally symbolical gestures which fit so well the historical figure. He is a man who does not seek worldly success but something else, and to whom comes not success or resignation, but tragedy. He can leave a symbolical formula only for the poet, not for the biographer. Gordon was bound to play havoc with the delicate, resourceful, but essentially limited technique of "Eminent Victorians." There are admirable things in Mr. Strachey's sketch of Gordon, but never does one feel that he puts his finger on the inner spring of Gordon's actions. Gordon did not suit him as a subject, simply because he could not believe in the things in which Gordon believed, and could not understand a sincere belief in them. To others who "believed," but whose spring of action was not their belief — to Victoria, Manning, Arnold — he showed understanding and sympathy. For hypocrisy is a genuine manifestation of that human nature which the wise man tolerates and enjoys; and to a touch of nature Mr. Strachey will pardon anything. But Gordon was not a man demanding toleration, and one feels that Mr. Strachey was a little nonplussed by him. He would not be human in Manning's way. He upset the mathematical formula.

Yet he is perhaps the only figure in the gallery to whom the biographer has been unjust; for impartiality is one of Mr. Strachey's chief virtues. Every stroke of irony in his books is weighted not for its effectiveness but for its justice; and accordingly every stroke tells. He conventionalizes his themes, certainly; he expresses them in terms of his eighteenth-century intellect and his modern imagination; but he does not falsify them. He gains more in effect by ignoring an obvious advantage than Mr. Philip Guedalla, for example, gains by seizing it. He has the eighteenth-century instinct for the judgment which can be reasonably defended, and the eighteenth-

century knowledge that an inessential piece of cleverness is always foolish, for it will be found out. A witty writer, there is very little of his wit that can be detached without detaching a valuable piece of characterization or injuring a perfectly serious judgment.

He seems at first glance to be completely outside the current of modern literature; and a clever writer calls him a Voltaire who has reached the age of two hundred odd years. There is little resemblance between the author of "Queen Victoria" and the author of "La Pucelle." Mr. Strachey's sensibility is modern; his imagination is romantic; only by his cool rationality does he belong to the eighteenth century. His "Cardinal Manning" and "Queen Victoria" would have appeared very novel if not quite incomprehensible to Dr. Johnson; their sceptical imagination and compassionate irony would have disturbed the lexicographer's mind. The truth is that Mr. Strachey has a very modern temperament and sensibility, and that he would be more completely at a loss than almost any other writer if he were transported into the eighteenth century. If he appears somehow out of place in our time it is not because his intelligence is unmodern; it is because his temperament is unique. He is an inimitable writer, but he belongs as certainly to this age as Lamb did to his.

W. K. STEWART

THE DOWNFALL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION[1]

FOR several years now Americans have been hearing vaguely of a new German writer named Oswald Spengler who has been setting the intellectuals of his country agog and bedeviling men's minds with a new and none too comforting conception of history. To Germany he is already an old story, while to America he still remains virtually unknown.

Spengler's chief work is called "Der Untergang des Abendlandes," which may be somewhat inadequately rendered into English by

[1] From *The Century Magazine*. Reprinted by permission.

"The Decline of Western Culture." The first volume of it appeared in 1917, a second and concluding volume in 1922. The author leaped into fame shortly after the publication of the first part. Although the book was not the product of war psychology, — it had been planned and begun before the war started, — it nevertheless fitted shrewdly into that psychology. It went through edition after edition, eventually attaining a circulation of a hundred thousand or more copies. It provoked heated discussion. It drew forth partial refutations from specialists and sweeping denunciations from certain self-appointed custodians of the public welfare, like the theologian Adolf von Harnack. That a long and serious philosophy of history should be so widely read and debated, affords us an index of the seething intellectual life of Germany which is not flattering to other countries in the comparison.

Spengler's main thesis is that human history has not been a continuous development. On the contrary, setting aside pre-history, of which our knowledge is largely inferential, in the six thousand years which the records cover there have emerged *eight* ripe cultures. These are the Chinese, Babylonian, Egyptian, East-Indian, Greco-Roman, Arabian, Maya (in Yucatan and Mexico), and our own Western. Each of these is indigenous, bound to its own soil, and incapable of transplantation. Each has innate in it a number of qualities which must be worked out. It flourishes for approximately a thousand years, developing its own peculiar style to its full possibilities before it begins to decline. But decline it must, sooner or later, for, as in all things organic, decay follows upon growth. Each culture passes through childhood, youth, manhood, old age.

Thus we see that a curve plotted for the course of history would, according to Spengler, present a series of eight rises, or humps, no one of which would necessarily be higher than the others. We in the Western world have assumed, somewhat lightly perhaps, that the secular trend of the curve was upward. But Spengler will not have it so. There is no "progress," only a rise and fall as of a cosmic rhythm.

The ultimate fate of each culture (for so we must everywhere translate *Kultur*) is to lapse into a petrified civilization, in which condition it may last on indefinitely, like the Chinese or the Egyptian, outwardly enduring, but inwardly dead. The contrast be-

tween a culture and a civilization has long been familiar to the Germans, but Spengler is apparently the first to make the distinction a chronological one. A culture is naïve and spontaneous, full of creative energy, and largely a thing of the heart and the will. In a civilization the creative impulse is exhausted, and the intellect becomes dominant; life grows mechanized, it centers in great cities, so that men lose touch with the soil and with their ancestral myths; scepticism supervenes, and the higher life becomes sterile, though bodily comforts are more fully gratified than ever.

Moreover, each culture constitutes a remarkable unity. Its religion, philosophy, science, mathematics, art, and every-day habits are all connected and form its style, its *Weltgefühl*, or way of looking at the world, which is peculiar to it and valid for it alone. Every culture has, then, a different soul from the others. There is no *one* philosophy, there are many philosophies. "We must give up," says Spengler, "all pretense of arriving at final and general truth." There is no *one* mathematics, there are various kinds of mathematics; there is no such thing as number in itself, there are several worlds of number, precisely because there are several cultures. Our physical theories are so many myths. And, of course, there are as many moralities and religions as there are cultural periods. Spengler will not even allow that time and space mean the same to men of different cultures, a statement which opens up an appalling vista of relativity.

Into this conception of the world process there enters perhaps more philosophy than history. The scientific historian of to-day distrusts sweeping generalizations of ultimate explanations. He shuns metaphysical questions the issues of which are incalculable. He eliminates the notion of a life force, of a superintending Providence, of the Hegelian march of the spirit of liberty through the ages, even of the principle of progress. He is satisfied with the gathering and sifting of facts and the detection of secondary causes. "We are all dullards in divinity. We know nothing." That is, we know nothing ultimately; but we may learn a great deal about men and their institutions, the knowledge of which, as Socrates once said, confers a patent of nobility on the possessor. But Spengler's history is at bottom metaphysics. He discerns with the spiritual eye. Back of all the phenomena of events lies fate, mysterious, ineluctable,

awful. We can never know what it is, for it is the ultimate reality, as much as Kant's "Thing-in-itself," or Schopenhauer's "Will to live," or Bergson's "Élan vital." Though we may not understand fate, we may learn experimentally its process of operation. And armed with this knowledge, which constitutes true history, we may affirm with certainty that fate does not appear in the guise of a "Friend behind Phenomena," but rather that it recks nothing of human values. It is, in Nietzsche's phrase, "beyond good and evil." The cosmic force which rules the destinies of all cultures operates by the laws of its own inner necessity and is utterly inscrutable to man. Readers of Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts" will remember that the beating pulse of the universe, the impelling will, is designated as It. There is something similar in the conception of Spengler, though he would withhold even the dim and distant hope of Hardy that the day may perchance come when consciousness will inform this will "Till it fashion all things fair." For Spengler there is not even a God in the making.

§ 2

It has been generally assumed among us that our modern culture is made up of at least three elements: the heritage from classic times, Christianity, and the rather indeterminate racial contribution of Teutons and Celts. In order to refute this idea of history as a continuous process, it is necessary for Spengler to show that our Western culture is not built upon the Greco-Roman, but constitutes a wholly separate organism with an entirely different soul. So different was the Hellenic soul, in his opinion, that time and space themselves meant something quite other to the Greeks than what they mean to us. The classic age ignored the concept of the infinite. For the Greek, the present was everything; he lived for the moment. He was eminently unhistorical. The past melted into myths; the history of Alexander the Great even before his death began to get mixed with the Dionysus legend. These ephemera seem almost to have had no memory. They left no diaries, memoirs, autobiographies, or confessions. The few devices which they had for measuring time they appropriated from the Babylonians and Egyptians. So, too, the Greeks had little sense of the future and only the dimmest notions of an after-life. The burning of the dead

is symbolic of their feeling that death was the end. Their statesmen did not build for the future; their art exhibits no concern for coming generations. Nor can it be said that these things are due to a mere difference of age. The Egyptians, whose culture came earlier, had a preëminent sense of history and an invincible faith in immortality.

And just as time meant for the Greek the present moment, so also space meant for him the immediate surroundings. It is significant that there is no Greek word for space; it has to be designated by the negative circumlocution, "that which is not." His city was his country. All the rest was the vague and the unknown, the thought of which did not attract, but rather oppressed him. It is significant that Greek artists did not use blue or green, the colors which suggest distance in sky or sea. Greek art has no background; it represents an isolated body, which may be typified by a bare statue or a Doric column. Clearness, immediacy, nearness — all that pertains to the direct expression of body — are there, but no suggestion of depth or distance. Lacking the sense of depth in space, the Greek never realized the psychological implications of the third dimension. He remained, like his art, self-sufficient, complete in himself. Having no proper notion of direction in time and space, he lacked *will*, for which again he had no word. Greek culture, therefore, as compared with ours, is timeless, spaceless, will-less, and all its manifestations are in accordance with this fundamental character. Euclidean geometry, Greek physics (statics), Greek tragedy, which does not deal with development of character, but with episodes — these and countless other manifestations are all of a piece and express the soul of the culture. In default of so many elements which for us go to make up personality, it is small wonder that Greek art seems to us impersonal. If we but knew it, the Greek mind is perhaps stranger to us than the mind of the ancient Mexican.

Spengler uses the adjective "Apollonian" as a catchword to sum up the characteristics of the Greeks. In contrast, we of the Western world are "Faustian." We are almost everything that the Greek was not. Background, distance, perspective, constitute space for us, and this experience of depth gives us an entirely different inner life. From it come longing, yearning, striving in feelings and thought, and endless exploration in action. Time for us runs into

eternity, space stretches to infinity, and will means universal experience and conquering action. It was an intuition of genius which made Goethe put into the mouth of *Faust*, as he sought to amend the gospel of St. John, the words "Im Anfang war die Tat." The Faustian soul finds expression in a mathematics which involves analytical geometry and calculus, where number is treated as a function, not as a limit; in a physics which is dynamics; in tragedy which deals with historical development; and in portrait-painting where the faces tell their life-stories in contrast with the depersonalized, eyeless Greek statues. Such is *our* soul, the style of *our* culture.

§ 3

The reader will probably have wondered by this time where Christianity and its forerunner Hebraism enter into Spengler's scheme of history. Hebraism hardly comes in at all; it is apparently Spengler's conviction that the Hebrews never developed a full-fledged independent culture. He intimates rather contemptuously in one place that the idea of the Jews that they were the chosen people was a sort of protective device, a defense-mechanism, against an inferiority complex. The Chaldeans and the Persians did not need to make such a claim; they had triumphantly vindicated their superiority in action. But the poor Jews, battered about as they were nationally from pillar to post, had to find some inner counterpoise in order to keep their self-respect.

As for Christianity, that is a totally different story. Christianity is a product of Arabian culture. Spengler claims that the independent existence of such a culture is one of his most original and important discoveries. This Arabian world is overlaid in both time and place by a confused mass of ancient cultures and civilizations and has not been recognized before owing to the specialization of scholarship. But between, roughly speaking, 300 B.C. and A.D. 600, a new soul came into being in western Asia with a new style of existence, to use one of Spengler's stock phrases. It is marked by a welter of religions, which seem superficially to make it diversified, but which on examination reveal a remarkable unity. Among these religions and their products are a revived Mazdaism, early Christianity yielding the New Testament, the Talmud, the religion of Mani, Gnosticism, and, last of all, Islam. There is a fundamental

identity of outlook in all of these, a new mode of envisaging life. As the symbol of Greek culture is the Doric pillar, and of Western culture the fugue, so here in Arabian culture we have the *cave*. The world is a hollow, a vale, it may be a vale of tears, with a super-impending sky. There is a sharp dualism in the minds of these men, which can be conveyed by such concepts as above and beneath, heaven and earth, light and darkness, good and evil, Ormazd and Ahriman, God and Satan. Time for them means a fixed time, a definite beginning of things (creation) or an equally definite end (the judgment day). It is "the appointed time," "the fullness of time," or, in modern phrasing, "the one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." The idea of personality is also different. Passive obedience to God and fatalistic trust in Providence bring an attitude of soul wholly alien to our Faustian natures. The world is filled with the atmosphere of the fairy-tale, such as we know it in the Arabian Nights. There are devils and evil spirits, angels and genii; there are amulets, talismans, secret scripts, mysterious lands and beings; there are Solomon's seal and the philosopher's stone. This culture is "Magian" (such is the catch-word here), and its most characteristic written expression is to be found in a host of apocalypses. This is the atmosphere breathed by Jesus, whose inner life is really stranger to us than to the pious Moslem of to-day. We need to know this Magian spirit before we can hope to understand primitive Christianity.

We can now, perhaps, appreciate better the author's attitude toward Christianity. He believes that it is an entirely different thing in our culture from what it was originally. We have taken over the terms, but the meanings have been utterly changed; and necessarily so, for is not our very soul different? In a similar way Buddhism was transformed when it passed over from India to China and Japan. "It is a well-known fact," Spengler observes, "that no new religion has ever altered the style of existence." Christianity, in fact, has had two great periods of spiritual activity. The first was from the beginning of our era to A.D. 500 in the East; the second was from A.D. 1000 to 1500 in the West. The first represents Magian culture, the second Faustian culture. But in reality two wholly distinct religions are involved which merely use the same terms. It was not the Christian sermon, but the Christian martyr,

who conquered the world, and he owed his power to do this not to his doctrine, but to the example of the Man on the cross.

But what of the Western world? The very title of Spengler's book indicates that it is with *our* fortunes that he is mainly concerned. Western culture, in his opinion, began about the year A.D. 800 and culminated around A.D. 1800. We are therefore already in the winter of our discontent. In order to show that our culture is lapsing, or has already lapsed, into civilization, Spengler undertakes an elaborate disparagement of the nineteenth century. We are now in a stage corresponding to the period 100 B.C. to A.D. 300, the period of late Hellenism and of the Roman Empire. We have become critical instead of creative, we rely upon ingenuity rather than upon inspiration, our keen intellectuality runs into a sterilizing scepticism. Beethoven was the last great musician, Kant the last great philosopher, Goethe the last great poet, and even Goethe, in Spengler's opinion, was a dilettant compared to Shakspere. There were almost no creative thinkers in the nineteenth century except Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Dramatists like Hebbel and Ibsen reproduce better the higher thought of the time, and behold what disintegrating forces they were! Our religion has ceased to be spiritual because it is no longer whole-heartedly believed. It has become humanitarian, philanthropic, interested in social betterment.

In art also the springs of inspiration are exhausted. Rembrandt and Velasquez were the last supremely great painters. The hectic activity of pictorial art in the last fifty years is but further testimony to our substitution of ingenious complication for the broad, simple sweep of the true creator. In all the arts " Style sinks into senescence. We are merely dawdling over dead forms, deluding ourselves with vain phantoms of a living art."

The predominant interest in science which we see to-day is always the mark of the autumn of a culture. It spells utilitarianism and the mechanization of life. Darwinism, Marxian socialism, and the current belief in " progress " are kindred phenomena. The socialist is the dying *Faust*. Among the more select minds there is already a realization of the end of possibilities in the way of great scientific theories. In fact, our scientific myths are even now breaking down. One of the most grandiose of these, the doctrine of the conservation of energy, asserts that energy is never lost, and that the several kinds

of energy are convertible into one another. Against this magnificent theory we have to set the dismaying reality that energy *is* running down, that it tends constantly to assume a lower form and become forever unavailable. In similar fashion our other theories are doomed to destruction. Instead of rigid laws, we get a calculation of probabilities; we take refuge in statistics. The cosmopolitanism of our intellectuals, with their ideals of international reconciliation and world-peace, is a further indication of the weakening of our native instincts.

As for politico-social theories, of which we have had God's plenty from Rousseau to Marx, why ask about any of them, whether they are true or false? A senseless question! The point is, are they still effective enough to move men? Such theories are never refuted, they simply become boresome with the lapse of time. Rousseau has long since ceased to interest us, and the same fate will presently overtake Marx, for the living faith of socialists has gone.

Meanwhile men are huddling together in big cities and becoming voluntarily sterile. The fall of the birth-rate was noted by Polybius in Greece and is known to have been enormous in later Rome. Wherever you go, it is Berlin, Paris, London, and New York, just as it once was Antioch, Alexandria, and Rome. Imperialism is a sort of outward compensation for our inner deficiencies. We are living under the sign of Cecil Rhodes's motto, "Expansion is Everything." And the end will be, as it was in Rome, a period of Caesarism.

But, we may protest, the world is growing daily more democratic; surely the on-march of democracy is irresistible. Do not lay that flattering unction to your souls, replies Spengler. Democracy is plutocracy, and the proof thereof is succinct. A democracy is supposed to be governed by public opinion, but public opinion has to be worked up, and that costs money. Public opinion is largely molded by the press, which means owning or controlling newspapers. The instrument of public opinion, the ballot, implies huge campaign funds. The crude bribery of the eighteenth century is no longer necessary; we substitute for it astute manipulation. *Das Geld denkt; das Geld lenkt.* And yet no national constitutions recognize the power of money. Behold, therefore, what a hollow mockery these acknowledged instruments of government are! The German constitution of 1919 shows clearly that democracy is on its last

legs. It is reputedly the most democratic of constitutions; but make only a few slight changes in it, and it would place unlimited power in the hands of two or three persons. Outwardly, indeed, we use all the forms of political democracy. Even the Roman Catholic Church does so. Once avowedly aristocratic, it now employs all the devices of democracy more skilfully than any liberal party in any land. But all that is pure theory, a mere show of deference. The actual power resides still, as always, in a small clique. Nor are there any politically endowed nations. Those that are so called are only nations which are in the hands of a ruling minority, and which feel themselves well off. Even the English, politically the maturest of peoples, are just as destitute of judgment, just as narrow and unpractical, as any other people; they merely possess a tradition of confidence in their rulers.

§ 4

What, then, is ahead of us? As before stated, a period of Caesarism. And this will bring with it gigantic wars which may last for two centuries. Nor is this to be regretted, for war is the creator of all great things, just as famine is the destroyer. And who would not prefer a hero's death to a death by hunger? For us in the Western world it is the Ragnarök, the Götterdämmerung, the Twilight of the Gods, foreshadowed in our early myths. It is winter, the end, the death of Western culture. "The Western soul, weary of striving, sinks back into its home."

But the cosmic game will be renewed, the sceptre will pass to another culture, and Spengler hints more than once that it will probably pass to Russia. In an interesting foot-note in the second volume he indicates some of the qualities of the Russian soul. The very word for "sky" in Russian is negative. The Russian, in fact, does not look up; he looks out — over the boundless plain. Russian mysticism has nothing of the soaring fervor of the Gothic. The mystic love of these people goes out to their brethren of the steppes in like suffering and like guilt. The Russian conception of will is to be free, not for something, but from something, from the obligation of personal action. What kind of Christianity, he wonders, will some day arise from this ethnic soul?

People have exclaimed, "Here we have the old familiar German

pessimism! " Spengler has been called a defeatist of humanity, and not unnaturally has been accused of preaching despair to a people already sorely buffeted and disheartened. But he would deny that his conclusions are pessimistic. To accept the inevitable, to embrace destiny, is the mark of the highest wisdom. There is much that remains for us to do in the Western world. Creative art is, to be sure, played out, but industry and the practical tasks of administration remain. We may maintain our civilization for centuries on a relatively high level. If we cultivate a Roman hardness, there is no need for us to sink to the fellah civilization of Egypt, which no longer has a history. " We Germans shall never produce another Goethe, but we may another Caesar." The realist is he who recognizes clearly what can and what cannot be done, who moves contentedly or resignedly within the limits set by fate. There are, he says, two kinds of fatal idealism in a time like to-day, the reactionary and the democratic. The first believes that history can be turned backward; the second, that there is an anthropomorphic purpose in history. There is no purpose; there is only fate. And the whole work closes with the sonorous Latin line,

" Ducunt fata volentem, nolentem trahunt."

Spengler's " Decline of Western Culture " has had much the same sort of vogue as Chamberlain's " Foundations of the Nineteenth Century " enjoyed fifteen or twenty years ago. The historian of German thought will doubtless see in Chamberlain's glorification of the Nordic race the exuberant expression of tribal insolence, and in Spengler's work the dreary disillusionment produced on the German mind by the inexorable march of events. Hybris, as always, is followed by nemesis, intoxication by Katzenjammer. Not that Spengler is altogether chastened and subdued. He is still, in many respects, the truculent German of pre-war days, closer in spirit to Hindenburg than to Ebert. He is, as has been shown, neither pacifist nor internationalist, but monarchist and militarist. But at least the dream of German world hegemony has vanished. National insolence appears rather in the form of overweening personal conceit. Spengler speaks as one whose foible is omniscience, in a tone of imperturbable superiority. He proclaims himself the Copernicus of history and asserts that his book is the

last achievement, the swan song, of Western culture, whereby he institutes the study of the comparative morphology of cultures. This study will help light our way to dusty death by enabling us to *know* when we can no longer really *do*.

§ 5

But does our author give us anything except the *ipse dixit* of a dogmatist? Does he offer any convincing evidence for his thesis? In reply it must be acknowledged that he does present an immense amount of material which may be called evidential. It consists of a tissue of analogies and parallelisms, resemblances between the phenomena of one culture and those of another. By detecting these resemblances we may trace the law of rhythmic development that is immanent in all cultures and which impels them through their cycle of changes. In this network of analogies the meshes are sometimes very closely drawn indeed; nothing, not even the most trivial chance resemblance, seems to escape. There is a superabundance of riches, the total effect of which is a bit bewildering to the reader, especially when the material is taken from India, Egypt, or China. One suspects that Spengler has had a corps of expert assistants to help him in those remoter fields. Yet even his central thesis of the existence of independent cultures had been adumbrated before. To mention only one instance, Professor Flinders Petrie, the distinguished Egyptologist of the University of London, published in 1911 a little book called "The Revolutions of Civilization" in which a similar point of view was put forward. It does indeed seem to be a fact that human civilization has followed a curved line of ups and downs. It is probably Spengler's most secure title to fame that he has brought this fact into strong historical relief. Although he has been convicted by specialists of inaccuracy in details, he is still able to reply that his central contention remains intact.

But it by no means follows that, because civilization has taken such a sinuous course in the past, it is destined to pursue it in the future and forever. Despite Spenglerism, the idea of continuity running through human experience remains unshaken in the minds of philosophic historians. We do owe a boundless debt to the past, to Greece and to Judea, even though we have made over in our own image what we have inherited or appropriated. The great Renais-

sance shows us one culture enriching itself from another. By the exigencies of his thesis, Spengler is forced to belittle the Renaissance as a mere antiquarian movement, an episode of Florence. The besetting sin of all philosophies of history is to do similar violence to facts in the interest of some pet theory. What Spengler refuses to recognize is that world history has entered upon a totally new stage. World-wide intercourse is an actual fact to-day, and Western culture, which is almost synonymous with white men's culture, is bringing the entire globe under its sway. It is of the very essence of the Faustian nature to expand, to go forth and conquer. In the last fifty years we have seen Japan, a country with a very old native civilization, remodel itself on Western lines.

Spengler would, of course, retort that all this external expansion is without cultural value; that it is a mere spread of the mechanics of civilization. And here we are once more brought up against the distinction between culture and civilization. Is it so sure, after all, that creative energy has entirely gone from us? Are, for example, mathematicians like Gauss and Einstein to be put down as "contemporaries" of Euclid and Archimedes in the old age or winter of culture? Earl Balfour in a lecture on progress delivered a generation ago expressed the opinion that the greatest generalizations of science had already been made, and that in the nature of things no proportionate advance could be expected in the future. Since then we have had such new discoveries or fruitful hypotheses as radioactivity, the break-up of the atom, the quantum theory of energy, the doctrine of relativity, mutation in biology, a new understanding of heredity and its factors, and a wholly new psychology! Neither the inside nor the outside world looks the same as it did when Earl Balfour uttered that ill-fated prophecy. These achievements can hardly be swept lightly aside as the futile puttering of senility. It may even be that the most glorious era of science ever known is now dawning. At least one competent observer, Dr. E. E. Slosson, thinks that it is.

Unfortunately, the case is not so clear in regard to the arts or religion. But if it be a sign of life that endless experimentation is going on, then assuredly there is no lack of vitality here either. What new syntheses may emerge, the future alone can disclose.

Furthermore, it is a conviction of the present writer that criticism is by no means always antithetical and opposed to creation. On the contrary, there is such a thing as creative criticism. To take only one field for illustration: Lessing by his criticism founded modern German literature, and in our own day Georg Brandes, the critic, has been the renovator of Danish literature. In almost every branch of mental or artistic endeavor, criticism can be shown to have a fructifying effect. But it is too aridly intellectual to suit a romanticist like Spengler.

§ 6

Perhaps romanticism is the true key-word for Spengler's ideas. He himself has told how he was roused from his dream of "Darwinian optimism" by the events in Europe during the summer of 1911. It became evident to him then and there that humanity was not making continued progress toward some undefined good, but was heading for a catastrophe. That was the great awakening for Spengler. It was as if a mystic insight into the heart of things had been vouchsafed to him. Shedding all pacifism, internationalism and sweet reasonableness, he worked out his version of the fate-impelled cycles of human culture. No cause-and-effect philosophy for him any more, but a mystical belief in destiny; history to be hitched to the stars, not to the belly of man! The author's anti-intellectualism, his love of primitive impulses, his admiration for the mythopoeic faculties of man, and consequently his belittlement of scientific endeavor, are all of them phases of this romanticism. Analogies, as revealed by intuition, are substituted for causal connections, and all the rest follows.

To call this vast work unconvincing, but immensely stimulating, is not to damn it with faint praise. Some parts of it show such fine insight that it deserves to be carefully studied here in America. The attack on our parochial scheme of history, which divides it up into ancient, medieval and modern, and blandly leaves the rest of the world out of account, ought to help deprovincialize us. The drastic scepticism regarding the achievements of the last hundred years can hardly fail to incline us to a wholesome self-scrutiny. Every philosophy of history is almost necessarily one-sided and arbitrary in its arrangement, but if the writer has the vision of genius,

he will give us suggestions that are of permanent value. Karl Marx's economic interpretation of history has broken down as an exclusive explanation, yet since Marx no serious historian can neglect the economic factor. It remains for the future to reveal the elements of permanent truth in Spenglerism.

ANONYMOUS

CENSORING PRIVATE READING[1]

THERE is much food for profitable thought in the comments on fashionable contemporary literature made the other day by Dr. Paul Shorey at the semicentennial convocation of the University of Colorado, at Boulder, Colo. As a distinguished classical scholar and head of the department of Greek at the University of Chicago, Dr. Shorey is entitled to a respectful hearing. And although those who disagree with him may be inclined to contend that he is somewhat out of touch and out of sympathy with current tendencies, anyone who reads even the press reports of his address must be convinced that his criticism is directed only at the impermanent in present-day writing.

Professor Shorey's first point is that much contemporary literature is "innutritious." To estimate literature by the residuum of knowledge, common sense and sane habits of thought that it inculcates will seem a crude criterion to the craftsman or to the Utopian, he admits. But he insists it is one perfectly reasonable test to apply to the reading of the undergraduate, or of the adult, so long as one still regards it as contributing to one's mental growth.

The professor made an important point when he referred to the tendency of students to be betrayed by this popular literature into a "most unsocratic confidence that they know all." "It provides," he continued, "a few ready-made formulas, snap judgments and peremptory prejudices by which to estimate and condemn out of hand everything in the literature and thought of the past that to superficial inspection seems to contradict the prevailing fashion of the present."

[1] From *The Christian Science Monitor,* November 11, 1927. Reprinted by permission.

But Dr. Shorey realizes, too, that there is a more fundamental objection to unworthy writing. The coloring of the imagination by the images on which thought is allowed to dwell is more than a metaphor, he points out. "Under the specious pretexts of realism, verity, facing the facts and the scientific attitude," he adds, "the most widely advertised literature of today is accustoming a whole generation to brood persistently on whatever things are cynical, unjust, hideous, squalid, and of ill report."

But has not the professor's quite understandable apprehension carried him a little too far there? Hardly "a whole generation" is thus affected. Those who lack proper guidance are, perhaps; and all need to be warned and to guard against wrong influences. But there are many wholesome people, of all ages, who turn their faces away from contemplation of the unpleasant features of the contemporary literature to which Dr. Shorey refers.

Nevertheless, there is much to be said for his advocacy of a sort of private censorship. Without expressing an opinion on the wisdom of official censorship, Professor Shorey asserts that the right of adults to censor their own and their children's reading is also a duty. And few thoughtful people will take exception to his fine statement that "lifelong habituation to the winnowed and sifted best of the world's literary inheritance brings its sure and ever acceleratingly increased reward in the clarification of our ideas, the ennobling of feeling, the refinement of sentiment and the self-companionship of a mind stored with high thoughts and gracious and beautiful images."

ANONYMOUS

TIME AND THE MONEY[1]

THERE is cumulative evidence that American industry, if its present level of prosperity is to be sustained, must devote its best talents to the problem of consumption. The advancing skill and swiftness of modern machinery — improved mechanization by which less labor is today manufacturing more goods than at any other

[1] From *The Christian Science Monitor*, November 14, 1927. Reprinted by permission.

time in the industrial history of the Nation — has brought in its wake such productive efficiency that the engineers of distribution are clearly being put to it to match these mechanical advances.

The recent convention of the National Association of Manufacturers in Chattanooga, Tenn., took particular cognizance of this prophetic trend. Col. James L. Walsh, vice-president of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company of New York, stated the problem in these words:

> Production has now outstripped demand, and the need of the hour is for merchandising to meet and master the increasingly grave problem of marketing at a profit. The question which confronts us is whether we shall charge all our troubles to overproduction and allow business to drift into what has been aptly termed " profitless prosperity," or whether we shall diagnose our business ailment as underconsumption, which can be remedied.

In America's present industrial equation it is apparent that the outstanding factor is the mounting volume of production — a growth which far exceeds the accompanying increases in population. Thus today the United States is producing fully 60 per cent more goods per person than twenty-five years ago.

Many factors may be cited to account for this greatly increased output per person, some operating over a long period of time and others becoming evident only in more recent years, while still others have grown out of changes in the industrial system as a whole. Perhaps the most far-reaching of these factors is the increasing utilization of machinery and power. The amount of horsepower of installed primary power-producing machines in manufacturing establishments increased by 256 per cent between 1899 and 1925, as compared with increases of 175 per cent in output and 87 per cent in the number of persons employed. The widespread acceptance of standardized articles and the consequent economies in manufacturing have likewise served to impel large-scale production.

The result of these mechanical and managerial improvements, combined with the efficiency of workers, enhanced by the benefits of national prohibition, has been to speed up production appreciably faster than consumption. In the opinion of many practical industrialists, the problem which therefore must be recognized and met is the development of sufficient markets to absorb this produc-

tion. In the words of Colonel Walsh, the "marketing era" is at hand.

Already numerous American manufacturers have taken positive steps toward the solution of their marketing problem — in short, toward the maintenance of a consuming power equal to the producing power of industry. To contribute to this end these industries are recognizing that sustained high wages and a shortening of the working hours give the worker, who in the final analysis is the principal consumer and market, leisure in which to enjoy the things produced and the money with which to buy them.

ANONYMOUS

YOUTH IS ALWAYS RIGHT[1]

THE keenest intelligence in the British Isles has recently uttered what is perhaps its keenest observation. The intelligence is, of course, Bernard Shaw's. The observation is that if a great teacher of his age has done all he ought to do he must expect, and he should desire, to come in time to seem outmoded, superfluous, even something of a nuisance. Thinking, Mr. Shaw perceives, is in this respect like walking: once the habit has been acquired the learner has to practise it alone. As he cannot be precisely the same person his teacher was, he must go by different paths to different goals. Indeed, the measure of the valuable teacher of thinking is his power to show his pupils how they may reach conclusions he himself never could reach. After Socrates, Plato; after Plato, Aristotle. It calls, indeed, for an almost inhuman degree of magnanimity to rejoice when we see ourselves distanced by those whom we first set upon their feet; Mr. Shaw's attitude of willingness, even of eagerness, is a sign of that capacity for elevated vision which has lent wings to his words and barbs to his truth. But his prompt admission of a thing which his mind lets him see is only what he has taught his followers, and his age, to expect of him. No matter if it does not flatter his pride. He does not have that kind of pride by the exercise of which

[1] From *The Nation* (New York), March 15, 1922. Reprinted by permission of the editor.

a man would rather be president than be right. He knows that the life of thought depends not upon the fidelity with which it continues in one direction but in the vitality with which it stirs successive generations.

For thinking is part of the human process no less than play or work or love or aspiration. Its roots are in the protoplasm and its nourishment comes from living growth. To look back over the long and jagged history of opinion is to discover that opinions rise and fall but that only the making and testing of opinion go on forever; and it is to discover that opinion has always prospered most when it was most nearly allied with the creative forces of youth. Perhaps one should hardly call it opinion at all when those who cherish it are following it in full pursuit. Perhaps then it is instinct and little more. But the instincts of youth are precious as nothing else is precious. Youth, viewed broadly, is always right.

Viewed thus broadly, conservatism is the element of death and radicalism is the element of life. The human tribe, straggling through the wilderness of the world, perpetuates itself by begetting and bearing its young, who, at first protected by bosom and counsel, eventually detach themselves and move toward the front while their parents gradually slip toward the rear and are left behind. The process is cruel but it is real; and it is irresistible. What other course, after all, is there to take? Who knows where we come from or where we are going to? If youth has now and then plunged blindly along blind roads, so has age wrought incalculable evil by inquisitions and oppressions aimed to check the march of mankind in its natural advance. Experience grows cynical and lags heavily back, scorning the impulse to create. Youth staggers under the burden of freeing itself, as if it were not enough to perform the hard tasks and fight the bitter battles which the old men of the tribe "wish" upon it. No wonder high hearts falter under their fate when they do not rebel; no wonder they grow old so soon and take up the immemorial complaint; no wonder the youth of any particular generation always does so little. It is right but it is in the minority.

Fortunately years alone are not the final evidence of youth or age. Always there are wise men who, like Socrates or Goethe in their days, or like Bernard Shaw or Anatole France in ours, refuse

to grow old as the seasons increase upon them. They put forth new leaves, they unfold new blossoms, with a continuous rejuvenescence. They are the links between young and old. Through their intercession youth grows conscious of the meaning of its urges, as it is already conscious of its essential rightness. Through their interpretation age is reminded of what, left alone, it would always forget: the generous intentions and the authentic power of youth. They are the true spiritual parents of the race. Yet what they do is no more than what all parents do who are not jealous of their children. They watch them at their wild games with joy that they are so strong. They offer advice which, they hope, may save them the experience of unnecessary pain and may help them to realize their potentialities, but they do not feel too much chagrin when the advice is slighted, knowing that wisdom is incommunicable and must be learned over again in person by each new apprentice to life. Alas that there are so few good or wise parents! It is the fault of the bad and the unwise if they find youth wilful, heedless, insolent. They have fixed their eyes upon individuals who go astray and not upon the larger drift in which life is perpetually renewed. Is life itself good or bad? There are, it is true, divergent answers to the question, but few are better than that of E. W. Howe, who says: "We have it, and must make the best of it. And as long as we do not blow our brains out, we have decided life is worth living." At least life is best where it is most vivid — in the heart and ways of youth.

CHARLES H. SHERRILL

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN [1]

ONCE upon a time, into a small back court of Venice, the stork brought a tiny baby, destined one day to become even a greater traveler than that kindly bird. Go back to the inner, second *Corte del Milion,* behind the *Teatro Malibran,* and you will see a much altered mediaeval tower, two of whose Romanesque arches are all

[1] From *The North American Review.* Reprinted by permission of the author and the editors.

that remains of Marco Polo's birthplace. He lived from about 1254 till 1324, and was the first known white man to penetrate "Far Cathay." Not only did he survive his extensive travels throughout all that vast unknown territory, but also and for many years served as Viceroy of one of China's provinces.

To Marco Polo's distinction as the white pioneer of the Yellow Man's empire, must be added another: He never talked any nonsense about undertaking the White Man's Burden! He quite frankly urged others of his race to go where he had gone because it was profitable. He said nothing about the duty of the White Race to uplift those of darker skins: he left that for us moderns to proclaim.

The date of his return from two decades of profitable residence in the Far East was 1292, just two centuries before 1492, an easy date for Americans to remember. There is much more connection between those two dates than would at first appear. Of all his interesting tales brought home to Venice, none were more alluring to that race of enterprising merchants than his account of a certain island called Zipangu, lying off the coast of China, of whose riches and desirability he could not say enough. Zipangu was and is Japan.

Nearly two centuries later, inspired by Marco Polo's and later tales of Zipangu, another Italian (this time a Genoese) sailed westward with three Spanish ships under the Spanish flag, to find that fabled island. This later Italian, Christopher Columbus, by his epoch-making voyage toward Zipangu, transformed the earth from a flat map into a globe. Vastly more momentous still, his addition of two continents to the known world started the white man to overrun the earth.

From the day that Columbus sailed westward from Cadiz, the white man has never stopped his determined and relentless expansion. He has obtained undisputed possession of the whole new hemisphere of the Americas, as well as of the continent and countless isles of Australasia. He has acquired all of Africa, of the Near East, of India, and occupied all of that northern half of Asia which we call Siberia. In southern Asia, the English have spread on from India down over the Malay Peninsula, and also up over the lofty Himalayas into Thibet. The French took possession of that

huge southern district of China called Tonkin, half again as large as France, with forty million non-white inhabitants, while to the south the Dutch did likewise to Java and Sumatra with their thirty-five millions. And we Americans, although not with deliberate intent but by the chances of war, find ourselves the overlords of eight million Filipinos.

Is it any wonder that the Far East finally awoke to this onward rush of the White Peril? Or that Japan drove back the Russians from the China Sea, so as not to have white warships dominating those near-by waters from that Gibraltar-like base, Port Arthur, or holding the Korean side of Tsu-shima Straits, just across from Shimonoseki?

Much has been said and written of the White Man's Burden — of our race's duty to extend our civilization over territory belonging to the yellow or red or black man so as to better the condition of those aborigines. But is that true? Who shall decide whether such a change really benefits those peoples — they or we? Has not the time come to make frank admission that the "White Man's Burden" is after all only a smug phrase coined to cover exploitation of weaker races for the benefit of the white one?

When Bishop Brent and his American associates attempted last year at Geneva, in the home of the League of Nations, to effect a reduction in the growth of the opium poppy, they were opposed by all those European Powers whose nationals profit from opium production in those lands of the Far East seized by white Europeans. The altruistic efforts of these distinguished Americans failed completely. Those European Powers declined to relinquish that particular portion of the White Man's Burden, nor have they reduced their subsidies to encourage cultivation of the opium poppy by Asiatics in those lands for the benefit of white merchants handling that trade. All the foregoing is well known.

Nothing is further from the writer's mind than a desire to urge that it should not be the acclaimed privilege of the White Man to do all in his power to aid other races. He only desires to protest against the world's opinion that this justifies the *occupation* of territory belonging to those other races. The port of Guayaquil was cleared of yellow fever by the brains and energy of a citizen of the United States, but that afforded no reason for the seizure by us of

that port. The White Man's Privilege of Service is far removed from the White Man's Burden policy of territorial seizure.

All around the world we are beginning to hear the voice of the Native raised against the long-accepted doctrine of the White Man's Burden. After having traveled extensively around the Pacific Ocean I can testify that there is as much unrest among the natives across that great water as there is among the tribes in North Africa and the Near East. What have we whites ever done in medical service to the islands of the Pacific to compensate for the hideous wrong done them when Captain Cook's sailors spread a dreadful venereal disease, until then unknown in those sunlit seas?

The cry of "Asia for the Asiatics" is seldom heard and but little understood on our side of the Pacific. In Asia, it represents a great and deep-seated movement, and some of their wise leaders express surprise that Americans cannot realize that their beloved Monroe Doctrine is the world's only exact prototype of "Asia for the Asiatics."

"Yes," says a European poppy grower or merchant, now forced upon the defensive, "but what about the American flag in the Philippines?" To that there is a complete answer. In the first place, our fleet did not go there to seize territory. Admiral Dewey's orders were to seek out and destroy the Spanish fleet — nothing more and nothing less. That fleet happened to be found in Manila Bay, and was there destroyed. But that did not finish his task, for there was still a Spanish army on the shore to be defeated. When that was done and the war ended, there we were, with no local government of natives capable of functioning alone and unaided. So much for our installation in these foreign and distant islands.

"But," continues the said European poppy grower or merchant, "why not now get out of the islands and leave them to the native?" It seems to me that the only way to answer this searching question is not smugly to plead the "White Man's Burden" doctrine, but frankly to point out that we cannot afford, for reasons of worthy national pride, to give complete freedom to those islands unless and until all the great colonizing Powers interested in the Pacific join us in guaranteeing the freedom of a Filipino Republic. It would never do for the United States to withdraw from the Philippines with any risk that, some years later, one of those colonizing Powers on the

grounds of avenging its nationals or protecting its trade — the case of the English at Hongkong or the French at Tonkin; the Germans took all Shantung because two of their missionaries were murdered in Kiaochao — should move into some such vantage point as Manila, and stay there. Such a move would inevitably result in the disconsolate but defenceless Filipinos sending us such a heart-rending appeal to return to their assistance as would surely result in our people, always sensible to distress appeals, becoming embroiled with the colonizing Power aforesaid.

No, even though we repudiate the White Man's Burden whenever it means acquisition of lands belonging to other races, we cannot abandon the Philippines until their freedom is jointly guaranteed by all those colonizing Powers who still believe in the superior right of the White Man. We are not a colonizing Power.

Also, this seems a proper place to rejoice that the United States is not a partner to the policy of colonial mandates to which the League of Nations is committed. It may serve for a group of colonizing European nations, but it does not square with the Monroe Doctrine.

ANONYMOUS

THEY WANT TO KNOW [1]

Perhaps as you went along you did learn something. I did not care what it was all about. All I wanted to know was how to live in it. Maybe, if you found out how to live in it, you learned from that what it was all about. — *Ernest Hemingway, in The Sun Also Rises.*

FOR the most part human beings have, of course, cared enormously what it was all about. Without a certified plan of the universe and of their personal relation to it, they did not see how they could live in it loyally and adequately. This certified plan is what they have ordinarily meant by religion. Recently the newspapers have circulated a "religious" questionnaire which dealt entirely with beliefs about God, immortality and prayer and with specific acts such as church-going. People who admitted such beliefs and who

[1] From *The New Republic,* December 29, 1926. Reprinted by permission of the editors.

went to church were classified as religious. People who did not were classified as irreligious. The test was supposed to divide the sheep from the goats. Yet the sophisticated youth of today and many of their elders reject it. Religion concerns truth, but first of all it concerns life. We are not born with any knowledge which equips us to live adequately and truthfully in the world — to synthesize truth with life. Our regular education has not repaired the deficiency. Particularly in its higher forms it has subordinated life to achieved truth. It is our first business as human beings to find out how to live. It must be done by personal experiments in living. The people who believe in God and immortality and practice churchgoing and prayer are not of much help in this respect. Their religion is mixed up with verbal illusions and moral scruples or pretensions which disqualify its devotees from trusting themselves to life and profiting from the experience. Religious education from their point of view is much more a matter of instruction and exhortation than of individual initiative and discovery. The brethren have to choose between belonging either to the shepherds or to the sheep.

Hard-boiled youth are justified in rejecting a religion of opinion or of conventional conduct. The bank whose checks religious tradition is still asking human credulity to cash is bankrupt. It was a venerable institution, and many pious people still honor its paper. Yet its remaining assets are not sufficient to meet its increasing liabilities. The elders founded it early in recorded history when, as a way out of their perplexities, they jumped at a few bristling conclusions about the nature of the universe. These conclusions proved to be useful. Life was in those days an extremely chancy affair. It was not safe to travel except on highways whose signposts furnished directions chiefly in the form of warnings. The lack of common religious convictions imperiled moral and social order. In order to discourage dissent — equivalent in their minds both to aberration and dissension — the elders gradually built a temple of divine authority whose treasures would form the perennial source of absolute certification. This structure of authority presented a different façade to the world at different times, but its assets were always composed of the same kind of yellow metal. The present generation conspired to terrify the next generation into conformity of belief. Disaster would overtake the disbelieving sinners. They

might be burned alive in this world. Or their dead bodies and living spirits might be burned in the next world for thousands of years. Or they might be cast out into the wilderness and deprived of rights which good people would have any reason to respect. They could not escape. Even though they were not punished for levity or disorder before they died, they would in the end cut themselves off from salvation.

Since the Reformation and the rise of modern science, many circumstances have combined to impair the credit of this institution. Although the new sectarian churches issued more bills than the church universal, the denominations were smaller, and they were more easily counterfeited. They circulated only at a tacitly acknowledged discount. By the end of the nineteenth century many rumors of its insolvency were being passed around, but not until after the War was the alarming news broadcast by the papers. Radical scepticism, unaccompanied by any sense of sin, foreboding of punishment or conscious surrender of salvation, is now a widely diffused and aggressive social microbe. The elders can do nothing to immunize society against its ravages. The Christian churches by attaching the same pretensions to disputed dogmas as their predecessors did to undisputed dogmas have themselves undermined the authority of authority. The state has contributed to the downfall by refusing to take religious scruples seriously. The progress of natural science has completed the bankruptcy of dogma by satisfying the craving for truth without falling back except incidentally on authority. But this new science does not take the place of the old. It is interpreted both as the inveterate enèmy and the indispensable ally of religious faith. The improved description of natural processes is admitted to be the most trustworthy form of existing knowledge, but whenever young people inquire what in the light of this science the world is all about, and how they can best live in it, the answers are contradictory and impoverished. If the confused wayfarer turns inward and prays for trustworthy guidance, he may meet his most disheartening defeat. The still small voice which has presided over the conduct of so many pious and benevolent souls is being hushed. It no longer speaks with its former assurance. The young learn from books and newspapers that their infirmities, their self-deceptions and their defeats no less than their moral aspirations speak

through the inner voice. Conscience or duty, once the stern daughter of the voice of God, is now more often reported to be a hand-pumped organ for the sublimation of personal and cosmic worry.

Assuming then that young people wake up to find themselves in a world without a plan and without authoritative instruction, how do they propose to get their bearings? At present, so far as we can see, they do not bother much about it. They are quite content to eat and drink, swear and sing, work and love and now and then pretend to be sorry for themselves. Yet without any relapse towards subordination to doubtful authority, they can try another route. Scepticism cannot rob them of life itself and their animal faith in life. Perhaps, as Mr. Hemingway says, they can learn by living. They are not sure that they can learn by living, but they feel sure that they cannot learn without living. The only way to find out is to try to behave as if they are able to live and learn. Their scepticism, instead of being a handicap to the acquisition of this experimental knowledge, is transformed into a preparation and a stimulus. Their elders, who began by learning the sacred truths and then lived by the alleged light, were predisposed to distrust life and to fool themselves about some of its unmanageable aspects. But the only chance which sceptical youth has of finding its bearings is to trust life, to live honestly, freely and thoroughly, but at the same time inquisitively. The truth which authority cannot impose upon life must be wrung from life itself by the help of an exploratory habit of mind which they will bring to the process of living.

The growth of their religious insight will depend upon the exercise in conjunction with living, of a disinterested, inveterate and impassioned curiosity. By assiduously spraying such curiosity upon every moment of their experience, they may hold it up long enough to extract its secret and divide some of its invisible contents. They will not discover the clue to life by investigating the universe at large and writing their own encyclopaedias. But they may learn something about the universe, which the Encyclopaedia Britannica omits, by cultivating the exploration of their own behavior. They are alive; they are individuals or selves of some kind; and they are conscious. Truth is a function of consciousness. To know how to live they must be conscious of themselves. Perhaps if they substitute for an unwary animal faith in life a methodical attempt to become

aware of their own special contacts, their own special biography and their own special promise as individuals, they may move towards the desired synthesis of life with truth.

This proposed method of conscious self-exploration will immediately encounter one formidable objection. It will be accused of being merely a disingenuous attempt to revive the barren and discarded practice of puritan introspection. The objection is plausible. There is an analogy between the puritan efforts to obtain self-knowledge by a process of conscious self-purgation and the proposed transformation of the good life into methodical self-exploration and self-inquisition. But there is also a difference. Unlike puritan introspection, the new method would consciously protect its operations against deception. The puritan of old was incapable of objectifying his inquiries into his natural life. He had already accepted conclusions about it which had closed his mind. He conceived his nature as unregenerate. It could only become regenerate by the grace of God. There was nothing which he could do to liberate it. He could subject it to discipline, and he could be on his guard against it. But it was what it was, and he had nothing to gain by being inquisitive and watchful about its behavior. This conclusion vitiated his method of self-inquisition. Instead of emancipating his possible better self from the limitations of his existing personality, he barred the way to such emancipation. In this respect both the puritan and the ordinary automatic sleepy individual commit the same mistake. They allow their imaginative picture of themselves to be determined by what they already are or seem to themselves to be. They hypnotize themselves into inertia and self-satisfaction. Their conscious attitude towards themselves presupposes that their possibilities of growth are limited by the merely accidental limitations of their existing personality. The indispensable condition of the successful practice of the kind of curiosity about oneself which may help the practitioner to learn by living is the utter refusal on his part to permit any identification between the desirable and possible reality of his own life and the collective facts of his prevailing behavior.

Hard-boiled youth have thrown overboard the old conclusions about the world with comparative ease. But if they really try to dispense with conclusions about themselves, they will have undertaken a task which will occupy all their vigilance, all their courage and all

their energy. For every act, every feeling and every thought in which they indulge without exercising a lively curiosity about what it is and how it reverberates will inevitably seek to compensate for its partiality and its subjectivity by pretending to be conclusive. The ordinary personality is in fact a bundle of uneasy and half-baked conclusions about itself. The young people who really want to know must begin by plunging a sword into their individual collection of plausible pretexts for self-satisfaction. The most paralyzing and the most ignoble, but at the same time the most seductive conclusion of all human beings, disappears in the maze of their existing personality. Jesus probably referred to the need of being rough and ruthless to ourselves when he said that he brought not peace, but the sword. Systematic self-surgery opens up the only chance of synthesizing individual life with truth, the only chance of finding out about the world by equipping ourselves to live in it. Of course human relations help, and the arts help. But the art of living by the light of truth is one which the individual must practice for himself and by a technique all his own. The beginning of it is the appeal to a methodical curiosity to rescue his moral imagination from its bondage to that poor fragment of his potentialities which is already actualized.

DUNCAN AIKMAN

SCRAPPING PERFECTIBILITY[1]

I

MY radical friend and I parted in a down-at-the-heels café of the New Orleans French quarter in the early spring of 1914. Anæmic chickens wandered in and out of a cobwebbed booth, while, for perhaps the fortieth time in a season of four months, under the heady stimulus of drip coffee and cognac, he enlightened me on the social merits of burning churches and shooting international bankers and the erotically crushing effects of the property interest in monogamy.

[1] From *Harper's Magazine,* May, 1927. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

Next day I went north, and next week he was to take a steamer south. I saw him no more until the 1926th year of Christian disillusionment when he wandered into my office in El Paso on a bond-selling trip.

"You've come to just the right place," I welcomed him after we had noted each other's changed appearance. "We'll have a shot of cognac instantly and then we'll go abroad — meaning to free Mexico — where we can get infinitely more and better cognac and where there's a chef who can brew coffee to match. And when you get to the church-burning stage I have two or three likely sacrificial offerings — "

"Hold on a minute," he said with something of his old harshness. "Have you a Y. W. C. A. cafeteria in town? They nearly always have genuine bran bread in those places, and you can trust the buttermilk to be pure."

The city was lacking in such an institution, but I pride myself on being a polite host, so we hunted up the nearest commercial substitute. There he complained of the buttermilk's low acidity and suspected the bran of harboring villainous cornmeal traces, but, nevertheless, he sat happily for half the afternoon under the dismal frown of "No Smoking" signs and the lowering glances of pietistic waitresses evidently awaiting a chance to enforce them. While I satisfied my own craving with cigarette ends bitten off behind my hand, he querulously and in unwearying detail revealed to me the low state of what he once had called "the cause."

The trouble, he insisted in the tone of a man fighting shell shock, was that nobody really believed in the cause any more, not even its leaders. The *New Masses* crowd and all the "crowds" that revolved about much redder and wilder propaganda sheets were excellent clubs with which to beat the existing abuses of capitalism. But did they really expect humanity to be any better off under the dictatorship of the practical politicians of the left than under the bland hokum-inspired guidance of the sitting statesmen of the right?

My friend doubted it. He knew that his friends the radical leaders, with whom he had spouted and worked hard for the best years of his life, doubted it, too — all, he said, except a few sentimentalists who didn't count and would soon be as dead as Debs. There was still good work to be done in assailing the more objectionable hypocrisies

and the more obvious injustices of the capitalist order, and they would go on doing it. But they understood now that when the socialists won Milwaukee it was not a halfway house on the way to the millennium, but simply a means of extracting some minor concession from the Coolidge administration; and that when it was granted, when there was more roast pork in the house, and the next war came, Milwaukee would dispatch its quota of cannon fodder to the front with no more real resentment than would the Yale Club of New York City.

Then what about Russia, I asked; and this, it appeared, was precisely what my friend was coming to. He had saved his money and spent a three-months' vacation there in 1925. And all he had got out of it was a vague sophistication with communist practical politics — which, except for the strangeness of the names and the bizarre character of the issues, were very much like the politics of a first-class fighting Republican national convention. If Lenin had only lived, if Trotzky were only more of a human being and less of a propagandist, if Stalin were not a mere office-grabber, if the politicians were not merely after the jobs in the name of the proletarian uplift, and if the people themselves honestly wanted communism to work without fatal modifications in the direction of private property and competitive merchandising, why, Russia might really get somewhere. But as it was, Russia was about as communistic as the United States is dry.

"I take it, then," I summed up, "that the human equation is against you."

"You're right, absolutely," my friend granted in his best blighted-for-life accent. "A race that is too instinctively vicious to be saved by the Christian ethic is too dumb to be saved by an intelligent economic system. Capitalism is rotten, but it works no worse than would any other system put into actual practice. And anyhow it's what such a race deserves. So I'm out to keep my health and milk the goat of civilization for all there is in it."

And he set off to peddle bonds to a local bankers' consortium.

II

In spite of one's natural sympathy for a fellow-being on a selling mission to the hard-boiled, the main point is not that my friend is

a sentimental tragedy. The main point is not even, as any good Republican reader might suppose, that he has been cured of his radicalism. Economic radicals are no worse than any other brand of millennialists except that they are often more tiresome socially and tend more to disturb working vested interests. The main point is that he had put off what we were all brought up to call the " modern mind " — and the " modern mind's " magic. He had believed that human nature could be materially improved under the spell of a new social system, and now he knows better.

If his enlightenment sickened him into forswearing meat, coffee, and cognac, it is sad, but incidental. The fact that mystically inclined children have been known to smash their parents' gifts on learning that there is no Santa Claus does not prove that they have not gained in their sense of the realities.

In any case, the " modern mind " ruled the world for four hundred years — pedantry might say from the posting of Luther's theses to the Treaty of Versailles. It differed from its predecessor, the medieval mind, in regarding this world of mortality and moral problems as of genuine consequence. The medieval mind also had its magic, but employed it to get souls into heaven rather than to reform mundane society. While admittedly imperfect, medieval society was negligibly important in comparison with spiritual salvation. The " modern mind " in the early Sixteenth Century awakened with a shock to the rottenness of society and, without by any means pushing spiritual salvation into the background, placed a new and equal emphasis on reforming it more or less physically.

But just as the savage had sought to ward off death, famine, defeat, and other catastrophes of luck and nature by bringing out the right fetishes and staging the right ritual dances at the right season, and just as the medieval mind had sought to bring all things out right in the end by intoning masses for the dead, the modern mind also sought to solve its problems and attain the heart's desire with wizardry. It began, to be sure, with a certain sophistication. It knew that it could not stop the lightning with gibberish, and its Protestant vanguard, at least, was convinced that heaven could not be reached by so easy a means as standardized ritual intercession. Nevertheless, the traditions of countless centuries of savage ancestry, of spell worship, and subjection to medicine men controlled the

modern mind's choice of means. If the aim was to perfect the race, to make humanity "good" — and incidentally prosperous — on earth, surely there must be a formula, a trick, an incantation that would accomplish it. And the incantation was — system.

It was the beginning of a four hundred years' gamble on human perfectibility. The Sixteenth Century pioneers believed that it could be achieved by giving men the right religion — whatever that was — privately interpreted, but customarily inspired by private interpretation from the reigning prelates and monarchs. This phase of the experiment was marked for more than one hundred years by the reciprocal stake courtesies of the sectarians and ended with the semi-depopulation of Europe through the Thirty Years' War and preceding conflicts. It had to be stopped, not because perfection had been attained, or even because the sects had come to honor one another's sincerity in heresy; but because, for the moment, a glimmer of common sense subdued faith in magic, and the folly of permitting civilization to commit suicide by religious massacre became apparent.

The Puritan century, the seventeenth, however, was already on the scene with a new charm. The race had not been made "good" by the private interpretation of the Scriptures because private interpreters had been lax in regulating private conduct. Hence, wherever they got the upper hand politically the Puritan theocrats regulated it; with quaintness in some minor aspects, with everywhere a pervasive genius for repressing normal human impulses, with brutality on the whole, and in certain well-testified instances with definite sadism. Instead of becoming "good" the race reacted with the license of the Restoration period which ushered in the century of skepticism. Thereafter humanity had finished with religious magic as an aid to perfectibility until it appeared, as shall be indicated later, in the 1920's as a somewhat atavistic symptom of the "modern mind's" degeneration.

But the Eighteenth Century's skepticism was sophisticated only by disillusionment with religious magic, and so had its blind side. The race, it reasoned, could not be made "good" by faith or ecclesiastical governance. Therefore, it could be made "good" by politics. Benevolent despotism could reform it by showing it its duty. Or Jeffersonian republicanism could raise the descendants of slaves, savages, and beasts to the stature of manhood by granting

them "inalienable rights." Or Jacobinism could purify society for the new day by killing the aristocrats. All these methods were tried. But benevolent despotisms died of internal incompetence. Jacobinism, after parading itself in the gaudy regalia of empire, bled itself to death on Napoleon's battlefields. The cult of human rights, gradually extending its operations to the laggard nations during the Nineteenth Century, has been marked chiefly by increasing evidence of the corruption of politicians and of the congenital stupidity of electorates. Political magic, manifestly, worked the miracle no better than religious magic.

So the happy forward-lookers of the Nineteenth Century fell back on industrial enchantments. The world was to be made better through having more factories, more railroads, bigger business. The millennium was to come almost automatically through prosperity and progress and the social propriety of the Victorian bourgeois. Whatever business and industry and respectability did to promote progress was, therefore, ordained by God for the betterment of the race, and was not subject to hindrance or criticism. But except for assisting technical progress and organization, these agencies were mainly successful in fashioning new forms of wage slavery for the masses, new forms of exploitation for newly subjected backward races, new methods of corrupting politicians, new modes in hypocrisy, and new urges of warfare, now, because of improved technical equipment, waged on a scale unprecedentedly destructive.

In revulsion from such fruits, the hopeful turned at the beginning of the Twentieth Century to the "modern mind's" last experiment in wizardry — the magic of uplift. The world was to be made wise through universal compulsory education. It was to be made peaceful through organized pacifist propaganda, the teaching of sweet reasonableness, and the international organization of arbitration tribunals and leagues of peace enforcement.

It was to be made "good" by sumptuary legislation regulating private conduct in all matters from forming trusts to toping. Its politics were to be purified by extending the power of the electorate over demagogues and corruptionists with direct primaries, recalls, and referendums, and schemes for proportionate representation. Industrial abuses were to be remedied by putting big business under the control of purified government.

Economic justice was to be assured by old-age and mothers' pensions, minimum-wage laws, statutes of housing and working conditions — an almost infinite range of legislation tending to give government, especially in its bureaucratic departments, an almost infinite power of supervision over the individual citizen's private life. At the left, the extremists of the uplift cult sought the honor of bringing in the millennium by dividing property equally or by putting all property and industry under the management of the state.

Uplift magic has now run its course far enough for the observing to see, or foresee, the finish. Its vast educational experiment has less and less to do with promoting the love of learning or the inquiring spirit. Already it has largely reduced itself to the teaching by badly trained incompetents to semi-morons of the standardized information, often erroneous, and standardized sentimentalities, chiefly flattering to group self-esteem. Its earlier peace efforts were crowned with the greatest war in history; its later ones with the gathering of a new set of international jealousies and rivalries now promisingly engaged in setting the stage for still greater conflicts.

Its sumptuary program has made law violation — and the world's worst liquor — fashionable, and law itself contemptible to citizens of free instincts and self-respecting dignity. Its political reforms have enlarged the power of the mentally unfit to control government, so that the pace of absurdity in legislation is doubled while corruption increases in funds and prominence and demagoguery itself grows cheaper. Meanwhile society has paid for the remedying of industrial abuses with increased bureaucracy, a debt in which the greater part of the liability incurred has as yet, perhaps, not even been registered. For its quixotic quest of economic justice through doles, Great Britain has paid with the ruin of her prosperity and, last year, almost with revolution. In Russia, where the ultimate and logical experiment in uplift magic has been made, it has resulted in the destruction of wealth, culture, life, and intelligence; in more bureaucracy and oppression; and in the stimulation of old-fashioned, self-seeking politics.

Then, there is no magic of social systems, any more than there is magic of fetishes, charms, conjuring spells, or religious ceremonial. In the past four hundred years the most highly civilized portion of

the race has tried intensively, and on a broad scale of time and geography, each rational formula for bringing in a golden age by social organization and control. Some incidental benefits have been secured. We have, for instance, wholesomely damaged, if we have not destroyed, the church-state connection and the ecclesiastical control of intellectual development. We have killed off chattel slavery and discouraged the more murderous phases of labor sweating. But in every experiment the " modern mind's " magic has fetched up against human nature.

The " contemporary mind," as distinguished from the attitude we were all brought up to call the " modern mind," faces this fact in all its implications. It is disillusioned, not only by the " modern mind's " chastening experience but by its new scientific knowledge.

It knows, from its psychological investigations, that the vast majority of human actions are motivated, not by reflection and sound judgment, but by primitive instincts and emotions, the more subtly destructive of projects for making the race " good " because so often suppressed, disguised, and denied by those whom they most strongly motivate. It knows from its anthropological studies that the human family tree stems more from savagery than from civilization and that its roots are firmly fastened in the animal kingdom.

Therefore, it appreciates how those somewhat grotesque and unripe fruits, our fellow-citizens of the centuries of progress, have proceeded to satiate savage blood lusts in the name of religion, have continued their barnyard sexual diversions under the rule of purifying theocracies, have preferred quackery to statesmanship when equipped with the full political rights of manhood, have utilized universal education to preserve human stupidity, have demanded — and got — war under peace-keeping establishments, liquor under prohibition, and profits under communism. Therefore, it predicts with some reasonable assurance that the " modern mind's " next lunge toward perfection must end in another ironic compromise with the biological realities of original sin.

So the " contemporary mind " scraps the ideal of perfectibility. It is through with distorting human nature and human institutions to aim at — and grotesquely miss — impossibilities. It is through with being controlled by the magic and the medicine men of social betterment.

III

Is the "contemporary mind" on this account pessimistic, hostile to progress, cruel in its social code? Without doubt those still obsessed by the "modern mind's" characteristic illusions charge it with these and even more heinous vices. On a very similar principle those not accepting the visions of mystics have been literally charged with being blasphemers, heretics, and devil-worshippers.

The answer is that the "contemporary mind" takes into account neither optimism nor pessimism but only the realities of the human inheritance. It is for all forms of genuine progress, materialistic or otherwise, and hostile only to the fallacy of magic progress at anything faster than the normal evolutionary pace. Its social code is kindlier than those of the prohibitionist, the communist, and the theocrat because it bases itself on the inevitable destiny of average humanity to be a large part of the time and in most of its activities, stupid, lazy, lascivious, swinish, and pettily knavish.

To be sure, in the face of evolutionary history, the "contemporary mind" finds absolute pessimism difficult, if not impossible. Manifestly, the most easily bamboozled member of the whole Ku Klux fold is a kindlier, more intelligent and more polished savage than his grandsire one thousand generations ago; a cleverer beast than his mammal progenitors half a million generations back. Give his progeny a few thousand more generations, and they may approximate in mental alertness, self-control, and sense of proportion the "best intelligence" of 1927. The "contemporary mind" thus paraphrases its Coué into realism by putting hope in the form of rational expectation: Every ten millenniums in some significant ways the race is getting appreciably better.

Neither does it disdain progress because it is cynical of the vast satisfaction with which the "modern mind" has hailed its benefits. Because the average mental age of the masses may be only thirteen years, the "contemporary mind" does not propose that the clod-hoppers and ditch-diggers should be permitted to constitute themselves public inconveniences by escaping instruction in reading, writing, and ciphering. It merely objects that the theological prejudices of Holy Rollers, the self-esteeming patriotism of Ku Klux Klansmen, and the economic obscurantism of Chamber of Commerce directors should set limits to the progress of advanced learning.

The fact that the enriched field-hand believes the republic can be saved by banning birth control, poisoning Volstead-act violators, or putting the Jahve of Elisha into the Constitution is no reason for failing to devise new surgical feats for curing his bodily ailments, new legal means for protecting him in his property rights and private liberties, new de luxe passenger airplanes to haul him back and forth across the continent on his impressive business errands, or for repealing the laws which forbid him to massacre his competitors and murder his wife.

But the " contemporary mind " does not regard progress, even when compulsory, as a cure for a single one of the fundamental human depravities. It regards original sin not as a blessed affliction, or as the divine trump ace in the game of getting salvation, but as humanity's concrete psychological inheritance. Whether it is desirable for the race to work out of original sin, whether a world free from it would be more interesting, more amusing, or more exciting than the present one, the " contemporary mind " frankly does not know. But of this the " contemporary mind " is assured by all available evidence: The race cannot be freed from its natural appetites for petty villainy and carousal by the millennial projects of reformers. It can only work free from its dominating inheritance over many millenniums, as generation after generation, and the individuals in generation after generation experience the results of unethical conduct and learn self-control on their own initiative.

On such grounds as these, then, the " contemporary mind " proposes to make the world safe for original sin. For the exponents of the " contemporary mind " are frequently sinful themselves and rather enjoy being so. The petty iniquities of others increase the charm, the variety, the humor of life as a spectacle, and possibly the charity and tolerance of those who live it. At least, where original sin flourishes with only the most necessary regulations to restrain it, a minimum of encouragement is offered to the artificial sin of hypocrisy.

But, mainly, the " contemporary mind " takes its stand for the utmost tolerable freedom of human impulses because, if sin itself is folly, the race has a right to learn by making a fool of itself. Despite the " modern mind's " speculations in perfectibility, it is doubtful if the race has ever surely learned an ethical lesson in any other way.

IV

The signs increase, I believe, that this will be the outlook, or at least the controlling mood, of the coming intellectual generations. Wherever contemporary youth is most inquiring, most reflective, most articulate, it seems as much concerned to-day with the integrity of its sense of proportion as the " modern-minded " youth of old was with its social conscience and its romantic dreams of bringing in the millennium by means of pretty thoughts and nice moral compulsions.

In the laboratories, the professional schools, the newspaper and publishing offices, in the more reflective activities of big business, and the younger sets of university faculties, emotional, magical and systematic solutions of the human betterment problem are in 1927, perhaps, more nearly taboo than they have been at any time since 1517. Here a new intellectual vanguard looks for prophecy, not to hope and sentimentality, but to evolution and psychology. Here a new spirit of progress looks for history, not to patriotic propaganda, but to realists; for hints of a new philosophical system, not to experts on the absolute, but to analysts of reality like Spengler. Here a new intellectual leadership, crystallizing for the dawning age of realism, takes its arts of character interpretation from Dreiser and Lewis — and its evangels from Mencken.

If it takes much of its social criticism from Shaw and Wells, it by no means follows that it accepts their Fabianism and Utopianism. With all their shrewd and useful iconoclasms, Shaw and Wells are stimulants to the new outlook rather than partakers of it. Born under the tenderly fatuous sky of Victorian optimism, they never could quite get the afterglow off their foreheads, or faith in its uplift magic out of their mental processes. For them, as for the W. C. T. U. and Big Bill Haywood, a better world lies just around the corner, and getting there is merely a matter of finding the right system. Keenly as they recognize their debts to Shavian destructive talents, the new intellectuals find positive programs, so credulous of perfectibility, a trifle quaint.

But Shaw and Wells in due course will be gathered to Voltaire and the host of ironic angels, and their intellectual descendants are increasingly inclined to imitate, not their credulity but their disgust

with emotionalism and hypocrisy. The struggle of the new intellectuals will not be with great intellects moderately distorted by the perfectibility complex, but with hordes — and possibly mobs — of little minds infuriated by it.

For the more the intellectual world scraps perfectibility, the more violently the conservative masses are enamored of it. The more the advanced thought of our times recognizes the psychological usefulness of giving original and inevitable sin as much free play as society's fundamental safety will permit, the more ardently does the persisting " modern mind " of the masses seek to drive it underground with increasingly fantastic reformations, the more it seeks by formal resolutions and drastic conventions to deny its very existence.

For this there is due reason and precedent. Lagging as usual, the masses have acquired the " modern mind's " reformatory concepts and perfectibility complexes centuries late. Until the democratic politics and the popular education of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries broke the spell, the masses remained largely medievalists, and Heaven was their goal. If a compulsorily perfected society is their goal now, it is a relatively new discovery, and they embrace the expectation with the fervent faith with which the dull and the credulous ever accept belated novelties. In fact the faith of society at large in the " modern mind's " reform magic approaches its climax, as advanced thought sweeps beyond it, to proclaim the magic impotent and the reform a perversion of normal evolutionary progress.

To the masses such denials are an attack on vested emotional interests, a sacrilege against popular faith, a work of destruction, and a blasphemy. So they gather their forces of emotional bias, convention, conviction, and oppression to repel the onslaught. That the attack is based on scientific knowledge and critical rationality means nothing to them. As the medieval mind suppressed Roger Bacon and Galileo, sought to suppress Luther, imprisoned and shot the early political liberals who pioneered the pseudo-rationalism of the " modern mind," so the " modern mind " latent in to-day's masses prepares to suppress to-day's science and rationalism in order to save its beloved preconceptions from overthrow.

Both are under an absolute interdict in soviet Russia and fascist

Italy where the doctrine of perfectibility by social system is imposed with the force of legalized dogma. Both are under a partial interdict of law in Tennessee and Mississippi, and under a still more strenuous interdict of convention in hundreds of American provincial communities, where the race is to be made " good " by keeping from it the knowledge that an Oriental tribal theology has been scientifically discredited.

Both have their warnings to desist when a zealot of reform magic like Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas proclaims that anyone counselling nullification of the prohibition amendment is a " traitor " and when a prominent divine urges that because of its violations of the Volstead act New York City be laid waste by the federal army as a city in a state of rebellion. Both receive the threat of outlawry when the organized business interests of some half-grown prairie metropolis announce that " knocking " — that is, rational criticism of the community's economic prospects and general state of refined civilization — will not be tolerated.

Once more an intellectual leadership " ahead of its times " is producing by the revolutionary character of its sophistication a separation between itself and the masses. No more, as in the times of St. Thomas Aquinas and Cromwell, of Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt, are the intellectual leaders on the same plane of illusion as those formed by nature to be followers. No more, either, as the Wayne Wheelers inherit the Gladstones, and the John Roach Stratons the Luthers, will the masses' experiments with perfectionist magic be tempered by the rational reflections of men of true intellect and genius. Instead, with the masses embittered by the challenge to their favorite delusions and the new leadership embittered by the challenge to its legal rights and intellectual integrity, the separation tends to drift toward a conflict in which intellectuals must expect ostracism and oppression rather than recognition and power; in which they may justly demand, but need not rationally anticipate, quarter.

In such an atmosphere the " modern mind," no longer " modern " except in its own antiquated terminology, drifts into decadence. Unhampered by the restraints of scientific knowledge, reason, or intellectual leadership, it begins, in the 1920's, its onward sweep toward the last lurid trials of its magic.

V

One who lacks prophetic lineage might hesitate to plot the courses of future perfectionist experiments if they were not already notoriously manifest. But as the evidence stands, the rest of the Twentieth Century will be marked by efforts to reclaim the race from original sin by mass despotism, that is, by the violent dictatorships of fascism and communism and the legalistic dictatorship of sumptuary prohibitions; by religious obscurantism, and by what may be loosely but unpleasantly defined as compulsory optimism.

Here men will be told by the state how they must conduct their business and their daily lives with no appeal allowed to basic legal rights or their free integrity as individuals. There the state will require them to be "good" citizens and Christians by placing legal penalties on views hostile to the theology of the masses. Elsewhere, since at any cost perfectibility may not be denied, all the social penalties of outraged convention and possibly legal penalties as well, will be imposed on the realistic spirits who dare suggest that our city is not the finest, our race not the noblest, most virile, and most progressive — or that prohibition doesn't work.

We shall not make a perfect world by these weird charms and expedients. Indeed, for the time being, we may create a society less tolerable to men and women of genuine intelligence and free instincts than it has been in the past. But at least such irrational magic, such ecstatic worship of the perfectibility fetish, carries in itself the seeds of its own destruction.

Conducted without the leadership of the honest intellectuality of the times, such experiments must necessarily be conducted by hypocrites or blundering believers. We must take our communism from profiteering politicians, our fascism from bullies and grafters masquerading as regenerators, our Volsteadism from drinking prohibitionists, our fundamentalism from psalm-singers with their eyes on the pork barrel, our dogma of optimism from those who have something to sell by it. Or we must take them from incompetents.

In either case the masses themselves must in time learn by disillusioning experience that millenniums which, in the "modern mind's" heyday, could not be brought in by the world's most honest and intelligent leadership, cannot be brought in now by fakers and

emotional zanies. When that realization dawns, as I think it must before the end of the Twenty-first Century, the new intellectuality of realism, which I have called the "contemporary mind," after its long and disastrous exclusion from public affairs and its quite possible oppression by public policies, may look to be entrusted with its fair share of responsibility for directing human progress. But that progress, however much it may concern itself with good order, fairness, and individual freedom, will not concern itself with perfectibility either as a concrete goal or a winning slogan.

Perfectibility will have been scrapped for the slow but secure pace of evolution, as the spells of the witch and the charm-maker were scrapped not long ago for scientific medicine. And by one more release from magic the race will proceed another step upward in its cultivation of the civilized mind.

WILLIAM RALPH INGE

Dean of St. Paul's

THE IDEA OF PROGRESS[1]

THE belief in Progress, not as an ideal but as an indisputable fact, not as a task for humanity but as a law of Nature, has been the working faith of the West for about a hundred and fifty years. Some would have us believe that it is a long neglected part of the Christian revelation, others that it is a modern discovery. The ancient Pagans, we are told, put their Golden Age in the past; we put ours in the future. The Greeks prided themselves on being the degenerate descendants of gods, we on being the very creditable descendants of monkeys. The Romans endeavoured to preserve the wisdom and virtue of the past, we to anticipate the wisdom and virtue of the future. This, however, is an exaggeration. The theory of progress and the theory of decadence are equally natural, and have in fact been held concurrently wherever men have speculated about their origin, their present condition, and their future prospects. Among the Jews the

[1] From *Outspoken Essays: Second Series*. Copyright, 1922, by Longmans, Green & Co. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

theory of decadence derived an inspired authority from Genesis, but the story of the Fall had very little influence upon the thought of that tenaciously optimistic race. Among the Greeks, who had the melancholy as well as the buoyancy of youth, it was authorized by Hesiod, whose scheme of retrogression from the age of gold to the age of iron was never forgotten in antiquity. Sophocles, in a well-known chorus imitated by Bacon, holds that the best fate for men is "not to be born, or being born to die." Aratus develops the pessimistic mythology of Hesiod. In the Golden Age Dike or Astraea wandered about the earth freely; in the Silver Age her visits became fewer, and in the Brazen Age she set out for heaven and became the constellation Virgo. Perhaps Horace had read the lament of the goddess: "What a race the golden sires have left — worse than their fathers; and your offspring will be baser still." In the third century after Christ, when civilization was really crumbling, Pagans and Christians join in a chorus of woe. On the other side, the triumphs of man over Nature are celebrated by the great tragedians, and the Introduction to the First Book of Thucydides sketches the past history of Greece in the spirit of the nineteenth century. Lucretius has delighted our anthropologists by his brilliant and by no means idealized description of savage life, and it is to him that we owe the blessed word Progress in its modern sense.

> Usus et impigrae simul experientia mentis
> paulatim docuit pedetemtim *progredientes*.
> sic unum quicquid paulatim protrahit aetas
> in medium, ratioque in luminis erigit oras.

Pliny believes that each age is better than the last. Seneca, in a treatise, parts of which were read in the Middle Ages, reminds us that "not a thousand years have passed since Greece counted and named the stars, and it is only recently that we have learned why the moon is eclipsed. Posterity will be amazed that we did not know some things that will be obvious to them." "The world," he adds, "is a poor affair if it does not contain matter for investigation for men in every age. We imagine that we are initiated into the mysteries of Nature; but we are still hanging about her outer courts." These last are memorable utterances, even if Seneca confines his optimism to the pleasure of exploring Nature's secrets. The difference between Rousseau, who admired the simple life, and

Condorcet, who believed in modern civilization, was no new one; it was a common theme of discussion in antiquity, and the ancients were well aware that the same process may be called either progress or decline. As Freeman says, "In history every step in advance has also been a step backwards." (The picture is a little difficult to visualize, but the meaning is plain.) The fruit of the tree of knowledge always drives man from some paradise or other; and even the paradise of fools is not an unpleasant abode while it is habitable. Few emblematic pictures are more striking than the Melencolia (as he spells it) of Dürer, representing the Spirit of the race sitting mournfully among all her inventions: and this was at the *beginning* of the age of discovery! But the deepest thought of antiquity was neither optimistic nor pessimistic. It was that progress and retrogression are only the incoming and outgoing tide in an unchanging sea. The pulse of the universe beats in an alternate expansion and contraction. The result is a series of cycles, in which history repeats itself. Plato contemplates a world-cycle of 36,000 solar years, during which the Creator guides the course of events; after which he relaxes his hold of the machine, and a period of the same length follows during which the world gradually degenerates. When this process is complete the Creator restores again the original conditions, and a new cycle begins. Aristotle thinks that all the arts and sciences have been discovered and lost "an infinite number of times." Virgil in the Fourth Eclog tries to please Augustus by predicting the near approach of a new Golden Age, which, he says, is now due. This doctrine of recurrence is not popular to-day; but whether we like it or not, no other view of the macrocosm is even tenable. Even if those physicists are right who hold that the universe is running down like a clock, that belief postulates a moment in past time when the clock was wound up; and whatever power wound it up once may presumably wind it up again. The doctrine of cycles was held by Goethe, who in reply to Eckermann's remark that "the progress of humanity seems to be a matter of thousands of years," answered:

> Perhaps of millions. Men will become more clever and discerning, but not better or happier, except for limited periods. I see the time coming when God will take no more pleasure in

> our race, and must again proceed to a rejuvenated creation. I am sure that the time and hour in the distant future are already fixed for the beginning of this epoch. But we can still for thousands of years enjoy ourselves on this dear old playground of ours.

Nietzsche also maintained the law of recurrence, and so did the Danish philosophic theologian Kierkegaard. Shelley's fine poem, "The world's great age begins anew," is based upon it. Still, I must admit that on the whole the ancients did tend to regard time as the enemy: *damnosa quid non imminuit dies?* They would have thought the modern notion of human perfectibility at once absurd and impious.

The Dark Ages knew that they were dark, and we hear little talk about progress during those seven centuries which, as far as we can see, might have been cut out of history without any great loss to posterity. The Middle Ages (which we ought never to confuse with the Dark Ages), though they developed an interesting type of civilization, set their hopes mainly on another world. The Church has never encouraged the belief that this world is steadily improving; the Middle Ages, like the early Christians, would have been quite content to see the earthly career of the race closed in their own time. Even Roger Bacon, who is claimed as the precursor of modern science, says that all wise men believe that we are not far from the time of Antichrist, which was to be the herald of the end. The Renaissance was a conscious recovery from the longest and dreariest set-back that humanity has ever experienced within the historical period — a veritable glacial age of the spirit. At this time men were too full of admiration and reverence for the newly recovered treasures of antiquity to look forward to the future. In the seventeenth century a doctrine of progress was already in the air, and a long literary battle was waged between the Ancients and the Moderns. But it was only in the eighteenth century that Western Europe began to dream of an approaching millennium without miracle, to be gradually ushered in under the auspices of a faculty which was called Reason. Unlike some of their successors, these optimists believed that perfection was to be attained by the self-determination of the human will; they were not fatalists. In France, the chief home of this heady doctrine, the psychical temperature soon began to rise

under its influence, till it culminated in the delirium of the Terror. The Goddess of Reason hardly survived Robespierre and his guillotine; but the belief in progress, which might otherwise have subsided when the French resumed their traditional pursuits — *rem militarem et argute loqui* — was reinforced by the industrial revolution, which was to run a very different course from that indicated by the theatrical disturbances at Paris between 1789 and 1794, the importance of which has perhaps been exaggerated. In England above all, the home of the new industry, progress was regarded (in the words which Mr. Mallock puts into the mouth of a nineteenth-century scientist) as that kind of improvement which can be measured by statistics. This was quite seriously the view of the last century generally, and there has never been, nor will there ever be again, such an opportunity for gloating over this kind of improvement. The mechanical inventions of Watt, Arkwright, Crompton, Stephenson, and others led to an unparalleled increase of population. Exports and imports also progressed, in a favorite phrase of the time, by leaps and bounds. Those who, like Malthus, sounded a note of warning, showing that population increases, unlike the supply of food, by geometrical progression, were answered that compound interest follows the same admirable law. It was obvious to many of our grandparents that a nation which travels sixty miles an hour must be five times as civilized as one which travels only twelve, and that, as Glanvill had already declared in the reign of Charles II, we owe more gratitude to the inventor of the mariner's compass " than to a thousand Alexanders and Cæsars, or to ten times the number of Aristotles." The historians of the time could not contain their glee in recording these triumphs. Only the language of religion seemed appropriate in contemplating so magnificent a spectacle. If they had read Herder, they would have quoted with approval his prediction that " the flower of humanity, captive still in its germ, will blossom out one day into the true form of man like unto God, in a state of which no man on earth can imagine the greatness and the majesty." Determinism was much in vogue by this time; but why should determinism be a depressing creed? The law which we cannot escape is the blessed law of progress — " that kind of improvement that can be measured by statistics." We had only to thank our stars for placing us in such an environment, and to carry

out energetically the course of development which Nature has prescribed for us, and to resist which would be at once impious and futile.

Thus the superstition of progress was firmly established. To become a popular religion, it is only necessary for a superstition to enslave a philosophy. The superstition of progress had the singular good fortune to enslave at least three philosophies — those of Hegel, of Comte, and of Darwin. The strange thing is that none of these philosophies is really favourable to the belief which it was supposed to support. Leaving for the present the German and the French thinkers, we observe with astonishment that many leading men in Queen Victoria's reign found it possible to use the great biological discovery of Darwin to tyrannize over the minds of their contemporaries, to give their blessing to the economic and social movements of their time, and to unite determinism with teleology in the highly edifying manner to which I have already referred. Scientific optimism was no doubt rampant before Darwin. For example, Herschel says: "Man's progress towards a higher state need never fear a check, but must continue till the very last existence of history." But Herbert Spencer asserts the perfectibility of man with an assurance which makes us gasp. "Progress is not an accident but a necessity. What we call evil and immorality must disappear. It is certain that man must become perfect." "The ultimate development of the ideal man is certain — as certain as any conclusion in which we place the most implicit faith; for instance, that all men will die." "Always towards perfection is the mighty movement — towards a complete development and a more unmixed good."

It has been pointed out by Mr. Bradley that these apocalyptic prophecies have nothing whatever to do with Darwinism. If we take the so-called doctrine of evolution in Nature as a metaphysics of existence, which Darwin never intended it to be, "there is in the world nothing like value, or good, or evil. Anything implying evolution, in the ordinary sense of development or progress, is wholly rejected." The survival of the fittest does not mean that the most virtuous, or the most useful, or the most beautiful, or even the most complex survive; there is no moral or æsthetic judgment pronounced on the process or any part of it.

> Darwinism (Mr. Bradley goes on to say) often recommends itself because it is confused with a doctrine of evolution which is radically different. Humanity is taken in that doctrine as a real being, or even as the one real being; and humanity (it is said) advances continuously. Its history is development and progress toward a goal, because the type and character in which its reality consists is gradually brought more and more into fact. That which is strongest on the whole must therefore be good, and the ideas which come to prevail must therefore be true. This doctrine, though I certainly cannot accept it, for good or evil more or less dominates or sways our minds to an extent of which most of us perhaps are dangerously unaware. Any such view of course conflicts radically with Darwinism, which only teaches that the true idea is the idea which prevails, and this leaves us in the end with no criterion at all.

It may further be suggested that Spencer's optimism depends on the transmissibility of acquired characters; but this is too dangerous a subject for a layman in science to discuss.

Although the main facts of cosmic evolution, and the main course of human history from Pithecanthropus downwards, are well known to all my hearers, and to some of them much better than to myself, it may be worth while to recall to you in bald and colourless language, what science really tells us about the nature and destiny of our species. It is so different from the gay colours of the rhapsodists whom I have just quoted, that we must be amazed that such doctrines should ever have passed for scientific. Astronomy gives us a picture of a wilderness of space, probably boundless, sparsely sown with aggregations of elemental particles in all stages of heat and cold. These heavenly bodies are in some cases growing hotter, in other cases growing colder; but the fate of every globe must be, sooner or later, to become cold and dead, like the moon. Our sun, from which we derive the warmth which makes our life possible, is, I believe, an elderly star, which has long outlived the turbulent heats of youth, and is on its way to join the most senile class of luminiferous bodies, in which the star 19 Piscium is placed. When a star had once become cold, it must apparently remain dead until some chance collision sets the whole cycle going again. From

time to time a great conflagration in the heavens, which occurred perhaps in the seventeenth century, becomes visible from this earth; and we may imagine, if we will, that two great solar systems have been reduced in a moment to incandescent gas. But space is probably so empty that the most pugnacious of astral knights-errant might wander for millions of years without meeting an opponent worthy of its bulk. If time as well as space is infinite, worlds must be born and die innumerable times, however few and far between their periods of activity may be. Of progress, in such a system taken as a whole, there cannot be a trace. Nor can there be any doubt about the fate of our own planet. Man and all his achievements will one day be obliterated like a child's sand-castle when the next tide comes in. Lucretius, who gave us the word progress, has told us our ultimate fate in sonorous lines:

> Quorum naturam triplicem, tria corpora, Memmi,
> tres species tam dissimiles, tria talia texta,
> una dies dabit exitio, multosque per annos
> sustentata ruet moles et machina mundi.

The racial life of the species to which we happen to belong is a brief episode even in the brief life of the planet. And what we call civilization or culture, though much older than we used to suppose, is a brief episode in the life of our race. For tens of thousands of years the changes in our habits must have been very slight, and chiefly those which were forced upon our rude ancestors by changes of climate. Then in certain districts man began, as Samuel Butler says, to wish to live beyond his income. This was the beginning of the vast series of inventions which have made our life so complex. And, we used to be told, the " law of all progress is the same, the evolution of the simple into the complex by successive differentiations." This is the gospel according to Herbert Spencer. As a universal law of nature it is ludicrously untrue. Some species have survived by becoming more complex, others, like the whole tribe of parasites, by becoming more simple. On the whole, perhaps the parasites have had the best of it. The progressive species have in many cases flourished for a while and then paid the supreme penalty. The living dreadnoughts of the Saurian age have left us their bones, but no progeny. But the microbes, one of which had the honour of killing Alexander the Great at the age of thirty-two, and so changing the

course of history, survive and flourish. The microbe illustrates the wisdom of the maxim, λάθε βιώσας. It took thousands of years to find him out. Our own species, being rather poorly provided by nature for offence and defence, had to live by its wits, and so came to the top. It developed many new needs, and set itself many insoluble problems. Physiologists like Metchnikoff have shown how very ill-adapted our bodies are to the tasks which we impose upon them; and in spite of the Spencerian identification of complexity with progress, our surgeons try to simplify our structure by forcibly removing various organs which they assure us that we do not need. If we turn to history for a confirmation of the Spencerian doctrine, we find, on the contrary, that civilization is a disease which is almost invariably fatal, unless its course is checked in time. The Hindus and Chinese, after advancing to a certain point, were content to mark time; and they survive. But the Greeks and Romans are gone; and aristocracies everywhere die out. Do we not see to-day the complex organization of the ecclesiastic and college don succumbing before the simple squeezing and sucking apparatus of the profiteer and trade-unionist? If so-called civilized nations show any protracted vitality, it is because they are only civilized at the top. Ancient civilizations were destroyed by imported barbarians; we breed our own.

It is also an unproved assumption that the domination of the planet by our own species is a desirable thing, which must give satisfaction to its Creator. We have devastated the loveliness of the world; we have exterminated several species more beautiful and less vicious than ourselves; we have enslaved the rest of the animal creation, and have treated our distant cousins in fur and feathers so badly that beyond doubt, if they were able to formulate a religion, they would depict the Devil in human form. If it is progress to turn the fields and woods of Essex into East and West Ham, we may be thankful that progress is a sporadic and transient phenomenon in history. It is a pity that our biologists, instead of singing pæons to Progress and thereby stultifying their own researches, have not preached us sermons on the sin of racial self-idolatry, a topic which really does arise out of their studies. *L'anthropolatrie, voilà l'ennemi*, is the real ethical motto of biological science, and a valuable contribution to morals.

It was impossible that such shallow optimism as that of Herbert

Spencer should not arouse protests from other scientific thinkers. Hartmann had already shown how a system of pessimism, resembling that of Schopenhauer, may be built upon the foundation of evolutionary science. And in this place we are not likely to forget the second Romanes Lecture, when Professor Huxley astonished his friends and opponents alike by throwing down the gauntlet in the face of Nature, and bidding mankind to find salvation by accepting for itself the position which the early Christian writer Hippolytus gives as a definition of the Devil — " he who resists the cosmic process " (*'σάντιτάττων τοῖς κοσμικοῖς*). The revolt was not in reality so sudden as some of Huxley's hearers supposed. He had already realized that " so far from gradual progress forming any necessary part of the Darwinian creed, it appears to us that it is perfectly consistent with indefinite persistence in one state, or with a gradual retrogression. Suppose, *e. g.*, a return of the glacial period or a spread of polar climatical conditions over the whole globe." The alliance between determinism and optimism was thus dissolved; and as time went on, Huxley began to see in the cosmic process something like a power of evil. The natural process, he told us in this place, has no tendency to bring about the good of mankind. Cosmic nature is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature. Nature is the realm of tiger-rights; it has no morals and no ought-to-be; its only rights are brutal powers. Morality exists only in the " artificial " moral world: man is a glorious rebel, a Prometheus defying Zeus. This strange rebound into Manicheism sounded like a blasphemy against all the gods whom the lecturer was believed to worship, and half-scandalized even the clerics in his audience. It was bound to raise the question whether this titanic revolt against the cosmic process had any chance of success. One recent thinker, who accepts Huxley's view that the nature of things is cruel and immoral, is willing to face the probability that we cannot resist it with any prospect of victory. Mr. Bertrand Russell, in his arresting essay, " A Free Man's Worship," shows us Prometheus again, but Prometheus chained to the rock and still hurling defiance against God. He proclaims the moral bankruptcy of naturalism, which he yet holds to be forced upon us.

> That man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes

> and fears, his loves, and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual beyond the grave; that all the labours of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the débris of a universe in ruins — all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built.

Man belongs to " an alien and inhuman world," alone amid " hostile forces." What is man to do? The God who exists is evil; the God whom we can worship is the creation of our own conscience, and has no existence outside it. The " free man " will worship the latter; and, like John Stuart Mill, " to hell he will go."

If I wished to criticize this defiant pronouncement, which is not without a touch of bravado, I should say that so complete a separation of the real from the ideal is impossible, and that the choice which the writer offers us, of worshipping a Devil who exists or a God who does not, is no real choice, since we cannot worship either. But my object in quoting from this essay is to show how completely naturalism has severed its alliance with optimism and belief in progress. Professor Huxley and Mr. Russell have sung their palinode and smashed the old gods of their creed. No more proof is needed, I think, that the alleged law of progress has no scientific basis whatever.

But the superstition has also invaded and vitiated our history, our political science, our philosophy, and our religion.

The historian is a natural snob; he sides with the gods against Cato, and approves the winning side. He lectures the vanquished for their wilfulness and want of foresight, sometimes rather prematurely, as when Seeley, looking about for an example of perverse refusal to recognize facts, exclaims " Sedet, æternumque sedebit unhappy Poland! " The nineteenth-century historian was so loath to admit retrogression that he liked to fancy the river of progress flowing

underground all through the Dark Ages, and endowed the German barbarians who overthrew Mediterranean civilization with all the manly virtues. If a nation, or a religion, or a school of art dies, the historian explains why it was not worthy to live.

In political science the corruption of the scientific spirit by the superstition of progress has been flagrant. It enables the disputant to overbear questions of right and wrong by confident prediction, a method which has the double advantage of being peculiarly irritating and incapable of refutation. On the theory of progress, what is "coming" must be right. Forms of government and modes of thought which for the time being are not in favor are assumed to have been permanently left behind. A student of history who believed in cyclical changes and long swings of the pendulum would take a very different and probably much sounder view of contemporary affairs. The votaries of progress mistake the flowing tide for the river of eternity, and when the tide turns they are likely to be left stranded like the corks and scraps of seaweed which mark the high-water line. This has already happened, though few realize it. The praises of Liberty are mainly left to Conservatives, who couple it with Property as something to be defended, and to conscientious objectors, who dissociate it from their country, which is not to be defended. Democracy — the magic ballot-box — has few worshipers any longer except in America, where men will still shout for about two hours — and indeed much longer — that she is "great." But our pundits will be slow to surrender the useful words "progressive" and "reactionary." The classification is, however, a little awkward. If a reactionary is anyone who will not float with the stream, and a progressive anyone who has the flowing tide with him, we must classify the Christian Fathers and the French Encyclopedists as belonging to the same type, the progressive; while the Roman Stoics under the Empire and the Russian bureaucrats under Nicholas II will be placed together under the opposite title, as reactionaries. Or is the progressive not the supporter of the winning cause for the time being, but the man who thinks, with a distinguished Head of a College who, as I remember, affirmed his principles in Convocation, that "any leap in the dark is better than standing still"; and is the reactionary the man whose constitutional timidity would deter him from performing this act of faith when caught by a mist on the

Matterhorn? Machiavelli recognizes fixed types of human character, such as the cautious Fabius and the impetuous Julius II, and observes that these qualities lead sometimes to success and sometimes to failure. If a reactionary only means an adherent of political opinions which we happen to dislike, there is no reason why a bureaucrat should not call a republican a reactionary, as Maecenas may have applied the name to Brutus and Cassius. Such examples of evolution as that which turned the Roman Republic into a principate and then into an empire of the Asiatic type, are inconvenient for those who say "It is coming," and think that they have vindicated the superiority of their own theories of government.

We have next to consider the influence of the superstition of progress on the philosophy of the last century. To attempt such a task in this place is a little rash, and to prove the charge in a few minutes would be impossible even for one much better equipped than I am. But something must be said. Hegel and Comte are often held to have been the chief advocates of the doctrine of progress among philosophers. Both of them give definitions of the word — a very necessary thing to do, and I have not yet attempted to do it. Hegel defines progress as spiritual freedom; Comte as true or positive social philosophy. The definitions are peculiar; and neither theory can be made to fit past history, though that of Comte, at any rate, falls to the ground if it does not fit past history. Hegel is perhaps more independent of facts; his predecessor Fichte professes to be entirely indifferent to them. "The philosopher," he says, "follows the *a priori* thread of the world-plan which is clear to him without any history; and if he makes use of history, it is not to prove anything, since his theses are already proved independently of all history." Certainly, Hegel's dialectical process cannot easily be recognized in the course of European events; and, what is more fatal to the believers in a law of progress who appeal to him, he does not seem to have contemplated any further marked improvements upon the political system of Prussia in his own time, which he admired so much that his critics have accused him of teaching that the Absolute first attained full self-consciousness at Berlin in the nineteenth century. He undoubtedly believed that there has been progress in the past; but he does not, it appears, look forward to further changes; as a politician, at any rate, he gives us something like a closed sys-

tem. Comte can only bring his famous "three stages" into history by arguing that the Catholic monotheism of the Middle Ages was an advance upon Pagan antiquity. A Catholic might defend such a thesis with success; but for Comte the chief advantage seems to be that the change left the Olympians with only one neck for Positive Philosophy to cut off. But Comte himself is what his system requires us to call a reactionary; he is back in the "theological stage"; he would like a theocracy, if he could have one without a God. The State is to be subordinate to the Positive Church, and he will allow "no unlimited freedom of thought." The connexion of this philosophy with the doctrine of progress seems very slender. It is not so easy to answer the question in the case of Hegel, because his contentment with the Prussian government may be set down to idiosyncrasy or to prudence; but it is significant that some of his ablest disciples have discarded the belief. To say that "the world is as it ought to be" does not imply that it goes on getting better, though some would think it was not good if it was not getting better. It is hard to believe that a great thinker really supposed that the universe as a whole is progressing, a notion which Mr. Bradley has stigmatized as "nonsense, unmeaning or blasphemous." Mr. Bradley may perhaps be interpreting Hegel rightly when he says that for a philosopher "progress can never have any temporal sense," and explains that a perfect philosopher would see the whole world of appearance as a "progress," by which he seems to mean only a rearrangement in terms of ascending and descending value and reality. But it might be objected that to use "progress" in this sense is to lay a trap for the unwary. Mathematicians undoubtedly talk of progress, or rather of progression, without any implication of temporal sequence; but outside this science to speak of "progress without any temporal sense" is to use a phrase which some would call self-contradictory. Be that as it may, popularized Hegelianism has laid hold of the idea of a self-improving universe, of perpetual and universal progress, in a strictly temporal sense. The notion of an evolving and progressing cosmos, with a Creator who is either improving himself (though we do not put it quite so crudely) or who is gradually coming into his own, has taken strong hold of the popular imagination. The latter notion leads straight to ethical dualism of the Manichean type. The theory of a single purpose in

the universe seems to me untenable. Such a purpose, being infinite, could never be accomplished. The theory condemns both God and man to the doom of Tantalus. Mr. Bradley is quite right in finding this belief incompatible with Christianity.

It would not be possible, without transgressing the limits set for lecturers on this foundation, to show how the belief in a law of progress has prejudicially affected the religious beliefs of our time. I need only recall to you the discussions whether the perfect man could have lived in the first, and not in the nineteenth or twentieth century — although one would have thought that the ancient Greeks, to take one nation only, have produced many examples of hitherto unsurpassed genius; the secularization of religion by throwing its ideals into the near future — a new apocalyptism which is doing mischief enough in politics without the help of the clergy; and the unauthorized belief in future probation, which rests on the queer assumption that, if a man is given time enough, he must necessarily become perfect. In fact, the superstition which is the subject of this lecture has distorted Christianity almost beyond recognition. Only one great Church, old in worldly wisdom, knows that human nature does not change, and acts on the knowledge. Accordingly, the papal syllabus of 1864 declares: "*Si quis dixerit:* Romanus pontifex potest ac debet cum progressu, cum liberalismo, et cum recenti civilitate sese reconciliare et componere, *anathema sit.*"

Our optimists have not made it clear to themselves or others what they mean by progress, and we may suspect that the vagueness of the idea is one of its attractions. There has been no physical progress in our species for many thousands of years. The Cro-Magnon race, which lived perhaps twenty thousand years ago, was at least equal to any modern people in size and strength; the ancient Greeks were, I suppose, handsomer and better formed than we are; and some unprogressive races, such as the Zulus, Samoans, and Tahitians, are envied by Europeans for either strength or beauty. Although it seems not to be true that the sight and hearing of civilized peoples are inferior to those of savages, we have certainly lost our natural weapons, which from one point of view is a mark of degeneracy. Mentally, we are now told that the men of the Old Stone Age, ugly as most of them must have been, had as large brains as ours; and he would be a bold man who should claim that we are intellectually equal to the

Athenians or superior to the Romans. The question of moral improvement is much more difficult. Until the Great War few would have disputed that civilized man had become much more humane, much more sensitive to the sufferings of others, and so more just, more self-controlled, and less brutal in his pleasures and in his resentments. The habitual honesty of the Western European might also have been contrasted with the rascality of inferior races in the past and present. It was often forgotten that, if progress means the improvement of human nature itself, the question to be asked is whether the modern civilized man behaves better in the same circumstances than his ancestor would have done. Absence of temptation may produce an appearance of improvement; but this is hardly what we mean by progress, and there is an old saying that the Devil has a clever trick of pretending to be dead. It seems to me very doubtful whether when we are exposed to the same temptations we are more humane or more sympathetic or juster or less brutal than the ancients. Even before this war, the examples of the Congo and Putumayo, and American lynchings, proved that contact with barbarians reduces many white men to the moral condition of savages; and the outrages committed on the Chinese after the Boxer rebellion showed that even a civilized nation cannot rely on being decently treated by Europeans if its civilization is different from their own. During the Great War, even if some atrocities were magnified with the amiable object of rousing a good-natured people to violent hatred, it was the well-considered opinion of Lord Bryce's commission that no such cruelties had been committed for three hundred years as those which the Germans practised in Belgium and France. It was startling to observe how easily the blood-lust was excited in young men straight from the fields, the factory, and the counter, many of whom had never before killed anything larger than a wasp, and that in self-defence. As for the Turks, we must go back to Genghis Khan to find any parallel to their massacres in Armenia; and the Russian terrorists have reintroduced torture into Europe, with the help of Chinese experts in the art. With these examples before our eyes, it is difficult to feel any confidence that either the lapse of time or civilization has made the *bête humaine* less ferocious. On biological grounds there is no reason to expect it. No selection in favour of superior types is now going on; on the contrary, civilization tends

now, as always, to an *Ausrottung der Besten* — a weeding-out of the best; and the new practice of subsidizing the unsuccessful by taxes extorted from the industrious is cacogenics erected into a principle. The best hope of stopping this progressive degeneration is in the science of eugenics. But this science is still too tentative to be made the basis of legislation, and we are not yet agreed what we should breed for. The two ideals, that of the perfect man and that of the perfectly organized State, would lead to very different principles of selection. Do we want a nation of beautiful and moderately efficient Greek gods, or do we want human mastiffs for policemen, human greyhounds for postmen, and so on? However, the opposition which eugenics has now to face is based on less respectable grounds, such as pure hedonism ("would the superman be any happier?"); indifference to the future welfare of the race ("posterity has done nothing for me; why should I do anything for posterity?"); and, in politics, the reflection that the unborn have no votes.

We have, then, been driven to the conclusion that neither science nor history gives us any warrant for believing that humanity has advanced, except by accumulating knowledge and experience and the instruments of living. The value of these accumulations is not beyond dispute. Attacks upon civilization have been frequent, from Crates, Pherecrates, Antisthenes, and Lucretius in antiquity to Rousseau, Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Ruskin, Morris, and Edward Carpenter in modern times. I cannot myself agree with these extremists. I believe that the accumulated experience of mankind, and his wonderful discoveries, are of great value. I only point out that they do not constitute real progress in human nature itself, and that in the absence of any real progress these gains are external, precarious, and liable to be turned to our own destruction, as new discoveries in chemistry may easily be.

But it is possible to approach the whole question of progress from another side, and from this side the results will not be quite the same, and may be more encouraging. We have said that there can be no progress in the macrocosm, and no single purpose in a universe which has neither beginning nor end in time. But there may be an infinite number of finite purposes, some much greater and others much smaller than the span of an individual life; and within each of

these some Divine thought may be working itself out, bringing some life or series of lives, some nation or race or species, to that perfection which is natural to it — what the Greeks called its "nature." The Greeks saw no contradiction between this belief and the theory of cosmic cycles, and I do not think that there is any contradiction. It may be that there is an immanent teleology which is shaping the life of the human race towards some completed development which has not yet been reached. To advocate such a theory seems like going back from Darwin to Lamarck; but "vitalism," if it be a heresy, is a very vigorous and obstinate one; we can hardly dismiss it as unscientific. The possibility that such a development is going on is not disproved by the slowness of the change within the historical period. Progress in the recent millennia seems to us to have been external, precarious, and disappointing. But let this last adjective give us pause. By what standard do we pronounce it disappointing, and who gave us this standard? This disappointment has been a constant phenomenon, with a very few exceptions. What does it mean? Have those who reject the law of progress taken it into account? The philosophy of naturalism always makes the mistake of leaving human nature out. The climbing instinct of humanity, and our discontent with things as they are, are facts which have to be accounted for, no less than the stable instincts of nearly all other species. We all desire to make progress, and our ambitions are not limited to our own lives or our lifetimes. It is part of our nature to aspire and hope; even on biological grounds this instinct must be assumed to serve some function. The first Christian poet, Prudentius, quite in the spirit of Robert Browning, names Hope as the distinguishing characteristic of mankind.

Nonne hominum et pecudum distantia separat una?
quod bona quadrupedum ante oculos sita sunt, ego contra spero.

We must consider seriously what this instinct of hope means and implies in the scheme of things.

It is of course possible to dismiss it as a fraud. Perhaps this was the view most commonly held in antiquity. Hope was regarded as a gift of dubious value, an illusion which helps us to endure life, and a potent spur to action; but in the last resort an *ignis fatuus*. A Greek could write for his tombstone:

I've entered port. Fortune and Hope, adieu!
Make game of others, for I've done with you.

And Lord Brougham chose this epigram to adorn his villa at Cannes. So for Schopenhauer hope is the bait by which Nature gets her hook in our nose, and induces us to serve her purposes, which are not our own. This is pessimism, which, like optimism, is a mood, not a philosophy. Neither of them needs refutation, except for the adherent of the opposite mood; and these will never convince each other, for the same arguments are fatal to both. If our desires are clearly contrary to the nature of things, of which we are a part, it is our wisdom and our duty to correct our ambitions, and, like the Bostonian Margaret Fuller, to decide to "accept the universe." "Gad! she'd better," was Carlyle's comment on this declaration. The true inference from Nature's law of vicarious sacrifice is not that life is a fraud, but that selfishness is unnatural. The pessimist cannot condemn the world except by a standard which he finds somewhere, if only in his own heart; in passing sentence upon it he affirms an optimism which he will surrender to any appearances.

The ancients were not pessimists; but they distrusted Hope. I will not follow those who say that they succumbed to the barbarians because they looked back instead of forward; I do not think it is true. If the Greeks and Romans had studied chemistry and metallurgy instead of art, rhetoric, and law, they might have discovered gunpowder and poison gas and kept the Germans north of the Alps. But St. Paul's deliberate verdict on pagan society, that it "had no hope," cannot be lightly set aside. No other religion, before Christianity, ever erected hope into a moral virtue. "We are saved by hope," was a new doctrine when it was pronounced. The later Neoplatonists borrowed St. Paul's triad, Faith, Hope, and Love, adding Truth as a fourth. Hopefulness may have been partly a legacy from Judaism; but it was much more a part of the intense spiritual vitality which was disseminated by the new faith. In an isolated but extremely interesting passage St. Paul extends his hope of "redemption into the glorious liberty of the children of God" to the "whole creation" generally. In the absence of any explanation or parallel passages it is difficult to say what vision of cosmic deliverance was in his mind. Students of early Christian thought must be struck by the vigour of hope in the minds of men, combined with

great fluidity in the forms or moulds into which it ran. After much fluctuation, it tended to harden as belief in a supermundane future, a compromise between Jewish and Platonic eschatology, since the Jews set their hopes on a terrestrial future, the Platonists on a supermundane present. Christian philosophers still inclined to the Platonic faith, while popular belief retained the apocalyptic Jewish ideas under the form of Millenarianism. Religion has oscillated between these two types of belief ever since, and both have suffered considerably by being vulgarized. In times of disorder and decadence, the Platonic ideal world, materialized into a supraterrestrial physics and geography, has tended to prevail: in times of crass prosperity and intellectual confidence the Jewish dream of a kingdom of the saints on earth has been coarsened into promises of "a good time coming." At the time when we were inditing the pæons to Progress which I quoted near the beginning of my lecture, we were evolving a Deuteronomic religion for ourselves even more flattering than the combination of determinism with optimism which science was offering at the same period. We almost persuaded ourselves that the words "the meek-spirited shall possess the earth" were a prophecy of the expansion of England.

It is easy to criticize the forms which Hope has assumed. But the Hope which has generated them is a solid fact, and we have to recognize its indomitable tenacity and power of taking new shapes. The belief in a law of progress, which I have criticized so unmercifully, is one of these forms; and if I am not mistaken, it is nearly worn out. Disraeli in his detached way said, "The European talks of progress because by the aid of a few scientific discoveries he has established a society which has mistaken comfort for civilization." It would not be easy to sum up better the achievements of the nineteenth century, which will be always remembered as the century of accumulation and expansion. It was one of the great ages of the world; and its greatness was bound up with that very idea of progress which, in the crude forms which it usually assumed, we have seen to be an illusion. It was a strenuous, not a self-indulgent age. The profits of industry were not squandered, but turned into new capital, providing new markets and employment for more labour. The nation, as an aggregate, increased in wealth, numbers, and power every day; and public opinion approved this increase, and the

sacrifices which it involved. It was a great century; there were giants in the earth in those days; I have no patience with the pygmies who gird at them. But, as its greatest and most representative poet said:

> God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

The mould in which the Victorian age cast its hopes is broken. There is no law of progress; and the gains of that age now seem to some of us to have been purchased too high, or even to be themselves of doubtful value. In Clough's fine poem, beginning "Hope evermore and believe, O man," a poem in which the ethics of Puritanism find their perfect expression, the poet exhorts us:

Go! say not in thine heart, And what then were it accomplished, Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the use and the good?

But this question, which the blind Puritan asceticism resolutely thrust on one side, has begun to press for an answer. It had begun to press for an answer before the great cataclysm, which shattered the material symbols of the cult which for a century and a half had absorbed the chief energies of mankind. Whether our widespread discontent is mainly caused, as I sometimes think, by the unnatural conditions of life in large towns, or by the decay of the ideal itself, is not easy to say. In any case, the gods of Queen Victoria's reign are no longer worshipped. And I believe that the dissatisfaction with things as they are is caused not only by the failure of nineteenth-century civilization, but partly also by its success. We no longer wish to progress on those lines if we could. Our apocalyptic dream is vanishing into thin air. It may be that the industrial revolution which began in the reign of George III has produced most of its fruits, and has had its day. We may have to look forward to such a change as is imagined by Anatole France at the end of his *Isle of the Penguins*, when, after an orgy of revolution and destruction, we shall slide back into the quiet rural life of the early modern period. If so, the authors of the revolution will have cut their own throats, for there can be no great manufacturing towns in such a society. The race will have tried a great experiment, and will have rejected it as unsatisfying. We shall have added something to our experience.

Fontenelle exclaimed, "How many foolish things we should say now, if the ancients had not said them all before us!" Fools are not so much afraid of plagiarism as this Frenchman supposed; but it is true that *Eventu rerum stolidi didicere magistro.*

There is much to support the belief that there is a struggle for existence among ideas, and that those tend to prevail which correspond with the changing needs of humanity. It does not necessarily follow that the ideas which prevail are better morally, or even truer to the law of Nature, than those which fail. Life is so chaotic, and development so sporadic and one-sided, that a brief and brilliant success may carry with it the seeds of its own early ruin. The great triumphs of humanity have not come all at once. Architecture reached its climax in an age otherwise barbarous; Roman law was perfected in a dismal age of decline; and the nineteenth century, with its marvels of applied science, has produced the ugliest of all civilizations. There have been notable flowering times of the Spirit of Man — Ages of Pericles, Augustan Ages, Renaissances. The laws which determine these efflorescences are unknown. They may depend on undistinguished periods when force is being stored up. So in individual greatness, the wind bloweth where it listeth. Some of our greatest may have died unknown, *carent quia vate sacro.* Emerson indeed tells us that:

> One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The careless world has never lost.

But I should like to know how Emerson obtained this information. The World has not always been "careless" about its inspired prophets; it has often, as Faust remarks, burnt or crucified them, before they have delivered all their message. The activities of the Race-Spirit have been quite unaccountable. It has stumbled along blindly, falling into every possible pitfall.

The laws of Nature neither promise progress nor forbid it. We could do much to determine our own future; but there has been no consistency about our aspirations, and we have frequently followed false lights, and been disillusioned as much by success as by failure. The well-known law that all institutions carry with them the seeds of their own dissolution is not so much an illustration of the law of cyclical revolution, as a proof that we have been carried to and

fro by every wind of doctrine. What we need is a fixed and absolute standard of values, that we may know what we want to get and whither we want to go. It is no answer to say that all values are relative and ought to change. Some values are not relative but absolute. Spiritual progress must be within the sphere of a reality which is not itself progressing, or for which, in Milton's grand words, "progresses the dateless and irrevoluble circle of its own perfection, joining inseparable hands with joy and bliss in overmeasure for ever." Assuredly there must be advance in our apprehension of the ideal, which can never be fully realized because it belongs to the eternal world. We count not ourselves to have apprehended in aspiration any more than in practice. As Nicolas of Cusa says: "To be able to know ever more and more without end, this is our likeness to the eternal Wisdom. Man always desires to know better what he knows, and to love more what he loves; and the whole world is not sufficient for him, because it does not satisfy his craving for knowledge." But since our object is to enter within the realm of unchanging perfection, finite and relative progress cannot be our ultimate aim, and such progress, like everything else most worth having, must not be aimed at too directly. Our ultimate aim is to live in the knowledge and enjoyment of the absolute values, Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. If the Platonists are right, we shall shape our surroundings more effectively by this kind of idealism than by adopting the creed and the methods of secularism. I have suggested that our disappointments have been very largely due to the unworthiness of our ideals, and to the confused manner in which we have set them before our minds. The best men and women do not seem to be subject to this confusion. So far as they can make their environment, it is a society immensely in advance of anything which has been realized among mankind generally.

If any social amelioration is to be hoped for, its main characteristic will probably be simplification rather than further complexity. This, however, is not a question which can be handled at the end of a lecture.

Plato says of his ideal State that it does not much matter whether it is ever realized on earth or not. The type is laid up in heaven, and approximations to it will be made from time to time, since all living creatures are drawn upwards towards the source of their be-

ing. It does not matter very much, if he was right in believing — as we too believe — in human immortality. And yet it does matter; for unless our communing with the eternal Ideas endows us with some creative virtue, some power which makes itself felt upon our immediate environment, it cannot be that we have made those Ideas in any sense our own. There is no alchemy by which we may get golden conduct out of leaden instincts — so Herbert Spencer told us very truly; but if our ideas are of gold, there is an alchemy which will transmute our external activities, so that our contributions to the spiritual temple may be no longer "wood, hay, and stubble," to be destroyed in the next conflagration, but precious and durable material.

For individuals, then, the path of progress is always open; but, as Hesiod told us long before the Sermon on the Mount, it is a narrow path, steep and difficult, especially at first. There will never be a crowd gathered round this gate; "few there be that find it." For this reason, we must cut down our hopes for our nation, for Europe, and for humanity at large, to a very modest and humble aspiration. We have no millennium to look forward to; but neither need we fear any protracted or widespread retrogression. There will be new types of achievement which will enrich the experience of the race; and from time to time, in the long vista which science seems to promise us, there will be new flowering-times of genius and virtue, not less glorious than the age of Sophocles or the age of Shakespeare. They will not merely repeat the triumphs of the past, but will add new varieties to the achievements of the human mind.

Whether the human type itself is capable of further physical, intellectual, or moral improvement, we do not know. It is safe to predict that we shall go on hoping, though our recent hopes have ended in disappointment. Our lower ambitions partly succeed and partly fail, and never wholly satisfy us; of our more worthy visions for our race we may perhaps cherish the faith that no pure hope can ever wither, except that a purer may grow out of its roots.

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

THE AIM OF A LIBERAL COLLEGE[1]

In the discussions concerning college education there is one voice which is all too seldom raised and all too often disregarded. It is the voice of the teacher and the scholar, of the member of the college faculty. It is my purpose to devote this address to a consideration of the ideals of the teacher, of the problems of instruction as they present themselves to the men who are giving the instruction. And I do this not because I believe that just now the teachers are wiser than others who are dealing with the same questions, but rather as an expression of a definite conviction with regard to the place of the teacher in our educational scheme. It is, I believe, the function of the teacher to stand before his pupils and before the community at large as the intellectual leader of his time. If he is not able to take this leadership, he is not worthy of his calling. If the leadership is taken from him and given to others, then the very foundations of the scheme of instruction are shaken. He who in matters of teaching must be led by others is not the one to lead the imitative undergraduate, not the one to inspire the confidence and loyalty and discipleship on which all true teaching depends. If there are others who can do these things better than the college teacher of today, then we must bring them within the college walls. But if the teacher is to be deemed worthy of his task, then he must be recognized as the teacher of us all, and we must listen to his words as he speaks of the matters intrusted to his charge.

In the consideration of the educational creed of the teacher I will try to give, first, a brief statement of his belief; second, a defense of it against other views of the function of the college; third, an interpretation of its meaning and significance; fourth, a criticism of what seem to me misunderstandings of their own meaning prevalent

[1] An address given at the time of the inauguration of Alexander Meiklejohn as president of Amherst College. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publisher.

among the teachers of our day; and, finally, a suggestion of certain changes in policy which must follow if the belief of the teacher is clearly understood and applied in our educational procedure.

I

First, then, What do our teachers believe to be the aim of college instruction? Wherever their opinions and convictions find expression there is one contention which is always in the foreground, namely, that to be liberal a college must be essentially intellectual. It is a place, the teachers tell us, in which a boy, forgetting all things else, may set forth on the enterprise of learning. It is a time when a young man may come to awareness of the thinking of his people, may perceive what knowledge is and has been and is to be. Whatever light-hearted undergraduates may say, whatever the opinions of solicitous parents, of ambitious friends, of employers in search of workmen, of leaders in church or state or business — whatever may be the beliefs and desires and demands of outsiders — the teacher within the college, knowing his mission as no one else can know it, proclaims that mission to be the leading of his pupil into the life intellectual. The college is primarily not a place of the body, nor of the feelings, nor even of the will; it is, first of all, a place of the mind.

II

Against this intellectual interpretation of the college our teachers find two sets of hostile forces constantly at work. Outside the walls there are the practical demands of a busy commercial and social scheme; within the college there are the trivial and sentimental and irrational misunderstandings of its own friends. Upon each of these our college teachers are wont to descend as Samson upon the Philistines, and when they have had their will, there is little left for another to accomplish.

As against the immediate practical demands from without, the issue is clear and decisive. College teachers know that the world must have trained workmen, skilled operatives, clever buyers and sellers, efficient directors, resourceful manufacturers, able lawyers, ministers, physicians, and teachers. But it is equally true that, in order to do its own work, the liberal college must leave the special

and technical training for these trades and professions to be done in other schools and by other methods. In a word, the liberal college does not pretend to give all the kinds of teaching which a young man of college age may profitably receive; it does not even claim to give all the kinds of intellectual training which are worth giving. It is committed to intellectual training of the liberal type, whatever that may mean, and to that mission it must be faithful. One may safely say, then, on behalf of our college teachers, that their instruction is intended to be radically different from that given in the technical school or even in the professional school. Both these institutions are practical in a sense which the college, as an intellectual institution, is not. In the technical school the pupil is taught how to do some one of the mechanical operations which contribute to human welfare. He is trained to print, to weave, to farm, to build; and for the most part he is trained to do these things by practice rather than by theory. His possession when he leaves the school is not a stock of ideas, of scientific principles, but a measure of skill, a collection of rules of thumb. His primary function as a tradesman is not to understand but to do, and in doing what is needed he is following directions which have first been thought out by others and are now practised by him. The technical school intends to furnish training which, in the sense in which we use the term, is not intellectual but practical.

In a corresponding way the work of the professional school differs from that of the liberal college. In the teaching of engineering, medicine, or law we are or may be beyond the realm of mere skill and within the realm of ideas and principles. But the selection and the relating of these ideas is dominated by an immediate practical interest which cuts them off from the intellectual point of view of the scholar. If an undergraduate should take away from his studies of chemistry, biology, and psychology only those parts which have immediate practical application in the field of medicine, the college teachers would feel that they had failed to give to the boy the kind of instruction demanded of a college. It is not their purpose to furnish applied knowledge in this sense. They are not willing to cut up their sciences into segments and to allow the student to select those segments which may be of service in the practice of an art or a profession. In one way or another the teacher feels a kinship

with the scientist and the scholar which forbids him to submit to this domination of his instruction by the demands of an immediate practical interest. Whatever it may mean, he intends to hold the intellectual point of view and to keep his students with him if he can. In response, then, to demands for technical and professional training our college teachers tell us that such training may be obtained in other schools; it is not to be had in a college of liberal culture.

In the conflict with the forces within the college our teachers find themselves fighting essentially the same battle as against the foes without. In a hundred different ways the friends of the college — students, graduates, trustees, and even colleagues — seem to them so to misunderstand its mission as to minimize or to falsify its intellectual ideals. The college is a good place for making friends; it gives excellent experience in getting on with men; it has exceptional advantages as an athletic club; it is a relatively safe place for a boy when he first leaves home; on the whole, it may improve a student's manners; it gives acquaintance with lofty ideals of character, preaches the doctrine of social service, exalts the virtues and duties of citizenship. All these conceptions seem to the teacher to hide or to obscure the fact that the college is fundamentally a place of the mind, a time for thinking, an opportunity for knowing. And perhaps in proportion to their own loftiness of purpose and motive they are the more dangerous as tending all the more powerfully to replace or to nullify the underlying principle upon which they all depend. Here again, when misconception clears away, one can have no doubt that the battle of the teacher is a righteous one. It is well that a boy should have four good years of athletic sport, playing his own games and watching the games of his fellows; it is well that his manners should be improved; it is worth while to make good friends; it is very desirable to develop the power of understanding and working with other men; it is surely good to grow in strength and purity of character, in devotion to the interests of society, in readiness to meet the obligations and opportunities of citizenship. If any one of these be lacking from the fruits of a college course we may well complain of the harvest. And yet is it not true that by sheer pressure of these, by the driving and pulling of the social forces within and without the college, the mind of the student is constantly torn from its chief concern? Do not our social

and practical interests distract our boys from the intellectual achievements which should dominate their imagination and command their zeal? I believe that one may take it as the deliberate judgment of the teachers of our colleges today that the function of the college is constantly misunderstood, and that it is subjected to demands which, however friendly in intent, are yet destructive of its intellectual efficiency and success.

III

But now that the contention of the teacher has been stated and reaffirmed against objections, it is time to ask: What does it mean? And how can it be justified? By what might does a company of scholars invite young men to spend with them four years of discipleship? Do they, in their insistence upon the intellectual quality of their ideal, intend to give an education which is avowedly unpractical? If so, how shall they justify their invitation, which may perhaps divert young men from other interests and other companionships which are valuable to themselves and to their fellows? In a word, what is the underlying motive of the teacher, what is there in the intellectual interests and activities which seems to him to warrant their domination over the training and instruction of young men during the college years?

It is no fair answer to this question to summon us to faith in intellectual ideals, to demand of us that we live the life of the mind with confidence in the virtues of intelligence, that we love knowledge and because of our passion follow after it. Most of us are already eager to accept intellectual ideals, but our very devotion to them forbids that we accept them blindly. I have often been struck by the inner contradictoriness of the demand that we have faith in intelligence. It seems to mean, as it is so commonly made to mean, that we must unintelligently follow intelligence, that we must ignorantly pursue knowledge, that we must question everything except the business of asking questions, that we think about everything except the use of thinking itself. As Mr. F. H. Bradley would say, the dictum "Have faith in intelligence" is so true that it constantly threatens to become false. Our very conviction of its truth compels us to scrutinize and test it to the end.

How, then, shall we justify the faith of the teacher? What reason

can we give for our exaltation of intellectual training and activity? To this question two answers are possible. First, knowledge and thinking are good in themselves. Secondly, they help us in the attainment of other values in life which without them would be impossible. Both these answers may be given and are given by college teachers. Within them must be found whatever can be said by way of explanation and justification of the work of the liberal college.

The first answer receives just now far less of recognition than it can rightly claim. When the man of the world is told that a boy is to be trained in thinking just because of the joys and satisfactions of thinking itself, just in order that he may go on thinking as long as he lives, the man of the world has been heard to scoff and to ridicule the idle dreaming of scholarly men. But if thinking is not a good thing in itself, if intellectual activity is not worth while for its own sake, will the man of the world tell us what is? There are those among us who find so much satisfaction in the countless trivial and vulgar amusements of a crude people that they have no time for the joys of the mind. There are those who are so closely shut up within a little round of petty pleasures that they have never dreamed of the fun of reading and conversing and investigating and reflecting. And of these one can only say that the difference is one of taste, and that their tastes seem to be relatively dull and stupid. Surely it is one function of the liberal college to save boys from that stupidity, to give them an appetite for the pleasures of thinking, to make them sensitive to the joys of appreciation and understanding, to show them how sweet and captivating and wholesome are the games of the mind. At the time when the play element is still dominant it is worth while to acquaint boys with the sport of facing and solving problems. Apart from some of the experiences of friendship and sympathy, I doubt if there are any human interests so permanently satisfying, so fine and splendid in themselves, as are those of intellectual activity. To give our boys that zest, that delight in things intellectual, to give them an appreciation of a kind of life which is well worth living, to make them men of intellectual culture — that certainly is one part of the work of any liberal college.

On the other hand, the creation of culture as so defined can never constitute the full achievement of the college. It is essential to

awaken the impulses of inquiry, of experiment, of investigation, of reflection, the instinctive cravings of the mind. But no liberal college can be content with this. The impulse to thinking must be questioned and rationalized as must every other instinctive response. It is well to think, but what shall we think about? Are there any lines of investigation and reflection more valuable than others, and, if so, how is their value to be tested? Or again, if the impulse for thinking comes into conflict with other desires and cravings, how is the opposition to be solved? It has sometimes been suggested that our man of intellectual culture may be found, like Nero, fiddling with words while all the world about him is aflame. And the point of the suggestion is not that fiddling is a bad and worthless pastime, but rather that it is inopportune on such an occasion, that the man who does it is out of touch with his situation, that his fiddling does not fit his facts. In a word, men know with regard to thinking, as with regard to every other content of human experience, that it cannot be valued merely in terms of itself. It must be measured in terms of its relation to other contents and to human experience as a whole. Thinking is good in itself, — but what does it cost of other things; what does it bring of other values? Place it amid all the varied contents of our individual and social experience, measure it in terms of what it implies, fix it by means of its relations, and then you will know its worth not simply in itself but in that deeper sense which comes when human desires are rationalized and human lives are known in their entirety, as well as they can be known by those who are engaged in living them.

In this consideration we find the second answer of the teacher to the demand for justification of the work of the college. Knowledge is good, he tells us, not only in itself, but in its enrichment and enhancement of the other values of our experience. In the deepest and fullest sense of the words, knowledge pays. This statement rests upon the classification of human actions into two groups, those of the instinctive type and those of the intellectual type. By far the greater part of our human acts are carried on without any clear idea of what we are going to do or how we are going to do it. For the most part our responses to our situations are the immediate responses of feeling, of perception, of custom, of tradition. But slowly and painfully, as the mind has developed, action after action has been trans-

lated from the feeling to the ideational type; in wider and wider fields men have become aware of their own modes of action, more and more they have come to understanding, to knowledge of themselves and of their needs. And the principle underlying all our educational procedure is that, on the whole, actions become more successful as they pass from the sphere of feeling to that of understanding. Our educational belief is that in the long run, if men know what they are going to do and how they are going to do it and what is the nature of the situation with which they are dealing, their response to that situation will be better adjusted and more beneficial than are the responses of the feeling type in like situations.

It is all too obvious that there are limits to the validity of this principle. If men are to investigate, to consider, to decide, then action must be delayed, and we must pay the penalty of waiting. If men are to endeavor to understand and know their situations, then we must be prepared to see them make mistakes in their thinking, lose their certainty of touch, wander off into pitfalls and illusions and fallacies of thought, and, in consequence, secure for the time results far lower in value than those of the instinctive response which they seek to replace. The delays and mistakes and uncertainties of our thinking are a heavy price to pay, but it is the conviction of the teacher that the price is as nothing when compared with the goods which it buys. You may point out to him the loss when old methods of procedure give way before the criticism of understanding, you may remind him of the pain and suffering when old habits of thought and action are replaced, you may reprove him for all the blunders of the past; but in spite of it all he knows, and you know, that in human lives taken separately and in human life as a whole men's greatest lack is the lack of understanding, their greatest hope to know themselves and the world in which they live.

Within the limits of this general educational principle the place of the liberal college may easily be fixed. In the technical school pupils are prepared for a specific work and are kept for the most part on the plane of perceptual action, doing work which others understand. In the professional school, students are properly within the realm of ideas and principles, but they are still limited to a specific human interest with which alone their understanding is concerned. But the college is called liberal as against both of these because

the instruction is dominated by no special interest, is limited to no single human task, but is intended to take human activity as a whole, to understand human endeavors not in their isolation, but in their relations to one another and to the total experience which we call the life of our people. And just as we believe that the building of ships has become more successful as men have come to a knowledge of the principles involved in their construction; just as the practice of medicine has become more successful as we have come to a knowledge of the human body, of the conditions within it and the influences without; — just so the teacher in the liberal college believes that life as a total enterprise, life as it presents itself to each one of us in his career as an individual — human living — will be more successful in so far as men come to understand it and to know it as they attempt to carry it on. To give boys an intellectual grasp on human experience — this it seems to me is the teacher's conception of the chief function of the liberal college.

May I call attention to the fact that this second answer of the teacher defines the aim of the college as avowedly and frankly practical? Knowledge is to be sought chiefly for the sake of its contribution to the other activities of human living. But, on the other hand, it is as definitely declared that in method the college is fully and unreservedly intellectual. If we can see that these two demands are not in conflict, but that they stand together in the harmonious relation of means and ends, of instrument and achievement, of method and result, we may escape many a needless conflict and keep our educational policy in singleness of aim and action. To do this we must show that the college is intellectual, not as opposed to practical interests and purposes, but as opposed to unpractical and unwise methods of work. The issue is not between practical and intellectual aims but between the immediate and the remote aim, between the hasty and the measured procedure, between the demand for results at once and the willingness to wait for the best results. The intellectual road to success is longer and more roundabout than any other, but they who are strong and willing for the climbing are brought to higher levels of achievement than they could possibly have attained had they gone straight forward in the pathway of quick returns. If this were not true the liberal college would have no proper place in our life at all. In so far as it is true the college has

a right to claim the best of our young men to give them its preparation for the living they are to do.

IV

But now that we have attempted to interpret the intellectual mission of the college, it may be fair to ask: "Are the teachers and scholars of our day always faithful to that mission? Do their statements and their practice always ring in accord with the principle which has been stated?" It seems to me that at two points they are constantly off the key, constantly at variance with the reasons by which alone their teaching can be justified.

In the first place, it often appears as if our teachers and scholars were deliberately in league to mystify and befog the popular mind regarding this practical value of intellectual work. They seem not to wish too much said about the results and benefits. Their desire is to keep aloft the intellectual banner, to proclaim the intellectual gospel, to demand of student and public alike adherence to the faith. And in general when they are questioned as to results they give little satisfaction except to those who are already pledged to unwavering confidence in their *ipse dixits*. And largely as a result of this attitude the American people seem to me to have little understanding of the intellectual work of the college. Our citizens and patrons can see the value of games and physical exercises; they readily perceive the importance of the social give and take of a college democracy; they can appreciate the value of studies which prepare a young man for his profession and so anticipate or replace the professional school; they can even believe that if a boy is kept at some sort of thinking for four years his mind may become more acute, more systematic, more accurate, and hence more useful than it was before. But as for the content of a college course, as for the value of knowledge, what a boy gains by knowing Greek or economics, philosophy or literature, history or biology, except as they are regarded as having professional usefulness, I think our friends are in the dark and are likely to remain so until we turn on the light. When our teachers say, as they sometimes do say, that the effect of knowledge upon the character and life of the student must always be for the college an accident, a circumstance which has no essential connection with its real aim or function, then it seems to me that our

educational policy is wholly out of joint. If there be no essential connection between instruction and life, then there is no reason for giving instruction except in so far as it is pleasant in itself, and we have no educational policy at all. As against this hesitancy, this absence of a conviction, we men of the college should declare in clear and unmistakable terms our creed — the creed that knowledge is justified by its results. We should say to our people so plainly that they cannot misunderstand: "Give us your boys, give us the means we need, and we will so train and inform the minds of those boys that their own lives and the lives of the men about them shall be more successful than they could be without our training. Give us our chance and we will show your boys what human living is, for we are convinced that they can live better in knowledge than they can in ignorance."

There is a second wandering from the faith which is so common among investigators that it may fairly be called the "fallacy of the scholar." It is the belief that all knowledge is so good that all parts of knowledge are equally good. Ask many of our scholars and teachers what subjects a boy should study in order that he may gain insight for human living, and they will say: "It makes no difference in what department of knowledge he studies; let him go into Sanscrit or bacteriology, into mathematics or history; if only he goes where men are actually dealing with intellectual problems, and if only he learns how to deal with problems himself, the aim of education is achieved, he has entered into intellectual activity." This point of view, running through all the varieties of elective system, seems to me hopelessly at variance with any sound educational doctrine. It represents the scholar of the day at his worst both as a thinker and as a teacher. In so far as it dominates a group of college teachers it seems to me to render them unfit to determine and to administer a college curriculum. It is an announcement that they have no guiding principles in their educational practice, no principles of selection in their arrangement of studies, no genuine grasp on the relationship between knowledge and life. It is the concerted statement of a group of men each of whom is lost within the limits of his own special studies, and who as a group seem not to realize the organic relationships between them nor the common task which should bind them together.

In bringing this second criticism against our scholars I am not urging that the principle of election of college studies should be entirely discontinued. But I should like to inquire by what right and within what limits it is justified. The most familiar argument in its favor is that if a student is allowed to choose along the lines of his own intellectual or professional interest he will have enthusiasm, the eagerness which comes with the following of one's own bent. Now just so far as this result is achieved, just so far as the quality of scholarship is improved, the procedure is good, and we may follow it if we do not thereby lose other results more valuable than our gain. But if the special interest comes into conflict with more fundamental ones, if what the student prefers is opposed to what he ought to prefer, then we of the college cannot leave the choice with him. We must say to him frankly: "If you do not care for liberal training you had better go elsewhere; we have a special and definite task assigned us which demands that we keep free from the domination of special or professional pursuits. So long as we are faithful to that task we cannot give you what you ask."

In my opinion, however, the fundamental motive of the elective system is not the one which has been mentioned. In the last resort our teachers allow students to choose their own studies, not in order to appeal to intellectual or to professional interest, but because they themselves have no choice of their own in which they believe with sufficient intensity to impose it upon their pupils. And this lack of a dominating educational policy is in turn an expresssion of an intellectual attitude, a point of view, which marks the scholars of our time. In a word, it seems to me that our willingness to allow students to wander about in the college curriculum is one of the most characteristic expressions of a certain intellectual agnosticism, a kind of intellectual bankruptcy, into which, in spite of all our wealth of information, the spirit of the time has fallen. Let me explain my meaning.

The old classical curriculum was founded by men who had a theory of the world and of human life. They had taken all the available content of human knowledge and had wrought it together into a coherent whole. What they knew was, as judged by our standards, very little in amount. But upon that little content they had expended all the infinite pains of understanding and interpretation.

They had taken the separate judgments of science, philosophy, history, and the arts, and had so welded them together, so established their relationships with one another, so freed them from contradictions and ambiguities that, so far as might be in their day and generation, human life as a whole and the world about us were known, were understood, were rationalized. They had a knowledge of human experience by which they could live and which they could teach to others engaged in the activities of living.

But with the invention of methods of scientific investigation and discovery there came pouring into the mind of Europe great masses of intellectual material: astronomy, physics, chemistry. This content for a time it could not understand, could not relate to what it already knew. The old boundary lines did not enclose the new fields; the old explanations and interpretations would not fit the new facts. Knowledge had not grown; it had simply been enlarged; and the two masses of content, the old and the new, stood facing each other with no common ground of understanding. Here was the intellectual task of the great leaders of the early modern thought of Europe: to reëstablish the unity of knowledge, to discover the relationships between these apparently hostile bodies of judgments, to know the world again, but with all the added richness of the new insights and the new information. This was the work of Leibnitz and Spinoza, of Kant and Hegel, and those who labored with them. And in a very considerable measure the task had been accomplished, order had been restored. But again with the inrush of the newer discoveries, first in the field of biology and then later in the world of human relationships, the difficulties have returned, multiplied a thousandfold. Every day sees a new field of facts opened up, a new method of investigation invented, a new department of knowledge established. And in the rush of it all these new sciences come merely as additions, not to be understood but simply numbered, not to be interpreted but simply listed in the great collection of separate fields of knowledge. If you will examine the work of any scientist within one of these fields, you will find him ordering, systematizing, reducing to principles — in a word, knowing every fact in terms of its relation to every other fact and to the whole field within which it falls. But at the same time these separate sciences, these separate groups of judgment, are left standing side by side

with no intelligible connections, no establishment of relationships, no interpretation in the sense in which we insist upon it with each of the fields taken by itself. Is it not the characteristic statement of a scholar of our time to say: "I do not know what may be the ultimate significance of these facts and these principles; all that I know is that if you will follow my methods within my field you will find the facts coming into order, the principles coming into simple and coherent arrangement. With any problems apart from this order and this arrangement I have intellectually no concern"?

It has become an axiom with us that the genuine student labors within his own field. And if the student ventures forth to examine the relations of his field to the surrounding country he very easily becomes a popularizer, a littérateur, a speculator, and, worst of all, unscientific. Now I do not object to a man's minding his own intellectual business if he chooses to do so, but when a man minds his own business because he does not know any other business, because he has no knowledge whatever of the relationships which justify his business and make it worth while, then I think one may say that, though such a man minds his own affairs, he does not know them, he does not understand them. Such a man, from the point of view of the demands of a liberal education, differs in no essential respect from the tradesman who does not understand his trade or the professional man who merely practises his profession. Just as truly as they, he is shut up within a special interest; just as truly as they, he is making no intellectual attempt to understand his experience in its unity. And the pity of it is that more and more the chairs in our colleges are occupied by men who have only this special interest, this specialized information, and it is through them that we attempt to give our boys a liberal education, which the teachers themselves have not achieved.

I should not like to be misunderstood in making this railing accusation against our teachers and our time. If I say that our knowledge is at present a collection of scattered observations about the world rather than an understanding of it, fairness compels the admission that the failure is due to the inherent difficulties of the situation and to the novelty of the problems presented. If I cry out against the agnosticism of our people it is not as one who has escaped from it, nor as one who would point the way back to the

older synthesis, but simply as one who believes that the time has come for a reconstruction, for a new synthesis. We have had time enough now to get some notion of our bearings, shocks enough to get over our nervousness and discomfiture when a new one comes along. It is the opportunity and the obligation of this generation to think through the content of our knowing once again, to understand it, so far as we can. And in such a battle as this, surely it is the part of the college to take the lead. Here is the mission of the college teacher as of no other member of our common life. Surely he should stand before his pupils and before all of us as a man who has achieved some understanding of this human situation of ours, but, more than that, as one who is eager for the conflict with the powers of darkness and who can lead his pupils in enthusiastic devotion to the common cause of enlightenment.

V

And now, finally, after these attacks upon the policies which other men have derived from their love of knowledge, may I suggest two matters of policy which seem to me to follow from the definition of education which we have taken? The first concerns the content of the college course; the second has to do with the method of its presentation to the undergraduate.

We have said that the system of free election is natural for those to whom knowledge is simply a number of separate departments. It is equally true that just in so far as knowledge attains unity, just so far as the relations of the various departments are perceived, freedom of election by the student must be limited. For it at once appears that on the one side there are vast ranges of information which have virtually no significance for the purposes of a liberal education, while on the other hand there are certain elements so fundamental and vital that without any one of them a liberal education is impossible.

I should like to indicate certain parts of human knowledge which seem to me so essential that no principle of election should ever be allowed to drive them out of the course of any college student.

First, a student should become acquainted with the fundamental motives and purposes and beliefs which, clearly or unclearly recognized, underlie all human experience and bind it together. He must

perceive the moral strivings, the intellectual endeavors, the esthetic experiences of his race, and closely linked with these, determining and determined by them, the beliefs about the world which have appeared in our systems of religion. To investigate this field, to bring it to such clearness of formulation as may be possible, is the task of philosophy — an essential element in any liberal education. Secondly, as in human living, our motives, purposes, and beliefs have found expression in institutions — those concerted modes of procedure by which we work together — a student should be made acquainted with these. He should see and appreciate what is intended, what accomplished, and what left undone by such institutions as property, the courts, the family, the church, the mill. To know these as contributing and failing to contribute to human welfare is the work of our social or humanistic sciences, into which a boy must go on his way through the liberal college. Thirdly, in order to understand the motives and the institutions of human life one must know the conditions which surround it, the stage on which the game is played. To give this information is the business of astronomy, geology, physics, chemistry, biology, and the other descriptive sciences. These a boy must know, so far as they are significant and relevant to his purpose. Fourthly, as all three of these factors, the motives, the institutions, the natural processes, have sprung from the past and have come to be what they are by change upon change in the process of time, the student of human life must try to learn the sequence of events from which the present has come. The development of human thought and attitude, the development of human institutions, the development of the world and of the beings about us — all these must be known, as throwing light upon present problems, present instrumentalities, present opportunities in the life of human endeavor. And in addition to these four studies which render human experience in terms of abstract ideas, a liberal education must take account of those concrete representations of life which are given in the arts, and especially in the art of literature. It is well that a boy should be acquainted with his world not simply as expressed by the principles of knowledge, but also as depicted by the artist with all the vividness and definiteness which are possible in the portrayal of individual beings in individual relationships. These five elements, then, a young

man must take from a college of liberal training: the contributions of philosophy, of humanistic science, of natural science, of history, and of literature. So far as knowledge is concerned, these at least he should have, welded together in some kind of interpretation of his own experience and of the world in which he lives.

My second suggestion is that our college curriculum should be so arranged and our instruction so devised that its vital connection with the living of men should be obvious even to an undergraduate. A little while ago I heard one of the most prominent citizens of this country speaking of his college days, and he said: "I remember so vividly those few occasions on which the professor would put aside the books and talk like a real man about real things." Oh, the bitterness of those words to the teacher! Our books are not dealing with the real things, and for the most part we are not real men either, but just old fogies and bookworms. And to be perfectly frank about the whole matter, I believe that in large measure our pupils are indifferent to their studies simply because they do not see that these are important.

Now if we really have a vital course of study to present I believe that this difficulty can in large measure be overcome. It is possible to make a freshman realize the need of translating his experience from the forms of feeling to those of ideas. He can and he ought to be shown that now, his days of mere tutelage being over, it is time for him to face the problems of his people, to begin to think about those problems for himself, to learn what other men have learned and thought before him — in a word, to get himself ready to take his place among those who are responsible for the guidance of our common life by ideas and principles and purposes. If this could be done, I think we should get from the reality-loving American boy something like an intellectual enthusiasm, something of the spirit that comes when he plays a game that seems to him really worth playing. But I do not believe that this result can be achieved without a radical reversal of the arrangement of the college curriculum. I should like to see every freshman at once plunged into the problems of philosophy, into the difficulties and perplexities about our institutions, into the scientific accounts of the world especially as they bear on human life, into the portrayals of human experience which are given by the masters of literature. If this

were done by proper teaching, it seems to me the boy's college course would at once take on significance for him; he would understand what he is about; and though he would be a sadly puzzled boy at the end of the first year, he would still have before him three good years of study, of investigation, of reflection, and of discipleship, in which to achieve, so far as may be, the task to which he has been set. Let him once feel the problems of the present, and his historical studies will become significant; let him know what other men have discovered and thought about his problems, and he will be ready to deal with them himself. But in any case, the whole college course will be unified and dominated by a single interest, a single purpose — that of so understanding human life as to be ready and equipped for the practice of it. And this would mean for the college, not another seeking of the way of quick returns, but rather an escape from aimless wanderings in the mere bypaths of knowledge, a resolute climbing on the highroad to a unified grasp upon human experience.

I have taken so much of your time this morning that an apology seems due for the things I have omitted to mention. I have said nothing of the organization of the college, nothing of the social life of the students, nothing of the relations with the alumni, nothing of the needs and qualifications of the teachers, and even within the consideration of the course of study, nothing of the value of specialization or of the disciplinary subjects or of the training in language and expression. And I have put these aside deliberately, for the sake of a cause which is greater than any of them — a cause which lies at the very heart of the liberal college. It is the cause of making clear to the American people the mission of the teacher, of convincing them of the value of knowledge: not the specialized knowledge which contributes to immediate practical aims, but the unified understanding which is Insight.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

SHOULD OUR COLLEGES EDUCATE?[1]

I

THE duty of deans, I suppose, is to make colleges institutions of higher learning. The fruitlessness of their best efforts does not release them from the obligation of trying continually; hence it is unsportsmanlike to criticize them for their fierce and persistent efforts to introduce education into American colleges as one of the major interests. The deans represent the educational interest, and it's a poor lawyer who can't believe in his own case.

But to grant that the dean is entitled to exemption from criticism for his advocacy of education is not to imply that he is entitled to encouragement from the laity in his fight. An advocate's duty is to make the best possible case consistent with the facts; but not even in the interest of his client is he morally justified in refusing to admit the facts. It seems to me that of late American educators have been inclined to claim a little more than is their just due. They demand that education be made the main business of the colleges — which is permissible for deans — but they also demand that the public join them in lamenting their failure to establish education — which is a little too much.

Not long since a dean in one of the most awe-inspiring of American universities pointed out to me that the American A.B. is a bastard degree, without an equivalent in the educational system of any other civilized country, a degree without academic significance, without reason and without excuse. The holder of an American A.B., said this authority, is from the academic point of view nothing in particular, neither educated nor illiterate, neither scholar nor ignoramus. He has received something more than the instruction indispensable to the making of a good mechanic, but not enough to make a man of science or of letters. Yet this nondescript product is the standard of education in America.

[1] From *Harper's Magazine*, November, 1927. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

This is undeniable, and it is natural, and no doubt proper, for the dean to be exercised over it. But it was obvious that he expected me to be shocked, too, and in that I found myself unable to oblige him. Suppose the American A.B. is a nondescript, a bastard degree, signifying nothing in scholarship. What of it?

The dean would answer excitedly that it indicates that the colleges are not educating American youth. But what of that? Should they be educated?

II

The answer depends, of course, upon the definition of education. There are those who maintain that education may be defined as any process that tends to make men nobler, happier, stronger, and wiser; and that Americans might be improved by a great deal of education in that sense is not to be denied — at least not by one who is affiliated with neither the Ku Klux Klan nor the Republican Party.

But to undergraduates, and to not a few faculty members education means taking a course of study leading to a degree. Specifically, to undergraduates it means the course leading to the A.B. degree, and to my friend the dean the courses leading to one of the doctorates, Ph., M., Sc., or what not. He is suspicious even of the A.M.

Now, far be it from me to decry the value of courses of study. I think they are fine, although I speak from observation, rather than from experience. Being but a lowly *Artium Baccalaureus* myself, and that more by the grace of God and an indulgent examining committee than by my own prowess, my acquaintance with courses of study is but sketchy. Nevertheless, such knowledge as I have of them supports the theory that they are altogether worthy.

But it does not necessarily follow that they are the prime need of American youth, particularly of American undergraduates. Memories of my own college days, observation from the outside of students in half a dozen other institutions, and direct contact with them as a faculty member in a representative American university lead me to the conviction that what the American college student needs — and what he gets — is not primarily education, but civilization.

Perhaps this should come to him in the classroom; but does it? Where are the excitement, the stress and strain, the triumphs and defeats, the thrills, joys, bitterness, and lingering memories — in

short, the kick — in a man's college career? In the classroom? Sometimes, perhaps, but not in mine, my lords and gentlemen — as student and as teacher, assuredly not in mine. All the kick lay in what are well and unfavorably known as "student activities." For some it was found on the athletic field, for some in the debating halls, for others in the Glee Club, or the Debating Society, or the frat house, or the student publications, or the fascinating area of campus politics. The coach, not the professor, was the tyrannous but unchallenged master; and all the sad young men on the faculty observed with pain and agitation that students were coached so much and so incessantly that they hadn't time to acquire an education while in college.

But who created this condition? Why, the students, the lads who are putting up the time, the money, and the energy expended in going to college, aided and abetted by alumni, that is, men who have themselves been to college and ever since have been slowly and painfully acquiring an education.

Now, having been a college professor, I agree fervently with the dictum that a student has no sense. But neither has a bee, yet the hive is a marvel of organized efficiency. The fact that an individual student subordinates classroom work to other things means precisely nothing, but when half a million students do so it means a great deal. If American students as a class are going in for things not prescribed in the catalogue, the chances are that there is a flaw in the catalogue. The condition indicates that the things they need most are not in the catalogue.

And what, indeed, are these prescriptions? They are adaptations of the courses of study originated in European, especially English, universities. Basically, they represent the sort of thing required to educate the son of an English gentleman, that is to say, an Englishman who has inherited money. What it takes to make a scholar of an English gentleman's son, that the catalogue has. But it is applied to the education of the sons of American farmers, storekeepers, plumbers, policemen, and street-car conductors, who have not inherited money and have made enough to send their boys to college only by years of intense concentration on their jobs, to the exclusion of purely intellectual interests. Secondary education in every other country in the world — Revolutionary Russia perhaps

excepted — has always been and is yet highly selective, restricted to an extremely small class. Only America has undertaken anything resembling mass education in the higher branches.

If America is making something of a mess of it, that need occasion no surprise. The first experiment along any line is likely to be messy. But for my part, I decline to believe that anything of the sort is happening, because I believe that the students are rescuing the colleges in the teeth of the deans, professors, pedagogical associations, and committees on academic standards. I think that the average American youth who goes to college gets something that he needs badly, in spite of the frantic efforts of the faculty to make him take something that he needs less.

There comes to mind the case of a boy who drifted into conversation with me one day after class. Theoretically, we were discussing some point in the day's work, but the talk shuffled around until the point was lost and the chap began to talk of what really interested him, namely the Glee Club. Then it developed that two years in the University had resulted in one complete alteration in his point of view. To that extent the University had functioned in this man's case, but it did not function in the classroom.

He had come to the campus with the desire to make the Glee Club; for in his native village he had been a member of a notable street-corner quartet and loved to sing. But when he attended the first rehearsal he was appalled, for the Glee Club was working on a program of old German chorales and medieval Latin hymns. He would have walked out in disgust but for the fact that the Glee Club was, after all, an organization of considerable social prestige. So he continued to hang around at rehearsals and at his seventeenth hearing of *Plorate, filii Israel* it struck him with the force of a sensational discovery that the tune had a kick in it! Then and there he was hooked, and into his subsequent successful effort to make the Glee Club he threw a passion, a fervor, a single-minded devotion that would have been good for an A-plus in the most difficult course open to freshmen.

As it was, he ended the term with more conditions than A's, and at the end of the year he squeezed into the sophomore class by a sickeningly narrow margin. He made the Glee Club easily, almost brilliantly, but deans shook their heads over his case, and instructors lamented the folly of a young man with an excellent

mind who frittered away his time on outside interests, spending a year and a thousand of his father's dollars only to be left hanging on, so to speak, by his eyebrows.

But as he talked to me that afternoon my sympathy with the faculty point of view began to waver. I had hammered at him all the year, and the dint I had made in his consciousness could, perhaps, be detected with a micrometer but certainly not with the unaided eye. But he had been hammered into a new shape, all the same. Johann Sebastian Bach and Georg Friedrich Handel had been working on him, and he had paid attention to them, if not to me; and I decline to admit in public that I think him a fool for doing so. He had learned little Latin and less Greek. But he had learned that Palestrina is not the name of the Holy Land, and he had lost completely his former partiality for "The Red, Red Robin Comes a-Bob, Bob, Bobbin'." He had learned that music is an expression of civilization which affords to the intelligent listener a dozen kinds of pleasure apart from the tickling of his ears with concord of sweet sounds. Hence life will hereafter be to him interesting and amusing in a dozen new ways. As he talked to me that afternoon, with all his conditions lowering over his head, he was years farther along the road to becoming a civilized man than he was when he had heard *Plorate, filii Israel* only sixteen times.

III

We may say he should have had all this before he came to college. A boy raised in a highly civilized home, the son of parents with leisure, money, and intelligence, does not have to learn appreciation of music in the Glee Club, or sportsmanship on the football field, or readiness in the debating society, or manners in the frat house. He may lack familiarity with the worlds of sport, art, politics and good society, but he is aware of their existence. He is in a position to appreciate and to begin assimilating the essence of civilization presented in the works of men of genius which are the material of classroom study.

But masses of college students come to-day from homes in which the arts and graces of civilization are at most matters of hearsay; and they are not educable until they have had some experience of the matters of which the masters treat in their books. Student activities, for all

their inanity, are to a certain extent a simulacrum of the world of the intellect, and participation in the affairs of this small world prepares the student for assimilation of information touching the great one.

It is unfortunately true that this preparation is not absolutely essential to the reception and retention of information, but only to its assimilation. The colleges are so perniciously efficient that they not infrequently graduate men without first civilizing them. These fill the world and, what is worse, college faculties with doctors of philosophy who are no more educated men than are so many Tennessee legislators, although they are stuffed with fantastic and perfectly useless knowledge.

There is probably nothing that can be done about this, or, rather, nothing that will be done about it. In view of our present mania for education mere advocacy of the abolition of a degree is something less than respectable. But to advocate the raising of standards is another thing. Why not raise the requirements of the Ph.D. by adding to the present examinations one or two designed to prove that the candidate is fit to live among civilized people? It should be simple enough. All that is necessary to clear him of the suspicion of monomania is to make sure that he knows something and can do something not related to his major, and unlikely in any conceivable circumstances to assist him in his career as a teacher.

As touching knowledge, he might be required, for example, to identify the finale of the César Franck sonata for piano and violin played on a talking machine, or name the winners of the Kentucky derby for the last five years, or translate the cryptogram ABRHPOAE, or tell what three up and two to go means, or distinguish between the Widow Clicquot and the Widow of Windsor. As a test of virtuosity he might be given his choice among dancing the Black Bottom acceptably, driving not less than one hundred and twenty-five yards, walking a six-inch plank with five cocktails aboard, putting three place-kicks out of seven across the bar, or supporting a busted flush so impressively as to cause someone to throw down a pair of tens.

If some such procedure were adopted, the total acreage of Ph.D.'s would be reduced, to be sure, but the value of the remaining crop would rise so sharply that the result would be a net gain. It would

make it impossible for a man to be called educated until he had first been at least partially civilized.

The American undergraduate has not known this, but he has felt it, dimly and vaguely. Somehow he is aware that when he comes to college he is not educable, and he casts around desperately for something to make him so.

In student activities he discovers a makeshift. It is unfortunately true that by the time he becomes mentally adult, and, therefore, fit to receive an education, his college days are so nearly over that he has not time to be educated before a diploma is thrust upon him and he is thrust out.

But does it follow that he has thrown away four years and anything from four to ten thousand dollars? I presume to doubt it. It is true that he is likely to spend from fifteen to fifty subsequent years snatching up odds and ends of knowledge that he would have received in school had he been able to assimilate it. But what of that? It amuses him and keeps him mentally fit; and the college did civilize him to the point at which he could assimilate information.

The man who thinks that American undergraduates are as a whole wasting a considerable proportion of their time and money simply has not lately come into intimate contact with college men. By chance I have had opportunity to compare collegians with young Americans selectively drafted into the Army. The best infantry regiment in the service might have the physical advantage over two thousand undergraduates taken at random, but beyond that the soldiers would have no show. And the physical superiority would not be great.

And so, in spite of the clamor of deans and committees on academic standards, I am at ease in Zion. The boys are all right. They are frivolous and light-minded. They are indolent in the classroom. They make perfect idiots of themselves over football and other imbecile contests. They pay the head coach twice as much money and ten times as much honor as they pay the college president because, being realists, they know the coach is worth the difference. They come out of college woefully ignorant of books. But they get their money's worth, because they come out much more apt than they were when they went in to live like civilized men, and much less apt to join the Ku Klux Klan.

I wish, indeed, that I were quite sure that my days are as profitably employed as theirs.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

AS OTHERS SEE US[1]

HARVARD COLLEGE had been founded to rear Puritan divines, and as Calvinism gradually dissolved, it left a void there and as it were a mould, which a philosophy expressing the same instincts in a world intellectually transformed could flow into and fill almost without knowing it. Corporate bodies are like persons, long vaguely swayed by early impressions they may have forgotten. Even when changes come over the spirit of their dream, a sense of the mission to which they were first dedicated lingers about them, and may revive, like the antiquarian and poetic Catholicism of Oxford in the nineteenth century. In academic America the Platonic and Catholic traditions had never been planted; it was only the Calvinistic tradition, when revived in some modern disguise, that could stir there the secret chord of reverence and enthusiasm. Harvard was the seminary and academy for the inner circle of Bostonians, and naturally responded to all the liberal and literary movements of which Boston was the centre. In religion it became first Unitarian and afterwards neutral; in philosophy it might long have been satisfied with what other New England colleges found sufficient, namely such lofty views as the president, usually a clergyman, could introduce into his baccalaureate sermons, or into the course of lectures he might give for seniors on the evidences of Christianity or on the theory of evolution. Such philosophical initiation had sufficed for the distinguished literary men of the middle of the century, and even for so deep a sage as Emerson. But things cannot stand still, and Boston, as is well known, is not an ordinary place. When the impulse to domestic literary expression seemed to be exhausted, intellectual ambition took other forms. It was an age of science, of philology, of historical learning, and the laurels of Germany would not let Boston sleep. As it had a great public library,

[1] From *Character and Opinion in the United States.* Copyright, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission.

and hoped to have a great art museum, might it not have a great university? Harvard in one sense was a university already, in that the college (although there was only one) was surrounded by a group of professional schools, notably those of law and medicine, in which studies requisite for the service of the community, and leading potentially to brilliant careers, were carried on with conspicuous success. The number of these professional schools might have been enlarged, as has been actually done later, until training in all the professions had been provided. But it happens that the descriptive sciences, languages, mathematics, and philosophy are not studies useful for any profession, except that of teaching these very subjects over again; and there was no practical way of introducing them into the Harvard system except to graft them upon the curriculum of the college; otherwise neither money nor students could have been found for so much ornamental learning.

This circumstance, external and irrelevant as it may seem, I think had a great influence over the temper and quality of the Harvard philosophers; for it mingled responsibility for the education of youth, and much labour in it, with their pure speculation. Teaching is a delightful paternal art, and especially teaching intelligent and warm-hearted youngsters, as most American collegians are; but it is an art like acting, where the performance, often rehearsed, must be adapted to an audience hearing it only once. The speaker must make concessions to their impatience, their taste, their capacity, their prejudices, their ultimate good; he must neither bore nor perplex nor demoralise them. His thoughts must be such as can flow daily, and be set down in notes; they must come when the bell rings and stop appropriately when the bell rings a second time. The best that is in him, as Mephistopheles says in *Faust*, he dare not tell them; and as the substance of this possession is spiritual, to withhold is often to lose it. For it is not merely a matter of fearing not to be understood, or giving offence; in the presence of a hundred youthful upturned faces a man cannot, without diffidence, speak in his own person, of his own thoughts; he needs support, in order to exert influence with a good conscience; unless he feels that he is the vehicle of a massive tradition, he will become bitter, or flippant, or aggressive; if he is to teach with good grace and mod-

esty and authority, it must not be he that speaks, but science or humanity that is speaking in him.

Now the state of Harvard College, and of American education generally, at the time to which I refer, had this remarkable effect on the philosophers there: it made their sense of social responsibility acute, because they were consciously teaching and guiding the community, as if they had been clergymen; and it made no less acute their moral loneliness, isolation, and forced self-reliance, because they were like clergymen without a church, and not only had no common philosophic doctrine to transmit, but were expected not to have one. They were invited to be at once genuine philosophers and popular professors; and the degree to which some of them managed to unite these contraries is remarkable, especially if we consider the character of the academic public they had to serve and to please. While the sentiments of most Americans in politics and morals, if a little vague, are very conservative, their democratic instincts, and the force of circumstances, have produced a system of education which anticipates all that the most extreme revolution could bring about; and while no one dreams of forcibly suppressing private property, religion, or the family, American education ignores these things, and proceeds as much as possible as if they did not exist. The child passes very young into a free school, established and managed by the municipal authorities; the teachers, even for the older boys, are chiefly unmarried women, sensitive, faithful, and feeble; their influence helps to establish that separation which is so characteristic of America between things intellectual, which remain wrapped in a feminine veil and, as it were, under glass, and the rough business and passions of life. The lessons are ambitious in range, but are made as easy, as interesting, and as optional as possible; the stress is divided between what the child likes now and what he is going to need in his trade or profession. The young people are sympathetically encouraged to instruct themselves and to educate one another. They romp and make fun like young monkeys, they flirt and have their private "brain-storms" like little supermen and superwomen. They are tremendously in earnest about their college intrigues and intercollegiate athletic wars. They are fond, often compassionately fond, of their parents, and home is all the more sacred to them in that they are seldom there. They

enjoy a surprising independence in habits, friendships, and opinions. Brothers and sisters often choose different religions. The street, the school, the young people's club, the magazine, the popular novel, furnish their mental pabulum. The force of example and of passing custom is all the more irresistible in this absence of authority and tradition; for this sort of independence rather diminishes the power of being original, by supplying a slenderer basis and a thinner soil from which originality might spring. Uniformity is established spontaneously without discipline, as in the popular speech and ethics of every nation. Against this tendency to uniformity the efforts of a cultivated minority to maintain a certain distinction and infuse it into their lives and minds are not very successful. They have secondary schools for their boys in which the teachers are men, and even boarding-schools in the country, more or less Gothic in aspect and English in regimen; there are other semi-foreign institutions and circles, Catholic or Jewish, in which religion is the dominant consideration. There is also the society of the very rich, with cosmopolitan leanings and a vivacious interest in artistic undertakings and personalities. But all these distinctions, important as they may seem to those who cultivate them, are a mere shimmer and ripple on the surface of American life; and for an observer who sees things in perspective they almost disappear. By a merciful dispensation of nature, the pupils of these choice establishments, the moment they plunge into business or politics, acquire the protective colouring of their environment and become indistinguishable from the generic American. Their native disposition was after all the national one, their attempted special education was perfunctory, and the influence of their public activities and surroundings is overwhelming. American life is a powerful solvent. As it stamps the immigrant, almost before he can speak English, with an unmistakable muscular tension, cheery self-confidence and habitual challenge in the voice and eyes, so it seems to neutralise every intellectual element, however tough and alien it may be, and to fuse it in the native good-will, complacency, thoughtlessness, and optimism.

Such was the education and such the atmosphere of intellectual innocence which prevailed in the public — mostly undergraduates — to which the Harvard philosophers adapted their teaching and

to some extent their philosophy. The students were intelligent, ambitious, remarkably able to "do things"; they were keen about the matters that had already entered into their lives, and invincibly happy in their ignorance of everything else. A gentle contempt for the past permeated their judgments. They were not accustomed to the notion of authority, nor aware that it might have legitimate grounds; they instinctively disbelieved in the superiority of what was out of reach. About high questions of politics and religion their minds were open but vague; they seemed not to think them of practical importance; they acquiesced in people having any views they liked on such subjects; the fluent and fervid enthusiasms so common among European students, prophesying about politics, philosophy, and art, were entirely unknown among them. Instead they had absorbing local traditions of their own, athletic and social, and their college life was their true education, an education in friendship, co-operation, and freedom. In the eighteen-eighties a good deal of old-fashioned shabbiness and jollity lingered about Harvard. Boston and Cambridge in those days resembled in some ways the London of Dickens: the same dismal wealth, the same speechifying, the same anxious respectability, the same sordid back streets, with their air of shiftlessness and decay, the same odd figures and loud humour, and, to add a touch of horror, the monstrous suspicion that some of the inhabitants might be secretly wicked. Life, for the undergraduates, was full of droll incidents and broad farce; it drifted good-naturedly from one commonplace thing to another. Standing packed in the tinkling horse-car, their coat-collars above their ears and their feet deep in the winter straw, they jogged in a long half-hour to Boston, there to enjoy the delights of female society, the theatre, or a good dinner. And in the summer days, for Class Day and Commencement, feminine and elderly Boston would return the visit, led by the governor of Massachusetts in his hired carriage-and-four, and by the local orators and poets, brimming with jokes and conventional sentiments, and eager not so much to speed the youngsters on their career, as to air their own wit, and warm their hearts with punch and with collective memories of youth. It was an idyllic, haphazard, humoristic existence, without fine imagination, without any familiar infusion of scholarship, without articulate religion: a flutter of intelligence in a void,

flying into trivial play, in order to drop back, as soon as college days were over, into the drudgery of affairs. There was the love of beauty, but without the sight of it; for the bits of pleasant landscape or the works of art which might break the ugliness of the foreground were a sort of aesthetic miscellany, enjoyed as one enjoys a museum; there was nothing in which the spirit of beauty was deeply interfused, charged with passion and discipline and intricate familiar associations with delicate and noble things. Of course, the sky is above every country, and New England had brilliant sunsets and deep snows, and sea and woods were at hand for the holidays; and it was notable how much even what a homely art or accident might have done for the towns was studied and admired. Old corners were pointed out where the dingy red brick had lost its rigidity and taken on a mossy tinge, and where here and there a pane of glass, surviving all tenants and housemaids, had turned violet in the sunlight of a hundred years; and most precious of all were the high thin elms, spreading aloft, looped and drooping over old streets and commons. And yet it seemed somehow as if the sentiment lavished on these things had been intended by nature for something else, for something more important. Not only had the mind of the nation been originally somewhat chilled and impoverished by Protestantism, by migration to a new world, by absorption in material tasks, but what fine sensibility lingered in an older generation was not easily transmitted to the young. The young had their own ways, which on principle were to be fostered and respected; and one of their instincts was to associate only with those of their own age and calibre. The young were simply young, and the old simply old, as among peasants. Teachers and pupils seemed animals of different species, useful and well-disposed towards each other, like a cow and a milkmaid; periodic contributions could pass between them, but not conversation. This circumstance shows how much American intelligence is absorbed in what is not intellectual. Their tasks and their pleasures divide people of different ages; what can unite them is ideas, impersonal interests, liberal arts. Without these they cannot forget their mutual inferiority.

Certainly those four college years, judged by any external standard, were trivial and wasted; but Americans, although so practical in their adult masculine undertakings, are slow to take umbrage

at the elaborate playfulness of their wives and children. With the touching humility of strength, they seem to say to themselves, "Let the dear creatures have their fling, and be happy: what else are we old fellows slaving for?" And certainly the joy of life is the crown of it; but have American ladies and collegians achieved the joy of life? Is that the summit?

William James had a theory that if some scientific widower, with a child about to learn to walk, could be persuaded to allow the child's feet to be blistered, it would turn out, when the blisters were healed, that the child would walk as well as if he had practised and had many a fall; because the machinery necessary for walking would have matured in him automatically, just as the machinery for breathing does in the womb. The case of the old-fashioned American college may serve to support this theory. It blistered young men's heads for four years and prevented them from practising anything useful; yet at the end they were found able to do most things as well, or twice as well, as their contemporaries who had been all that time apprenticed and chained to a desk. Manhood and sagacity ripen of themselves; it suffices not to repress or distort them. The college liberated the young man from the pursuit of money, from hypocrisy, from the control of women. He could grow for a time according to his nature, and if this growth was not guided by much superior wisdom or deep study, it was not warped by any serious perversion; and if the intellectual world did not permanently entice him, are we so sure that in philosophy, for instance, it had anything to offer that was very solid in itself, or humanly very important? At least he learned that such things existed, and gathered a shrewd notion of what they could do for a man, and what they might make of him.

When Harvard was reformed — and I believe all the colleges are reformed now — the immediate object was not to refine college life or render it more scholarly, though for certain circles this was accomplished incidentally; the object was rather to extend the scope of instruction, and make it more advanced. It is natural that every great city, the capital of any nation or region, should wish to possess a university in the literal sense of the word — an encyclopaedic institute, or group of institutes, to teach and foster all the professions, all the arts, and all the sciences. Such a university need have nothing to do with education, with the transmission of

a particular moral and intellectual tradition. Education might be courteously presupposed. The teacher would not be a man with his hand on a lad's shoulder, his son or young brother; he would be an expert in some science, delivering lectures for public instruction, while perhaps privately carrying on investigations with the aid of a few disciples whom he would be training in his specialty. There would be no reason why either the professors or the auditors in such an institution should live together or should have much in common in religion, morals, or breeding, or should even speak the same language. On the contrary, if only each was competent in his way, the more miscellaneous their types the more perfect would these render their *universitas*. The public addressed, also, need not be restricted, any more than the public at a church or a theatre or a town library, by any requirements as to age, sex, race, or attainments. They would come on their own responsibility, to pursue what studies they chose, and so long as they found them profitable. Nor need there be any limit as to the subjects broached, or any division of them into faculties or departments, except perhaps for convenience in administration. One of the functions of professors would be to invent new subjects, because this world is so complex, and the play of the human mind upon it is so external and iridescent, that, as men's interests and attitudes vary, fresh unities and fresh aspects are always discernible in everything.

As Harvard University developed, all these characteristics appeared in it in a more or less marked degree; but the transformation was never complete. The centre of it remained a college, with its local constituency and rooted traditions, and its thousand or two thousand undergraduates needing to be educated. Experts in every science and money to pay them were not at hand, and the foreign talent that could be attracted did not always prove morally or socially digestible. The browsing undergraduate could simply range with a looser tether, and he was reinforced by a fringe of graduates who had not yet had enough, or who were attracted from other colleges. These graduates came to form a sort of normal school for future professors, stamped as in Germany with a Ph.D.; and the teachers in each subject became a committee charged with something of the functions of a registry office, to find places for their nurslings. The university could thus acquire a national and even an inter-

national function, drawing in distinguished talent and youthful ambition from everywhere, and sending forth in various directions its apostles of light and learning.

I think it is intelligible that in such a place and at such a crisis philosophy should have played a conspicuous part, and also that it should have had an ambiguous character. There had to be, explicit or implicit, a philosophy for the college. A place where all polite Boston had been educated for centuries cannot belie its moral principles and religious questionings; it must transmit its austere, faithful, reforming spirit. But at the same time there had now to be a philosophy for the university. A chief part of that traditional faith was the faith in freedom, in inquiry; and it was necessary, in the very interests of the traditional philosophy, to take account of all that was being said in the world, and to incorporate the spirit of the times in the spirit of the fathers. Accordingly, no single abstract opinion was particularly tabooed at Harvard; granted industry, sobriety, and some semblance of theism, no professor was expected to agree with any other. I believe the authorities would have been well pleased, for the sake of completeness, to have added a Buddhist, a Moslem, and a Catholic scholastic to the philosophical faculty, if only suitable sages could have been found, house-trained, as it were, and able to keep pace with the academic machine and to attract a sufficient number of pupils. But this official freedom was not true freedom, there was no happiness in it. A slight smell of brimstone lingered in the air. You might think what you liked, but you must consecrate your belief or your unbelief to the common task of encouraging everybody and helping everything on. You might almost be an atheist, if you were troubled enough about it. The atmosphere was not that of intelligence nor of science, it was that of duty.

In the academic life and methods of the university there was the same incomplete transformation. The teaching required was for the most part college teaching, in college subjects, such as might well have been entrusted to tutors; but it was given by professors in the form of lectures, excessive in number and too often repeated; and they were listened to by absent-minded youths, ill-grounded in the humanities, and not keenly alive to intellectual interests. The graduates (like the young ladies) were more attentive and anxious

not to miss anything, but they were no better prepared and often less intelligent; and there is no dunce like a mature dunce. Accordingly, the professor of philosophy had to swim against rather a powerful current. Sometimes he succumbed to the reality; and if, for instance, he happened to mention Darwin, and felt a blank before him, he would add in a parenthesis, " Darwin, Charles, author of the *Origin of Species*, 1859; epoch-making work." At other times he might lose himself altogether in the ideal and imagine that he was publishing immortal thoughts to the true university, to the world at large, and was feeling an exhilarating contact with masses of mankind, themselves quickened by his message. He might see in his mind's eye rows of learned men and women before him, familiar with every doubt, hardened to every conflict of opinion, ready for any revolution, whose minds nothing he could say could possibly shock, or disintegrate any further; on the contrary, the naked truth, which is gentle in its austerity, might come to them as a blessed deliverance, and he might fancy himself for a moment a sort of hero from the realms of light descending into the nether regions and throwing a sop of reason into the jaws of snarling prejudice and frantic error. Or if the class was small, and only two or three were gathered together, he might imagine instead that he was sowing seeds of wisdom, warmed by affection, in the minds of genuine disciples, future tabernacles of the truth. It is possible that if the reality had corresponded more nearly with these dreams, and Harvard had actually been an adult university, philosophers there might have distilled their doctrines into a greater purity. As it was, Harvard philosophy had an opposite merit: it represented faithfully the complex inspiration of the place and hour. As the university was a local Puritan college opening its windows to the scientific world, so at least the two most gifted of its philosophers were men of intense feeling, religious and romantic, but attentive to the facts of nature and the currents of worldly opinion; and each of them felt himself bound by two different responsibilities, that of describing things as they are, and that of finding them propitious to certain preconceived human desires. And while they shared this double allegiance, they differed very much in temper, education, and taste. William James was what is called an empiricist, Josiah Royce an idealist; they were excellent friends and greatly influenced each

other, and the very diversity between them rendered their conjunction typical of the state of philosophy in England and America, divided between the old British and the German schools. As if all this intellectual complication had not been enough, they were obliged to divide their energies externally, giving to their daily tasks as professors and pedagogues what duty demanded, and only the remainder to scholarship, reflection, and literary work. Even this distracting circumstance, however, had its compensations. College work was a human bond, a common practical interest; it helped to keep up that circulation of the blood which made the whole Harvard school of philosophy a vital unit, and co-operative in its freedom. There was a general momentum in it, half institutional, half moral, a single troubled, noble, exciting life. Every one was labouring with the contradiction he felt in things, and perhaps in himself; all were determined to find some honest way out of it, or at least to bear it bravely. It was a fresh morning in the life of reason, cloudy but brightening.

GILBERT MURRAY

THE VALUE OF GREECE TO THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD[1]

IF the value of man's life on earth is to be measured in dollars and miles and horse-power, ancient Greece must count as a poverty-stricken and a minute territory; its engines and implements were nearer to the spear and bow of the savage than to our own telegraph and aeroplane. Even if we neglect merely material things and take as our standard the actual achievements of the race in conduct and in knowledge, the average clerk who goes to town daily, idly glancing at his morning newspaper, is probably a better behaved and infinitely better informed person than the average Athenian who sat spellbound at the tragedies of Æschylus. It is only by the standard of the spirit, to which the thing achieved is little and the

[1] From *The Legacy of Greece*. Oxford University Press, 1922. Reprinted by permission.

quality of mind that achieved it much, which cares less for the sum of knowledge attained than for the love of knowledge, less for much good policing than for one free act of heroism, that the great age of Greece can be judged as something extraordinary and unique in value.

By this standard, if it is a legitimate and reasonable one to apply, we shall be able to understand why classical Greek literature was the basis of education throughout all later antiquity; why its re-discovery, however fragmentary and however imperfectly understood, was able to intoxicate the keenest minds of Europe and constitute a kind of spiritual " Rebirth," and how its further and further exploration may be still a task worth men's spending their lives upon and capable of giving mankind guidance as well as inspiration.

But is such a standard legitimate and reasonable? We shall gain nothing by unanalyzed phrases. But I think surely it is merely the natural standard of any philosophical historian. Suppose it is argued that an average optician at the present day knows more optics than Roger Bacon, the inventor of spectacles; suppose it is argued that therefore he is, as far as optics go, a greater man, and that Roger Bacon has nothing to teach us; what is the answer? It is, I suppose, that Roger Bacon, receiving a certain amount of knowledge from his teachers, had that in him which turned it to unsuspected directions and made it immensely greater and more fruitful. The average optician has probably added a little to what he was taught, but not much, and has doubtless forgotten or confused a good deal. So that, if by studying Roger Bacon's life or his books we could get into touch with his mind and acquire some of that special moving and inspiring quality of his, it would help us far more than would the mere knowledge of the optician.

This truth is no doubt hard to see in the case of purely technical science; in books of wider range, such as Darwin's for instance, it is easy for any reader to feel the presence of a really great mind, producing inspiration of a different sort from that of the most excellent up-to-date examination text-book. In philosophy, religion, poetry, and the highest kinds of art, the greatness of the author's mind seems as a rule to be all that matters; one almost ignores the date at which he worked. This is because in technical sciences the element of mere fact, or mere knowledge, is so enormous, the ele-

ments of imagination, character, and the like so very small. Hence, books on science, in a progressive age, very quickly become "out of date"; and each new edition usually supersedes the last. It is the rarest thing for a work of science to survive as a text-book more than ten years or so. Newton's *Principia* is almost an isolated instance among modern writings.

Yet there are some few such books. Up till about the year 1900 the elements of geometry were regularly taught, throughout Europe, in a text-book written by a Greek called Eucleides in the fourth or third century B.C.[2] That text-book lasted over two thousand years. Now, of course, people have discovered a number of faults in Euclid, but it has taken them all that time to do it.

Again, I knew an old gentleman who told me that, at a good English school in the early nineteenth century, he had been taught the principles of grammar out of a writer called Dionysius Thrax, or Denis of Thrace. Denis was a Greek of the first century B.C., who made or carried out the remarkable discovery that there was such a thing as a science of grammar, *i.e.* that men in their daily speech were unconsciously obeying an extraordinarily subtle and intricate body of laws, which were capable of being studied and reduced to order. Denis did not make the whole discovery himself; he was led to it by his master Aristarchus and others. And his book had been re-edited several times in the nineteen-hundred odd years before this old gentleman was taught it.

To take a third case: all through later antiquity and the middle ages the science of medicine was based on the writings of two ancient doctors, Hippocrates and Galen. Galen was a Greek who lived at Rome in the early Empire, Hippocrates a Greek who lived at the island of Cos in the fifth century B.C. A great part of the history of modern medicine is a story of emancipation from the dead hand of these great ancients. But one little treatise attributed to Hippocrates was in active use in the training of medical students in my own day in Scotland and is still in use in some American Universities. It was the Oath taken by medical students in the classic age of Greece when they solemnly faced the duties of their profession. The disciple swore

[2] Since this paper was first written *Euclid*, Book I, in the Greek, has been edited with a commentary by Sir Thomas Heath (Cambridge Press, 1920). It is full of interest and instruction.

to honor and obey his teacher and care for his children if ever they were in need; always to help his patients to the best of his power; never to use or profess to use magic or charms or any supernatural means; never to supply poison or perform illegal operations; never to abuse the special position of intimacy which a doctor naturally obtains in a sick house, but always on entering to remember that he goes as a friend and helper to every individual in it.

We have given up that oath now: I suppose we do not believe so much in the value of oaths. But the man who first drew up that oath did a great deed. He realized and defined the meaning of his high calling in words which doctors of unknown tongues and undiscovered countries accepted from him and felt to express their aims for well over two thousand years.

Now what do I want to illustrate by these three instances? The rapidity with which we are now at last throwing off the last vestiges of the yoke of Greece? No, not that. I want to point out that even in the realm of science, where progress is so swift and books so short-lived, the Greeks of the great age had such genius and vitality that their books lived in a way that no others have lived. Let us get away from the thought of Euclid as an inky and imperfect English school-book, to that ancient Eucleides who, with exceedingly few books but a large table of sand let into the floor, planned and discovered and put together and re-shaped the first laws of geometry, till at least he had written one of the great simple books of the world, a book which should stand a pillar and beacon to mankind long after all the political world that Eucleides knew had been swept away and the kings he served were conquered by the Romans, and the Romans in course of time conquered by the barbarians, and the barbarians themselves, with much labor and reluctance, partly by means of Eucleides' book, eventually educated; so that at last, in our own day, they can manage to learn their geometry without it. The time has come for Euclid to be superseded; let him go. He has surely held the torch for mankind long enough; and books of science are born to be superseded. What I want to suggest is that the same extraordinary vitality of mind which made Hippocrates and Euclid and even Denis of Thrace last their two thousand years, was also put by the Greeks of the great age into those activities which are, for the most part at any rate, not perishable or progressive but eternal.

This is a simple point, but it is so important that we must dwell on it for a moment. If we read an old treatise on medicine or mechanics, we may admire it and feel it a work of genius, but we also feel that it is obsolete: its work is over; we have got beyond it. But when we read Homer or Æschylus, if once we have the power to admire and understand their writing, we do not for the most part have any feeling of having got beyond them. We have done so no doubt in all kinds of minor things, in general knowledge, in details of technique, in civilization and the like; but hardly any sensible person ever imagines that he has got beyond their essential quality, the quality that has made them great.

Doubtless there is in every art an element of mere knowledge or science, and that element is progressive. But there is another element, too, which does not depend on knowledge and which does not progress but has a kind of stationary and eternal value, like the beauty of the dawn, or the love of a mother for her child, or the joy of a young animal in being alive, or the courage of a martyr facing torment. We cannot for all our progress get beyond these things; there they stand, like light upon the mountains. The only question is whether we can rise to them. And it is the same with all the greatest births of human imagination. As far as we can speculate there is not the faintest probability of any poet ever setting to work on, let us say, the essential effect aimed at by Æschylus in the Cassandra scene of the *Agamemnon*, and doing it better than Æschylus. The only thing which the human race has to do with that scene is to understand it and get out of it all the joy and emotion and wonder that it contains.

This eternal quality is perhaps clearest in poetry: in poetry the mixture of knowledge matters less. In art there is a constant development of tools and media and technical processes. The modern artist can feel that, though he cannot, perhaps, make as good a statue as Pheidias, he could here and there have taught Pheidias something: and at any rate he can try his art on subjects far more varied and more stimulating to his imagination. In philosophy the mixture is more subtle and more profound. Philosophy always depends in some sense upon science, yet the best philosophy seems generally to have in it some eternal quality of creative imagination. Plato wrote a dialogue about the constitution of the world, the *Timæus*, which was highly influential in later Greece, but seems to us, with our

vastly superior scientific knowledge, almost nonsensical. Yet when Plato writes about the theory of knowledge or the ultimate meaning of Justice or of Love, no good philosopher can afford to leave him aside: the chief question is whether we can rise to the height and subtlety of his thought.

And here another point emerges, equally simple and equally important if we are to understand our relation to the past. Suppose a man says: "I quite understand that Plato or Æschylus may have had fine ideas, but surely anything of value which they said must long before this have become common property. There is no need to go back to the Greeks for it. We do not go back and read Copernicus to learn that the earth goes round the sun." What is the answer? It is that such a view ignores exactly this difference between the progressive and the eternal, between knowledge and imagination. If Harvey discovers that the blood is not stationary but circulates, if Copernicus discovers that the earth goes round the sun and not the sun round the earth, those discoveries can easily be communicated in the most abbreviated form. If a mechanic invents an improvement on the telephone, or a social reformer puts some good usage in the place of a bad one, in a few years we shall probably all be using the improvement without even knowing what it is or saying Thank you. We may be as stupid as we like, we have in a sense got the good of it.

But can one apply the same process to *Macbeth* or *Romeo and Juliet?* Can any one tell us in a few words what they come to? Or can a person get the good of them in any way except one — the way of vivid and loving study, following and feeling the author's meaning all through? To suppose, as I believe some people do, that you can get the value of a great poem by studying an abstract of it in an encyclopædia or by reading cursorily an average translation of it, argues really a kind of mental deficiency, like deafness or colour-blindness. The things that we have called eternal, the things of the spirit and the imagination, always seem to lie more in a process than in a result, and can only be reached and enjoyed by somehow going through the process again. If the value of a particular walk lies in the scenery, you do not get that value by taking a short cut or using a fast motor-car.

In looking back, then, upon any vital and significant age of the past

we shall find objects of two kinds. First, there will be things like the Venus of Milo or the Book of Job or Plato's *Republic*, which are interesting or precious in themselves, because of their own inherent qualities; secondly, there will be things like the Roman code of the Twelve Tables or the invention of the printing-press or the record of certain great battles, which are interesting chiefly because they are causes of other and greater things or form knots in the great web of history — the first having artistic interest, the second only historical interest, though, of course, it is obvious that in any concrete case there is generally a mixture of both.

Now Ancient Greece is important in both ways. For the artist or poet it has in a quite extraordinary degree the quality of beauty. For instance, to take a contrast with Rome; if you dig about the Roman Wall in Cumberland you will find quantities of objects, altars, inscriptions, figurines, weapons, boots and shoes, which are full of historic interest but are not much more beautiful than the contents of a modern rubbish heap. And the same is true of most excavations all over the world. But if you dig at any classical or subclassical site in the Greek world, however unimportant historically, practically every object you find will be beautiful. The wall itself will be beautiful; the inscriptions will be beautifully cut; the figurines, however cheap and simple, may have some intentional grotesques among them, but the rest will have a special truthfulness and grace; the vases will be of good shapes and the patterns will be beautiful patterns. If you happen to dig in a burying-place and come across some epitaphs on the dead, they will practically all — even when the verses do not quite scan and the words are wrongly spelt — have about them this inexplicable touch of beauty.

I am anxious not to write nonsense about this. One could prove the point in detail by taking any collection of Greek epitaphs, and that is the only way in which it can be proved. The beauty is a fact, and if we try to analyze the sources of it we shall perhaps in part understand how it has come to pass.

In the first place, it is not a beauty of ornament; it is a beauty of structure, a beauty of rightness and simplicity. Compare an athlete in flannels playing tennis and a stout dignitary smothered in gold robes. Or compare a good modern yacht, swift, lithe, and plain, with

a lumbering heavily gilded sixteenth-century galleon, or even with a Chinese state junk: the yacht is far the more beautiful though she has not a hundredth part of the ornament. It is she herself that is beautiful, because her lines and structure are right. The others are essentially clumsy, and, therefore, ugly things, dabbed over with gold and paint. Now ancient Greek things for the most part have the beauty of the yacht. The Greeks used paint a good deal, but apart from that a Greek temple is almost as plain as a shed: people accustomed to arabesques and stained glass and gargoyles can very often see nothing in it. A Greek statue has as a rule no ornament at all: a young man racing or praying, an old man thinking, there it stands expressed in a stately and simple convention, true or false, the anatomy and the surfaces right or wrong, aiming at no beauty except the truest. It would probably seem quite dull to the maker of a mediaeval wooden figure of a king which I remember seeing in a town in the east of Europe: a crown blazing with many-colored glass, a long crimson robe covered with ornaments and beneath them an idiot face, no bones, no muscles, no attitude. That is not what a Greek meant by beauty. The same quality holds to a great extent of Greek poetry. Not, of course, that the artistic convention was the same, or at all similar, for treating stone and for treating language. Greek poetry is statuesque in the sense that it depends greatly on its organic structure; it is not in the least so in the sense of being cold or colorless or stiff. But Greek poetry on the whole has a bareness and severity which disappoints a modern reader, accustomed as he is to lavish ornament and exaggeration at every turn. It has the same simplicity and straightforwardness as Greek sculpture. The poet has something to say and he says it as well and truly as he can in the suitable style, and if you are not interested you are not. With some exceptions which explain themselves he does not play a thousand pretty tricks and antics on the way, so that you may forget the dulness of what he says in amusement at the draperies in which he wraps it.

But here comes an apparent difficulty. Greek poetry, we say, is very direct, very simple, very free from irrelevant ornament. And yet when we translate it into English and look at our translation, our main feeling, I think, is that somehow the glory has gone: a thing that was high and lordly has become poor and mean. Any decent

Greek scholar when he opens one of his ancient poets feels at once the presence of something lofty and rare — something like the atmosphere of *Paradise Lost*. But the language of *Paradise Lost* is elaborately twisted and embellished into loftiness and rarity; the language of the Greek poem is simple and direct. What does this mean?

I can only suppose that the normal language of Greek poetry is in itself in some sense sublime. Most critics accept this as an obvious fact, yet, if true, it is a very strange fact and worth thinking about. It depends partly on mere euphony: *Khaireis horon fos* is probably more beautiful in sound than "You rejoice to see the light," but euphony cannot be everything. The sound of a great deal of Greek poetry, either as we pronounce it, or as the ancients pronounced it, is to modern ears almost ugly. It depends partly, perhaps, on the actual structure of the Greek language; philologists tell us that, viewed as a specimen, it is in structure and growth and in power of expressing things, the most perfect language they know. And certainly one often finds that a thought can be expressed with ease and grace in Greek which becomes clumsy and involved in Latin, English, French or German. But neither of these causes goes, I think, to the root of the matter.

What is it that gives words their character and makes a style high or low? Obviously, their associations; the company they habitually keep in the minds of those who use them. A word which belongs to the language of bars and billiard saloons will become permeated by the normal standard of mind prevalent in such places; a word which suggests Milton or Carlyle will have the flavor of those men's minds about it. I therefore cannot resist the conclusion that, if the language of Greek poetry has, to those who know it intimately, this special quality of keen austere beauty, it is because the minds of the poets who used that language were habitually toned to a higher level both of intensity and of nobility than ours. It is a finer language because it expresses the minds of finer men. By "finer men" I do not necessarily mean men who behaved better, either by our standards or by their own; I mean men to whom the fine things of the world, sunrise and sea and stars and the love of man for man, and strife and the facing of evil for the sake of good, and even common things like meat and drink, and evil things like hate and terror,

had, as it were, a keener edge than they have for us and roused a swifter and a nobler reaction.

Let us resume this argument before going further. We start from the indisputable fact that the Greeks of about the fifth century B.C. did for some reason or other produce various works of art, buildings and statues and books, especially books, which instead of decently dying or falling out of fashion in the lifetime of the men who made them, lasted on and can still cause high thoughts and intense emotions. In trying to explain this strange fact we notice that the Greeks had a great and pervading instinct for beauty, and for beauty of a particular kind. It is a beauty which never lies in irrelevant ornament, but always in the very essence and structure of the object made. In literature we found that the special beauty which we call Greek depends partly on the directness, truthfulness, and simplicity with which the Greeks say what they want to say, and partly on a special keenness and nobility in the language, which seems to be the natural expression of keen and noble minds. Can we in any way put all these things together so as to explain them — or at any rate to hold them together more clearly?

An extremely old and often misleading metaphor will help us. People have said: "The world was young then." Of course, strictly speaking, it was not. In the total age of the world or of man the two thousand odd years between us and Pericles do not count for much. Nor can we imagine that a man of sixty felt any more juvenile in the fifth century B.C. than he does now. It was just the other way, because at that time there were no spectacles or false teeth. Yet in a sense the world *was* young then, at any rate our western world, the world of progress and humanity. For the beginnings of nearly all the great things that progressive minds now care for were then being laid in Greece.

Youth, perhaps, is not exactly the right word. There are certain plants — some kinds of aloe, for instance — which continue for an indefinite number of years in a slow routine of ordinary life close to the ground, and then suddenly, when they have stored enough vital force, grow ten feet high and burst into flower, after which, no doubt, they die or show signs of exhaustion. Apart from the dying, it seems as if something like that happened from time to time to the human race, or to such parts of it as really bear flowers at all. For

most races and nations during the most of their life are not progressive but simply stagnant, sometimes just managing to preserve their standard customs, sometimes slipping back to the slough. That is why history has nothing to say about them. The history of the world consists mostly in the memory of those ages, quite few in number, in which some part of the world has risen above itself and burst into flower or fruit.

We ourselves happen to live in the midst or possibly in the close of one such period. More change has probably taken place in daily life, in ideas, and in the general aspect of the earth during the last century than during any four other centuries since the Christian era: and this fact has tended to make us look on rapid progress as a normal condition of the human race, which it never has been. And another such period of bloom, a bloom comparatively short in time and narrow in area, but amazingly swift and intense, occurred in the lower parts of the Balkan peninsula from about the sixth to the fourth centuries before Christ.

Now it is this kind of bloom which fills the world with hope and therefore makes it young. Take a man who has just made a discovery or an invention, a man happily in love, a man who is starting some great and successful social movement, a man who is writing a book or painting a picture which he knows to be good; take men who have been fighting in some great cause which before they fought seemed to be hopeless and now is triumphant; think of England when the Armada was just defeated, France at the first dawn of the Revolution, America after Yorktown: such men and nations will be above themselves. Their powers will be stronger and keener; there will be exhilaration in the air, a sense of walking in new paths, of dawning hopes and untried possibilities, a confidence that all things can be won if only we try hard enough. In that sense the world will be young. In that sense I think it was young in the time of Themistocles and Æschylus. And it is that youth which is half the secret of the Greek spirit.

And here I may meet an objection that has perhaps been lurking in the minds of many readers. "All this," they may say, "professes to be a simple analysis of known facts, but in reality is sheer idealization. These Greeks whom you call so 'noble' have been long since exposed. Anthropology has turned its searchlights upon

them. It is not only their ploughs, their weapons, their musical instruments, and their painted idols that resemble those of the savages; it is everything else about them. Many of them were sunk in the most degrading superstitions; many practised unnatural vices; in times of great fear some were apt to think that the best 'medicine' was a human sacrifice. After that, it is hardly worth mentioning that their social structure was largely based on slavery; that they lived in petty little towns, like so many wasps' nests, each at war with its next-door neighbor, and half of them at war with themselves!"

If our anti-Greek went further he would probably cease to speak the truth. We will stop him while we can still agree with him. These charges are on the whole true, and, if we are to understand what Greece means, we must realize and digest them. We must keep hold of two facts: first, that the Greeks of the fifth century produced some of the noblest poetry and art, the finest political thinking, the most vital philosophy, known to the world; second, that the people who heard and saw, nay, perhaps even the people who produced these wonders, were separated by a thin and precarious interval from the savage. Scratch a civilized Russian, they say, and you find a wild Tartar. Scratch an ancient Greek, and you hit, no doubt, on a very primitive and formidable being, somewhere between a Viking and a Polynesian.

That is just the magic and the wonder of it. The spiritual effort implied is so tremendous. We have read stories of savage chiefs converted by Christian or Buddhist missionaries, who within a year or so have turned from drunken corroborees and bloody witch-smellings to a life that is not only godly but even philanthropic and statesmanlike. We have seen the Japanese lately go through some centuries of normal growth in the space of a generation. But in all such examples men have only been following the teaching of a superior civilization, and after all, they have not ended by producing works of extraordinary and original genius. It seems quite clear that the Greeks owed exceedingly little to foreign influence. Even in their decay they were a race, as Professor Bury observes, accustomed "to take little and to give much." They built up their civilization for themselves. We must listen with due attention to the critics who have pointed out all the remnants

of savagery and superstition that they find in Greece: the slave-driver, the fetish-worshipper and the medicine-man, the trampler on women, the bloodthirsty hater of all outside his own town and party. But it is not those people that constitute Greece; those people can be found all over the historical world, commoner than blackberries. It is not anything fixed and stationary that constitutes Greece: what constitutes Greece is the movement which leads from all these to the Stoic or fifth-century "sophist" who condemns and denies slavery, who has abolished all cruel superstition and preaches some religion based on philosophy and humanity, who claims for woman the same spiritual rights as for man, who looks on all human creatures as his brethren, and the world as "one great City of gods and men." It is that movement which you will not find elsewhere, any more than the statues of Pheidias or the dialogues of Plato or the poems of Æschylus and Euripides.

From all this two or three results follow. For one thing, being built up so swiftly, by such keen effort, and from so low a starting-point, Greek civilization was, amid all its glory, curiously unstable and full of flaws. Such flaws made it, of course, much worse for those who lived in it, but they hardly make it less interesting or instructive to those who study it. Rather the contrary. Again, the near neighborhood of the savage gives to the Greek mind certain qualities which we of the safer and solider civilizations would give a great deal to possess. It springs swift and straight. It is never jaded. Its wonder and interest about the world are fresh. And lastly there is one curious and very important quality which, unless I am mistaken, belongs to Greek civilization more than to any other. To an extraordinary degree it starts clean from nature, with almost no entanglements of elaborate creeds and customs and traditions.

I am not, of course, forgetting the prehistoric Minoan civilization, nor yet the peculiar forms — mostly simple enough — into which the traditional Greek religion fell. It is possible that I may be a little misled by my own habit of living much among Greek things and so forgetting through long familiarity how odd some of them once seemed. But when all allowances are made, I think that this clean start from nature is, on the whole, a true claim. If a thoughtful European or American wants to study Chinese or Indian things, he

has not only to learn certain data of history and mythology, he has to work his mind into a particular attitude; to put on, as it were, spectacles of a particular sort. If he wants to study mediæval things, if he takes even so universal a poet as Dante, it is something the same. Curious views about the Pope and the emperor, a crabbed scholastic philosophy, a strange and to the modern mind rather horrible theology, floating upon the flames of Hell: all these have somehow to be taken into his imagination before he can understand his Dante. With Greek things this is very much less so. The historical and imaginative background of the various great poets and philosophers is, no doubt, highly important. A great part of the work of modern scholarship is now devoted to getting it clearer. But on the whole, putting aside for the moment the possible inadequacies of translation, Greek philosophy speaks straight to any human being who is willing to think simply, Greek art and poetry to any one who can use his imagination and enjoy beauty. He has not to put on the fetters or the blinkers of any new system in order to understand them; he has only to get rid of his own — a much more profitable and less troublesome task.

This particular conclusion will scarcely, I think, be disputed, but the point presents difficulties and must be dwelt upon.

In the first place, it does not mean that Greek art is what we call "naturalist" or "realist." It is markedly the reverse. Art to the Greek is always a form of *Sophia*, or Wisdom, a *Techne* with rules that have to be learnt. Its air of utter simplicity is deceptive. The pillar that looks merely straight is really a thing of subtle curves. The funeral bas-relief that seems to represent in the simplest possible manner a woman saying good-by to her child is arranged, plane behind plane, with the most delicate skill and sometimes with deliberate falsification of perspective. There is always some convention, some idealization, some touch of the light that never was on sea or land. Yet all the time, I think, Greek art remains in a remarkable degree close to nature. The artist's eye is always on the object, and, though he represents it in his own style, that style is always normal and temperate, free from affectation, free from exaggeration or morbidity and, in the earlier periods, free from conventionality. It is art without doubt; but it is natural and normal art, such as grew spontaneously when mankind first tried in freedom to express beauty.

For example, the language of Greek poetry is markedly different from that of prose, and there are even clear differences of language between different styles of poetry. And further, the poetry is very seldom about the present. It is about the past, and that an ideal past. What we have to notice there is that this kind of rule, which has been usual in all great ages of poetry, is apparently not an artificial or arbitrary thing but a tendency that grew up naturally with the first great expressions of poetical feeling.

Furthermore, this closeness to nature, this absence of a unifying or hide-bound system of thought, acting together with other causes, has led to the extraordinary variety and many-sidedness which is one of the most puzzling charms of Ancient Greece as contrasted, say, with Israel or Assyria or early Rome. Geographically it is a small country with a highly indented coast-line and an interior cut into a great number of almost isolated valleys. Politically it was a confused unity made up of numerous independent states, one walled city of a few thousand inhabitants being quite enough to form a State. And the citizens of these states were, each of them, rather exclusively capable of forming opinions of their own and fighting for them. Hence came in practice much isolation and faction and general weakness, to the detriment of the Greeks themselves; but the same cause led in thought and literature to immense variety and vitality, to the great gain of us who study the Greeks afterwards. There is hardly any type of thought or style of writing which cannot be paralleled in ancient Greece, only they will there be seen, as it were, in their earlier and simpler forms. Traces of all the things that seem most un-Greek can be found somewhere in Greek literature: voluptuousness, asceticism, the worship of knowledge, the contempt for knowledge, atheism, pietism, the religion of serving the world and the religion of turning away from the world: all these and almost all other points of view one can think of are represented somewhere in the records of that one small people. And there is hardly any single generalization in this chapter which the author himself could not controvert by examples to the contrary. You feel in general a great absence of all fetters: the human mind free, rather inexperienced, intensely interested in life and full of hope, trying in every direction for that excellence which the Greeks called *arete*, and guided by some peculiar instinct toward Temperance and Beauty.

The variety is there and must not be forgotten; yet amid the variety there are certain general or central characteristics, mostly due to this same quality of freshness and closeness to nature.

If you look at a Greek statue or bas-relief, or if you read an average piece of Aristotle, you will very likely at first feel bored. Why? Because it is all so normal and truthful; so singularly free from exaggeration, paradox, violent emphasis; so destitute of those fascinating by-forms of insanity which appeal to some similar faint element of insanity in ourselves. "We are sick," we may explain, "of the sight of these handsome, perfectly healthy men with grave faces and normal bones and muscles! We are sick of being told that Virtue is a mean between two extremes and tends to make men happy! We shall not be interested unless some one tells us that Virtue is the utter abnegation of self, or, it may be, the extreme and ruthless assertion of self; or again, that Virtue is all an infamous mistake! And for statues, give us a haggard man with starved body and cavernous eyes, cursing God — or give us something rolling in fat and color. . . ."

What is at the back of this sort of feeling? which I admit often takes more reasonable forms than these I have suggested. It is the same psychological cause that brings about the changes of fashion in art or dress: which loves "stunts" and makes the fortunes of yellow newspapers. It is boredom or *ennui*. We have had too much of A; we are sick of it, we know how it is done and despise it; give us some B, or better still some Z. And after a strong dose of Z we shall crave for the beginning of the alphabet again. But now think of a person who is not bored at all; who is, on the contrary, immensely interested in the world, keen to choose good things and reject bad ones; full of the desire for knowledge and the excitement of discovery. The joy to him is to see things as they are and to judge them normally. He is not bored by the sight of normal, healthy muscles in a healthy, well-shaped body; he is delighted. If you distort the muscles for emotional effect, he would say with disappointment: "But that is ugly!" or "But a man's muscles do *not* go like that!" He will have noted that tears are salt and rather warm; but if you say like a modern poet that your heroine's tears are "more hot than fire, more salt than the salt sea," he will probably think your statement *ἀπίθανον*, "unpersuasive," and therefore *ψυχρόν*, "chilling."

It is perhaps especially in the religious and moral sphere that we are accustomed to the habitual use of ecstatic language: expressions that are only true of exalted moments are used by us as the commonplaces of ordinary life. "It is a thousand times worse to see another suffer than to suffer oneself." "True love only desires the happiness of the beloved object." This kind of "high falutin'" has become part of our regular mental habit, just as dead metaphors by the bushel are a part of our daily language. Consequently we are a little chilled and disappointed by a language in which people hardly ever use a metaphor except when they vividly realize it, and never utter heroic sentiments except when they are wrought up to the pitch of feeling them true. Does this mean that the Greek always remains, so to speak, at a normal temperature, that he never has intense or blinding emotions? Not in the least. It shows a lack of faith in the value of life to imagine such a conclusion. It implies that you can only reach great emotion by pretence, or by habitually exaggerating small emotions, whereas probably the exact reverse is the case. When the great thing comes, then the Greek will have the great word and the great thought ready. It is the habitual exaggerator who will perhaps be bankrupt. And after all — the great things are sure to come!

The power of seeing things straight and knowing what is beautiful or noble, quite undisturbed by momentary boredoms or changes of taste, is a very rare gift and never perhaps possessed in full by any one. But there is a profound rule of art, bidding a man in the midst of all his study of various styles or his pursuit of his own peculiar imaginations, from time to time *se retremper dans la nature* — "to steep himself again in nature." And in something the same way it seems as if the world ought from time to time to steep itself again in Hellenism: that is, it ought, amid all the varying affectations and extravagances and changes of convention in art and letters, to have some careful regard for those which arose when man first awoke to the meaning of truth and beauty and saw the world freely as a new thing.

Is this exaggeration? I think not. But no full defence of it can be attempted here. In this essay we have been concerned almost entirely with the artistic interest of Greece. It would be equally possible to dwell on the historical interest. Then we should find that, for that branch of mankind which is responsible for western

civilization, the seeds of almost all that we count best in human progress were sown in Greece. The conception of beauty as a joy in itself and as a guide in life was first and most vividly expressed in Greece, and the very laws by which things are beautiful or ugly were to a great extent discovered there and laid down. The conception of Freedom and Justice, freedom in body, in speech and in mind, justice between the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, penetrates the whole of Greek political thought, and was, amid obvious flaws, actually realized to a remarkable degree in the best Greek communities. The conception of Truth as an end to pursue for its own sake, a thing to discover and puzzle out by experiment and imagination and especially by Reason, a conception essentially allied with that of Freedom and opposed both to anarchy and to blind obedience, has perhaps never in the world been more clearly grasped than by the early Greek writers on science and philosophy. One stands amazed sometimes at the perfect freedom of their thought. Another conception came rather later, when the small City States with exclusive rights of citizenship had been merged in a larger whole: the conception of the universal fellowship between man and man. Greece realized soon after the Persian war that she had a mission to the world, that Hellenism stood for the higher life of man as against barbarism, for Arete, or Excellence, as against the mere effortless average. First came the crude patriotism which regarded every Greek as superior to every barbarian; then came reflection, showing that not all Greeks were true bearers of the light, nor all barbarians its enemies; that Hellenism was a thing of the spirit and not dependent on the race to which a man belonged or the place where he was born: then came the new word and conception ἀνθρωπότης, *humanitas*, which to the Stoics made the world as one brotherhood. No people known to history clearly formulated these ideals before the Greeks, and those who have spoken the words afterwards seem for the most part to be merely echoing the thoughts of old Greek men.

These ideas, the pursuit of Truth, Freedom, Beauty, Excellence are not everything. They have been a leaven of unrest in the world; they have held up a light which was not always comforting to the eyes to see. There is another ideal which is generally stronger and may, for all we know, in the end stamp them out as evil things. There

is Submission instead of Freedom, the deadening or brutalizing of the senses instead of Beauty, the acceptance of tradition instead of the pursuit of Truth, the belief in hallucination or passion instead of Reason and Temperate Thought, the obscuring of distinctions between good and bad and the acceptance of all human beings and all states of mind as equal in value. If something of this kind should prove in the end to be right for man, then Greece will have played the part of the great wrecker in human history. She will have held up false lights which have lured our ship to dangerous places. But at any rate, through calm and storm, she does hold her lights; she lit them first of the nations and held them during her short reign the clearest; and whether we believe in an individual life founded on Freedom, Reason, Beauty, Excellence and the pursuit of Truth, and an international life aiming at the fellowship between man and man, or whether we think these ideals the great snares of human politics, there is good cause for some of us in each generation at the cost of some time and trouble to study such important forces where they first appear consciously in the minds of our spiritual ancestors. In the thought and art of ancient Greece, more than any other, we shall find these forces, and also to some extent their great opposites, fresh, clean and comparatively uncomplicated, with every vast issue wrought out on a small material scale and every problem stated in its lowest terms.

SIR HENRY JAMES SUMNER MAINE

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT[1]

We live under a set of institutions which all, except a small minority, regard as likely to be perpetual. Nine men out of ten, some hoping, some fearing, look upon the popular government which, ever widening its basis, has spread and is still spreading over the world, as destined to last forever, or, if it changes its form, to change it in one single direction. The democratic principle has gone forth

[1] From *Popular Government.* Reprinted by permission of the publishers. Henry Holt & Co.

conquering and to conquer, and its gainsayers are few and feeble. Some Catholics, from whose minds the diplomacy of the present Pope has not banished the syllabus of the last, a fairly large body of French and Spanish Legitimists, and a few aged courtiers in the small circles surrounding exiled German and Italian princes, may still believe that the cloud of democratic ascendency will pass away. Their hopes may be as vain as their regrets; but nevertheless those who recollect the surprises which the future had in store for men equally confident in the perpetuity of the present, will ask themselves whether it is really true that the expectation of virtual permanence for governments of the modern type rests upon solid grounds of historical experience as regards the past, and of rational probability as regards the time to come. I endeavour in these pages to examine the question in a spirit different from that which animates most of those who view the advent of democracy either with enthusiasm or with despair.

Out of the many names commonly applied to the political system prevailing or tending to prevail in all the civilized portions of the world, I have chosen " popular government " [2] as the name which, on the whole, is least open to objection. But what we are witnessing in west European politics is not so much the establishment of a definite system, as the continuance, at varying rates, of a process. The truth is that, within two hundred years, the view taken of government, or (as the jurists say) of the relation of sovereign to subject, of political superior to political inferior, has been changing, sometimes partially and slowly, sometimes generally and rapidly. The character of this change has been described by John Stuart Mill, in the early pages of his *Essay on Liberty*, and more recently by Mr. Justice Stephen, who in his *History of the Criminal Law of England* very strikingly uses the contrasts between the old and the new view of government to illustrate the difference between two views of the law of seditious libel. I will quote the latter passage as less colored than the language of Mill by the special preferences of the writer:

" Two different views may be taken of the relation between rulers

[2] It will be seen that I endeavor to use the term " democracy," throughout this volume, in its proper and only consistent sense; that is, for a particular form of government.

and their subjects. If the ruler is regarded as the superior of the subject, as being by the nature of his position presumably wise and good, the rightful ruler and guide of the whole population, it must necessarily follow that it is wrong to censure him openly, and, even if he is mistaken, his mistakes should be pointed out with the utmost respect, and that, whether mistaken or not, no censure should be cast on him likely or designed to diminish his authority. If, on the other hand, the ruler is regarded as the agent and servant, and the subject as the wise and good master, who is obliged to delegate his power to the so-called ruler because, being a multitude, he cannot use it himself, it must be evident that this sentiment must be reversed. Every member of the public who censures the ruler for the time being exercises in his own person the right which belongs to the whole of which he forms a part. He is finding fault with his own servant."

The states of Europe are now regulated by political institutions answering to the various stages of the transition from the old view, that " rulers are presumably wise and good, the rightful rulers and guides of the whole population," to the newer view, that " the ruler is the agent and servant, and the subject the wise and good master, who is obliged to delegate his power to the so-called ruler because, being a multitude, he cannot use it himself." Russia and Turkey are the only European states which completely reject the theory that governments hold their powers by delegation from the community, the word " community " being somewhat vaguely understood, but tending more and more to mean at least the whole of the males of full age living within certain territorial limits. This theory, which is known on the Continent as the theory of national sovereignty, has been fully accepted in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Greece, and the Scandinavian states. In Germany it has been repeatedly repudiated by the Emperor and his powerful minister, but it is to a very great extent acted upon. England, as is not unusual with her, stands by herself. There is no country in which the newer view of government is more thoroughly applied to practice, but almost all the language of the law and constitution is still accommodated to the older ideas concerning the relation of ruler and subject.

But, although no such inference could be drawn from English legal phraseology, there is no doubt that the modern popular government

of our day is of purely English origin. When it came into existence, there were republics in Europe, but they exercised no moral and little political influence. Although in point of fact they were most of them strict oligarchies, they were regarded as somewhat plebeian governments, over which monarchies took rightful precedence. "The republics in Europe," writes Hume in 1742, "are at present noted for want of politeness. The good manners of a Swiss civilized in Holland is an expression for rusticity among the French. The English in some degree fall under the same censure, notwithstanding their learning and genius. And if the Venetians be an exception, they owe it perhaps to their communication with other Italians." If a man then called himself a republican, he was thinking of the Athenian or Roman republic, one for a while in a certain sense a democracy, the other from first to last an aristocracy, but both ruling a dependent empire with the utmost severity. In reality, the new principle of government was solely established in England, which Hume always classes with republics rather than with monarchies. After tremendous civil struggles, the doctrine that governments serve the community was, in spirit if not in words, affirmed in 1689. But it was long before this doctrine was either fully carried out by the nation or fully accepted by its rulers. William III was merely a foreign politician and general, who submitted to the eccentricities of his subjects for the sake of using their wealth and arms in foreign war. On this point the admissions of Macaulay are curiously in harmony with the view of William taken in the instructions of Louis XIV to his diplomatists which have lately been published. Anne certainly believed in her own quasi-divine right; and George I and George II were humbler kings of the same type as William, who thought that the proper and legitimate form of government was to be found, not in England, but in Hanover. As soon as England had in George III a king who cared more for English politics than for foreign war, he repudiated the doctrine altogether; nor can it be said that it was really admitted by any English sovereign until, possibly, the present reign. But even when the horror of the French Revolution was at its highest, the politician, who would have been much in danger of prosecution if he had toasted the people as the "sole legitimate source of power," could always save himself by drinking to "the principles which placed the House of Hanover on the throne." These principles

in the meantime were more and more becoming the actual rule of government, and before George III died they had begun their victorious march over Europe.

Popular government, as first known to the English, began to command the interest of the Continent through the admiration with which it inspired a certain set of French thinkers towards the middle of the last century. At the outset, it was not English liberty which attracted them, but English toleration and also English irreligion, the last one of the most fugitive phases through which the mind of a portion of the nation passed, but one which so struck the foreign observer that, at the beginning of the present century, we find Napoleon Bonaparte claiming the assistance of the Pope as rightfully his because he was the enemy of the British misbeliever. Gradually the educated classes of France, at whose feet sat the educated class of all Continental countries, came to interest themselves in English political institutions; and then came two events, one of which greatly encouraged, while the other in the end greatly discouraged, the tendency of popular government to diffuse itself. The first of them was the foundation of the United States. The American constitution is distinctively English; this might be proved alone, as Mr. Freeman has acutely observed, by its taking two Houses, instead of one, or three, or more, as the normal structure of a legislative assembly. It is in fact the English constitution carefully adapted to a body of Englishmen who had never had much to do with an hereditary king and an aristocracy of birth, and who had determined to dispense with them altogether. The American republic has greatly influenced the favour into which popular government grew. It disproved the once universal assumptions, that no republic could govern a large territory, and that no strictly republican government could be stable. But at first the republic became interesting for other reasons. It now became possible for Continental Europeans to admire popular government without submitting to the somewhat bitter necessity of admiring the English, who till lately had been the most unpopular of European nations. Frenchmen in particular, who had helped and perhaps enabled the Americans to obtain their independence, naturally admired institutions which were indirectly their own creation; and Frenchmen who had not served in the American war saw the American freeman reflected in Franklin, who pleased the school of

Voltaire because he believed nothing, and the school of Rousseau because he wore a Quaker coat. The other event strongly influencing the fortunes of popular government was the French Revolution, which in the long run rendered it an object of horror. The French, in their new constitutions, followed first the English and then the American model, but in both cases with large departures from the originals. The result in both cases was miserable miscarriage. Political liberty took long to recover from the discredit into which it had been plunged by the Reign of Terror. In England, detestation of the Revolution did not cease to influence politics till 1830. But, abroad, there was a reaction to the older type of popular government in 1814 and 1815; and it was thought possible to combine freedom and order by copying, with very slight changes, the British constitution. From a longing for liberty, combined with a loathing of the French experiments in it, there sprang the state of opinion in which the constitutional movements of the Continent had their birth. The British political model was followed by France, by Spain and Portugal, and by Holland and Belgium, combined in the kingdom of the Netherlands; and, after a long interval, by Germany, Italy, and Austria.

The principle of modern popular government was thus affirmed less than two centuries ago, and the practical application of that principle outside these islands and their dependencies is not quite a century old. What has been the political history of the commonwealths in which this principle has been carried out in various degrees? The inquiry is obviously one of much importance and interest; but, though the materials for it are easily obtained, and indeed are to a large extent within the memory of living men, it is very seldom or very imperfectly prosecuted. I undertake it solely with the view of ascertaining, within reasonable limits of space, how far actual experience countenances the common assumption of our day, that popular government is likely to be of indefinitely long duration. I will first take France, which began with the imitation of the English, and has ended with the adoption of the American model. Since the introduction of political freedom into France, the existing government, nominally clothed with all the powers of the state, has been three times overturned by the mob of Paris, in 1792, in 1830, and in 1848. It has been three times overthrown by the

Army; first in 1797, on the 4th of September (18 Fructidor), when the majority of the Directors with the help of the soldiery annulled the elections of forty-eight departments, and deported fifty-six members of the two Assemblies, condemning also to deportation two of their own colleagues. The second military revolution was effected by the elder Bonaparte on the 9th of November (18 Brumaire), 1799; and the third by the younger Bonaparte, on December 2, 1851. The French government has also been three times destroyed by foreign invasion, in 1814, 1815, and 1870; the invasion having been in each case provoked by French aggression, sympathized in by the bulk of the French people. In all, putting aside the anomalous period from 1870 to 1885, France, since she began her political experiments, has had forty-four years of liberty and thirty-seven of stern dictatorship.[3] But it has to be remembered, and it is one of the curiosities of this period of history, that the elder Bourbons, who in practice gave very wide room to political freedom, did not expressly admit the modern theory of popular government; while the Bonapartes, who proclaimed the theory without qualification, maintained in practice a rigid despotism.

Popular government was introduced into Spain just when the fortune of war was declaring itself decisively in favour of Wellington and the English army. The Extraordinary Cortes signed at Cadiz a constitution, since then famous in Spanish politics as the Constitution of 1812, which proclaimed in its first article that sovereignty resided in the nation. Ferdinand VII, on re-entering Spain from France, repudiated this constitution, denouncing it as Jacobinical; and for about six years he reigned as absolutely as any of his forefathers. But in 1820 General Riego, who was in command of a large force stationed near Cadiz, headed a military insurrection in which the mob joined; and the king submitted to the constitution of 1812. In 1823 the foreign invader appeared; the French armies entered Spain at the instigation of the Holy Alliance, and reëstablished Ferdinand's despotism, which lasted till his death. Popular government was, however, reintroduced by his widow as regent for his daughter, no doubt for the purpose of strengthening Isabella's title to the throne against her uncle, Don Carlos. It is probably unneces-

[3] I include in the thirty-seven years the interval between September, 1797 and November, 1799.

sary to give the subsequent political history of Spain in any detail. There are some places in South America where the people date events, not from the great earthquakes, but from the years in which, by a rare intermission, there is no earthquake at all. On the same principle we may note that during the nine years following 1845, and the nine years following 1857, there was comparative, though not complete, freedom from military insurrection in Spain. As to the residue of her political history, my calculation is that between the first establishment of popular government in 1812 and the accession of the present king, there have been forty military risings of a serious nature, in most of which the mob took part. Nine of them were perfectly successful, either overthrowing the constitution for the time being, or reversing the principles on which it was administered. I need hardly say that both the queen regent, Christina, and her daughter Isabella, were driven out of Spain by the army or the fleet, with the help of the mob; and that the present king, Alfonso, was placed on the throne through a military *pronunciamento* at the end of 1874. It is generally thought that he owes his retention of it since 1875 to statesmanship of a novel kind. As soon he has assured himself that the army is in earnest, he changes his ministers.

The real beginning of popular or parliamentary government in Germany and the Austrian dominions, other than Hungary, cannot be placed earlier than 1848. The interest of German politics from 1815 to that year consists in the complaints, ever growing fainter, of the German communities who sought to compel the princes to redeem their promises of constitutions made during the War of Independence, and of the efforts of the princes to escape or evade their pledges. Francis the Second expressed the prevailing feeling in his own way when he said to the Hungarian Diet, "*totus mundus stultizat, et vult habere novas constitutiones.*"[4] With some exceptions in the smaller states there were no parliamentary institutions in Germany till the King of Prussia conceded, just before 1848, the singular form of constitutional government which did not survive that year. But as soon as the mob of Paris had torn up the French constitutional charter, and expelled the constitutional king, mobs,

[4] The whole world is turning foolish, and wishes to have new constitutions.

with their usual accompaniment, the army, began to influence German and even Austrian politics. National assemblies, on the French pattern, were called together at Berlin, at Vienna, and at Frankfort. All of them were dispersed in about a year, and directly or indirectly by the army. The more recent German and Austrian constitutions are all of royal origin. Taking Europe as a whole, the most durably successful experiments in popular government have been made either in small States, too weak for foreign war, such as Holland and Belgium, or in countries like the Scandinavian states, where there was an old tradition of political freedom. The ancient Hungarian constitution has been too much affected by civil war for any assertion about it to be safe. Portugal, for a while scarcely less troubled than Spain by military insurrection, has been free from it of late; and Greece has had the dynasty of her kings once changed by revolution.

If we look outside Europe and beyond the circle of British dependencies, the phenomena are much the same. The Civil War of 1861–1865, in the United States, was as much a war of revolution as the war of 1775–1782. It was a war carried on by the adherents of one set of principles and one construction of the constitution against the adherents of another body of principles and another constitutional doctrine. It would be absurd, however, to deny the relative stability of the government of the United States, which is a political fact of the first importance; but the inferences which might be drawn from it are much weakened, if not destroyed, by the remarkable spectacle furnished by the numerous republics set up from the Mexican border line to the Straits of Magellan. It would take many of these pages even to summarize the whole political history of the Spanish-American communities. There have been entire periods of years during which some of them have been disputed between the multitude and the military, and again when tyrants, as brutal as Caligula or Commodus, reigned over them like a Roman Emperor in the name of the Roman people. It may be enough to say of one of them, Bolivia, which was recently heard of through her part in the war on the Pacific coast, that out of fourteen presidents of the Bolivian republic thirteen have died assassinated or in exile.[5] There is one partial explanation of the inattention of

[5] Arana, *Guerre du Pacifique,* vol. vii, p. 33.

English and European politicians to a most striking, instructive, and uniform body of facts: Spanish — though, next to English, it is the most widely diffused language of the civilized world — is little read or spoken in England, France, or Germany. There are, however, other theories to account for the universal and scarcely intermitted political confusion which at times has reigned in all Central and South America, save Chile and the Brazilian Empire. It is said that the people are to a great extent of Indian blood, and that they have been trained in Roman Catholicism. Such arguments would be intelligible if they were used by persons who maintained that a highly special and exceptional political education is essential to the successful practice of popular government; but they proceed from those who believe that there is at least a strong presumption in favour of democratic institutions everywhere. And as regards the Roman Catholic Church, it should at least be remembered that, whatever else it may be, it is a great school of equality.

LORD BRYCE

THE FUTURE OF DEMOCRACY[1]

ONE road only has in the past led into Democracy, *viz.* the wish to be rid of tangible evils, but the roads that have led or may lead out of democracy are many. Some few of them may be mentioned.

If wars continue, the direction of Foreign Policy, a function which was of supreme importance in the city republics of the ancient and mediæval world, may again become so, especially among those small new States of Europe and Western Asia which have territorial or commercial disputes with their neighbors. Till the relations of European peoples with one another become more stable than they are to-day, the spirit of nationality, accentuated as we see it by rivalry and hatred, a spirit which breeds discontent in some countries

[1] From *Modern Democracies.* Copyright by the Macmillan Company, 1921. Reprinted by permission.

and in others prompts aggression against rival States, may keep alert and acute the desire of these peoples to share in the conduct of their governments. But it is also possible that the lust of conquest or the need for defence may lead to a concentration of power in the Executive dangerous to the people, inducing them to sacrifice some of their liberty to preserve national independence or to secure military ascendancy. Such things have happened.

He who has acquired ascendancy by brilliant success against the enemy and has thereby fascinated the people might, in some countries, establish his power. Even our own time saw a mediocre adventurer, pushed forward by a faction possessing wealth and social influence, who proved able, since believed to have the army behind him, to threaten the liberties of France; and this although he had no victories standing to his credit.

Dangers may also arise from civil strife, when it reaches a point at which one party becomes willing to resign most of the people's rights for the sake of holding down the other faction. This often happened in the ancient and mediæval republics, and might happen in any country distracted by racial or religious hatreds, or perhaps even by the sort of class war which was carried on in 1919 in Hungary. There are European countries to-day in which it is, if not probable, yet certainly not impossible.

Thirdly, the less educated part of a nation might become indifferent to politics, the most educated class throwing their minds into other things, such as poetry or art, to them more interesting than politics, and gradually leaving the conduct of State affairs to an intelligent bureaucracy capable of giving business men the sort of administration and legislation they desire, and keeping the multitude in good humour by providing comforts and amusements.[2] The heads of such a bureaucracy would, if wise, do little to alter the constitution, content to exercise the reality of power under the old familiar forms. Such a change would scarcely happen so long as there were questions

[2] The passion for pleasure and amusement, as contrasted with the taste for intellectual enjoyments, is often said to be growing with the growth of civilization. There certainly have been ages in which the "things of the mind" were more, and others in which they were less cared for by the more leisured class, but men's judgment of the time they live in is apt to be affected by personal bias, especially in those who miss what they valued in their youth.

rousing class bitterness or involving the material well-being of the masses; we must suppose a time in which controversies have ceased to be acute, and such a time seems distant. Free government is not likely to be suppressed in any country by a national army wielded by an ambitious chief. If any people loses its free self-government this will more probably happen with its own acquiescence. But oligarchy springs up everywhere as by a law of nature: and so many strange things have happened in our time that nothing can be pronounced impossible. Few are the free countries in which freedom seems safe for a century or two ahead.

Democracy has become, all over Europe and to some extent even in North America also, desired merely as a Means, not as an End, precious in itself because it was the embodiment of Liberty. It is now valued not for what it is, but for what it may be used to win for the masses. When the exercise of their civic rights has brought them that which they desire, and when they feel sure that what they have won will remain with them, may they not cease to care for the further use of those rights? The politicians, who in some countries have been more and more becoming a professional class, might continue to work the party machinery; but that will avail little if the nation turns its mind to other things. If the spiritual oxygen which has kept alive the attachment to Liberty and self-government in the minds of the people becomes exhausted, will not the flame burn low and perhaps flicker out? The older school of Liberals dwelt on the educative worth of self-government which Mazzini represented in its idealistic and Mill in its utilitarian aspects; but who would keep up the paraphernalia of public meetings and of elections and legislative debates merely for the sake of this by-product? Much will depend on what the issues of the near future are likely to be. If that which the masses really desire should turn out to be the extinction of private property or some sort of communistic system, and if in some countries such a system should ever be established, the whole character of government would be changed, and that which is now called Democracy would (as indicated in a previous chapter) become a different thing altogether, perhaps an industrial bureaucratic oligarchy. Even if some less far-reaching scheme of Economic Equality than that now presented to the wage-earners as the goal of their efforts be attained, or enter a period of experi-

ment which would end in proving it to be unattainable, popular government cannot fail to be profoundly modified.

A wider, indeed an illimitable field of speculation is opened when we think of the possibilities of changes in the interests, tastes, and beliefs of the different families of mankind. In Human Nature there are, to borrow a term from mathematics, certain "Constants" — impulses always operative — ambition and indolence, jealousy and loyalty, selfishness and sympathy, love and hatred, gratitude and revenge. But the ideas, fancies, and habits of men change like their tastes in poetry and art. New forms of pleasure are invented: the old lose their relish: the moral as well as the intellectual values shift and vary. The balance between the idealistic and the realistic or material view of life is always oscillating. Humility, once revered in Christian and Buddhist countries, has been described in our time as a Dead Virtue. Even nations in which public life has been most active may relegate a political career to a place as low as soldiering has held in China and trading in Japan. The masses may let the reins slip from their hands into those of an oligarchy, so long as they do not fear for themselves either oppression, or social disparagement, or the loss of any material benefits they have been wont to enjoy. They may trust to the power of public opinion to deter a ruling group from any course which would displease the bulk of the nation, for the power of public opinion will survive political mutations so long as an intolerant majority does not impose its orthodoxy to fetter the play of thought. Such phases in the never-ceasing process of evolutionary change might well be transient, for oligarchies are naturally drawn to selfish ways, and selfishness usually passes into injustice, and injustice breeds discontent, and discontent ends in the overthrow of those who have abused their power, and so the World-spirit that plies at the roaring loom of Time discards one pattern and weaves another to be in turn discarded.

That physiological factor which we call Heredity must not be overlooked. In the most civilized peoples there is an evident tendency for those family stocks which are wealthy or of exceptional intellectual quality to die out, so that the perpetuation of the human species is left to be maintained by sections of the population in which self-restraint and the mental faculties are less fully developed. This phenomenon becomes more significant when we remem-

ber that sooner or later, though of course in a still distant future, the races of mankind will in some regions be inevitably so commingled as to efface many of the distinctions which now separate them. About the effect of such a fusion upon human character and the institutions which are the outgrowth of character *plus* experience, we cannot guess. Since some among the Backward races are both more numerous and more prolific than the Whites, the prospect thus opened may seem discouraging. Yet not all of these races are intellectually inferior to the European races, and may even have a freshness and vitality capable of renewing the energies of more advanced races whom luxury has enervated. In regions where fusion has come to pass, the " composite man " of the remote future may prove to be as well fitted for self-government as the more advanced races are to-day. But fusion, with the assimilation of language, ideas, and habits, though it may extinguish race-enmities, need not make for peace either in nations or between nations.

Whatever happens, such an institution as Popular Government will evidently take its colour from and will flourish or decline according to the moral and intellectual progress of mankind as a whole. Democracy is based on the expectation of certain virtues in the people, and on its tendency to foster and further develop those virtues. It assumes not merely intelligence, but an intelligence elevated by honour, purified by sympathy, stimulated by a sense of duty to the community. It relies on the people to discern these qualities and choose its leaders by them. Given the kind of communal spirit which Rousseau expected, given the kind of fraternally religious spirit which Mazzini and the enthusiasts of his time expected, self-government, having the moral forces behind it, would be a comparatively simple matter, living on by its unquestioned merits. With intelligence, sympathy, and the sense of duty everything would go smoothly; and a system which trained the citizen in these virtues would endure, because each successive generation would grow up in the practice of them. Thus the question of the permanence of democracy resolves itself into the question of whether mankind is growing in wisdom and virtue, and with that comes the question of what Religion will be in the future, since it has been for the finer and more sensitive spirits the motive power behind Morality. Governments that have ruled by Force and Fear have been able to live with-

out moral sanctions, or to make their subjects believe that those sanctions consecrated them, but no free government has ever yet so lived and thriven, for it is by a reverence for the Powers Unseen and Eternal which impose those sanctions, that the powers of evil have been, however imperfectly, kept at bay and the fabric of society held together. The future of democracy is therefore a part of two larger branches of enquiry, the future of religion and the prospects of human progress.

The question, whether men will rise towards the higher standard which the prophets of democracy deemed possible, has been exercising every thoughtful mind since August 1914, and it will be answered less hopefully now than it would have been at any time in the hundred years preceding. That many millions of men should perish in a strife which brought disasters to the victors only less than those it brought to the vanquished is an event without parallel in the annals of the race. There has probably been since the fifth century no moment in history which has struck mankind with such terror and dismay as have the world-wide disasters which began in 1914, and have not yet passed away. The explanations of the facts are no more cheering than the facts themselves. Human passions have been little softened and refined by the veneer of civilization that covers them; human intelligence has not increased, and shows no sign of increasing, in proportion to the growing magnitude and complexity of human affairs. Knowledge has been accumulated, the methods and instruments of research have been improved, a wonderful mastery over the forces of Nature has been obtained, the world has become a more comfortable place to live in and offers a far greater variety of pleasures; but the mental powers of the individual man have remained stationary, no stronger, no wider in their range, than they were thousands of years ago, and the supremely great who are fit to grapple with the vast problems which the growth of population and the advances of science have created come no more frequently, and may fail to appear just when they are most needed.

This much, however, may be said regarding the question which directly concerns us here. It is not on democracy that the blame for these disasters ought to fall, nor have they darkened its prospect for the future, except in so far as they have disclosed faults in human nature, obstacles to human brotherhood, whose magnitude had not

been realized. The seismic centre whence the successive earthquake shocks proceeded did not lie in any democratic country. The catastrophe was so tremendous, because due to the concurrent action of three explosive forces never before conjoined at the same moment — overweening military ambition, the passion of nationality and an outbreak of vengeful fanaticism from small but fiery sections of the industrial population. Such a conjunction of volcanic activities may not recur for ages.

Shaken out of that confident faith in progress which the achievements of scientific discovery had been fostering, mankind must resume its efforts towards improvement in a chastened mood, consoled by the reflection that it has taken only a few thousands of years to emerge from savagery, and less than half that time to rise above the shameless sensualities of the ancient world and the ruthless ferocity of the Dark Ages.

As respects progress in the science and art of free government, experience has established certain principles that were unknown to those who lived under despotisms, and has warned us of certain dangers unforeseen by those who first set up free governments; but when it comes to the application of these principles, and the means of escaping these dangers, the faults that belonged to human nature under previous forms of government have reappeared. Some gains there have been, but they have lain more in the way of destroying what was evil than in the creating of what is good; and the belief that the larger the number of those who share in governing, the more will there be of wisdom, of self-control, of a fraternal and peace-loving spirit has been rudely shattered. Yet the rule of Many is safer than the rule of One, — as Cavour said that however faulty a legislative chamber may be an ante-chamber is worse — and the rule of the multitude is gentler than the rule of a class. However grave the indictment that may be brought against democracy, its friends can answer, " What better alternative do you offer? "

Encouragement may be found in the reflection that such moral progress as history records has been made chiefly in the way of raising the sentiments and standards of the average man. Whereas in the realms of abstract thought and in those of science and of art it is to the great intellects that the world looks, popular government lives and prospers more by the self-restraint and good sense and good

will of the bulk of the nation than by the creative power of great intellects; and whoever looks back three or six or nine centuries cannot doubt that in the civilized communities as a whole men's habits and moral standards have risen. Outbursts of crime and sin recur from time to time, but they come less frequently and are visited with a sterner condemnation. That the knightly virtues of courage and honor have suffered no decline is evident. The spirit of the citizen soldiers who in 1914 came willingly to give their lives for a cause in which the fortunes of mankind as well as of their own countries seemed to be at stake shone forth with a light brighter than in any former war. In this some consolation for many sorrows may be found.

No government demands so much from the citizen as Democracy, and none gives so much back. Any free people that has responded to the call of duty and come out of a terrible ordeal unshaken in courage, undimmed in vision, with its vital force still fresh and strong, need not fear to face the future.

The statesmen and philosophers of antiquity did not dream of a government in which all men of every grade should bear a part: democracy was for them a superstructure erected upon a substructure of slavery. Modern reformers, bolder and more sanguine, called the multitude to power with the hope and in the faith that the gift of freedom and responsibility would kindle the spirit self-government requires. For them, as for Christian theologians, Hope was one of the Cardinal Virtues.

Less has been achieved than they expected, but nothing has happened to destroy the belief that among the citizens of free countries the sense of duty and the love of peace will grow steadily stronger. The experiment has not failed, for the world is after all a better place than it was under other kinds of government, and the faith that it may be made better still survives. Without Faith nothing is accomplished, and Hope is the mainspring of Faith. Throughout the course of history every winter of despondency has been followed by a joyous springtime of hope.

Hope, often disappointed but always renewed, is the anchor by which the ship that carries democracy and its fortunes will have to ride out this latest storm as it has ridden out many storms before. There is an Eastern story of a king with an uncertain temper who

desired his astrologer to discover from the stars when his death would come. The astrologer, having cast the horoscope, replied that he could not find the date, but had ascertained only this, that the king's death would follow immediately on his own. So may it be said that Democracy will never perish till after Hope has expired.

CHARLES A. BEARD

THE FICTION OF MAJORITY RULE

I

DURING the fiery frenzy that accompanied the late war for democracy, an official in the New York public schools, pressing forward from obscurity for a moment into the white spotlight that surrounded the witches' gallows, declared that no teacher who had any doubts about the sacred doctrine of majority rule, that cardinal article of American faith, should be allowed to instruct the youth of the City. Not long afterward, far away on the Pacific Slope, a committee of five, appointed by a state commissioner of secondary schools, headed by a scholar of high standing and composed of sober and competent authorities in the field of American history, placed fourth among seven principles designed to control instruction in the public schools 'A belief in democratic self-government by majority rule.' By way of elucidation the committee added: 'This asserts the Jeffersonian doctrine that rule by the majority, while not ensuring perfection, is more likely to approach it than any other form of rule, and more likely to preserve individual happiness under law.' Advancing from this declaration, the committee laid down the doctrine that 'obedience to law . . . has its sanction in majority rule, thus providing reasonable limitations on individual liberty.' More recently a self-constituted society of poignant patriots, alarmed by the fact that American officials, from the president of the United States down to the village constables, are being elected by minorities, owing to the indifference of the citizens who remain away from the polls, has appealed for money with which to carry on a

propaganda to drag the negligent from their offices and firesides to the ballot box.

As a matter of fact, is the doctrine of majority rule one of the canonical articles of American political faith, without which there is no salvation? Before this question can be answered, an exercise in definitions is necessary. Do those who adhere to the dogma mean that the assent of a majority of the adult population is required to make any act of the government lawful? Evidently they do not, for, until the adoption of woman suffrage on a national scale in 1920, most of the women in the country were ignored in matters of high politics; and at the present time the colored citizens in several Southern states are frequently disregarded when grave issues are submitted to the electorate for a decision.

'Of course,' the shamans of the political altar will say, 'nobody in his right mind ever meant by "majority rule" anything more than government by the majority of those who are authorized under the existing providential arrangements to cast their ballots in elections.' But on second thought this proposition as an article in the American credo will not hold water. No constitutional rule requires any such majority, and political practice shows that the application of any such prescription would bring the wheels of American government to a dead stop. Again and again it happens, especially in elections on constitutional amendments, that a majority of the voters abstain from expresssing any opinion at all, thus leaving the fate of vital issues to the will of a divided minority. Indeed, in the grand tourney of 1924, when the embattled politicians called upon the American people to save their country, more than one third of the electorate was indifferent to the summons, and the vote which elected Mr. Coolidge was not much, if any, larger than the 'stay-at-home vote' — approximately one third of the citizenry.

'Naturally,' retort the more circumspect of the political shamans, 'majority rule merely means rule by a majority of those who are loyal and patriotic enough to do their duty at general elections by putting their ballots into the box.' But the case of those who take this horn of the dilemma will not bear examination either. American government is not and could not be managed on any such principle. At all events it is very difficult to muster a majority of the active voters in support of constitutional measures referred to state

electorates. Bitter experience with the provision requiring for the adoption of state constitutional amendments a majority of all those voting in some state election has led to the general rejection of this counsel of perfection. Only an extraordinary crisis or special campaign can induce any such portion of the voters to favor any proposition with their suffrages. Hence it is now the common practice to provide that state constitutional amendments and other measures referred to the voters may be carried by a mere majority of those voting on the issues — which majority is often as low as twenty-five or thirty per cent of the active voters of the state.

Likewise with respect to elective offices, the principle that a majority of those who cast their ballots is necessary to victory does not generally operate throughout the United States. Exceptions only prove the rule. Broadly speaking, it is the candidate who receives a plurality of the votes — that is, more than any of his competitors — who is declared elected. Such a plurality may, and frequently does, represent not more than one third of the total number of ballots cast in the election. Nothing but the existence of our two-party system prevents government by pitiful minorities — and that system is not a part of the law of the land.

'Quite so,' the very circumspect shamans will admit; 'what we really mean by majority rule is that in every case not otherwise controlled the candidate who receives more votes than anybody else shall be declared elected and clothed with power.' That, of course, is a considerable decline from the high pinnacle from which our triumphal procession started, but it seems to be final, frankly conceding the right of the minority to rule, provided it is a plurality. Alas, however, for the pure in spirit, even this doctrine is not of universal application. According to the curious electoral system by which the president of the United States is chosen, a candidate may receive a plurality of all the popular votes cast, even a majority of all such votes, and still be defeated. In 1876, for example, Samuel J. Tilden, according to Republican election statistics, received more votes than Rutherford B. Hayes, the victorious candidate; indeed, a majority of all the ballots cast. Hence it must be conceded that the Constitution of the United States, which, according to the Report of the American Bar Association Committee on Citizenship, every loyal American must make as much a part of his life and religion 'as

the Sermon on the Mount,' far from commanding government by a popular majority or plurality, actually permits government by a president who commands neither but has been duly elected according to established forms.

If one were in a captious mood, one might go further and speak of a system which gives to the state of Nevada, with approximately 80,000 inhabitants, the same power in the United States Senate as New York, with more than 10,000,000 inhabitants, or about the constitutional rule which gives one voter in South Carolina as much weight in a presidential election as fifteen or twenty in certain Northern states; but, as a distinguished Southern statesman once remarked, ' it is not necessary to make an ass of one's self in an effort to be logical.' So, without pressing the argument to the limit, by merely taking note of matters that ought to be obvious to every citizen, it seems safe to say that our governments, local and national, seldom, if ever, represent a majority of the whole voting population and often represent a minority of those who take the trouble to go to the polls. In support of this proposition there are indisputable facts which admit of no question in any court of law or opinion.

II

It is difficult to discover any crucial issues of politics in America that have been settled by a majority of the people lawfully entitled to vote. Let us start with the American Revolution, that process by which the independence of the United States was won. What proportion of the people residing in the thirteen English colonies in 1776 really wanted to overthrow the government of the mother country? History can make no statistical answer. It can only guess. At the outset of the quarrel, the most respectable characters, such as Washington and Franklin, declared that no one thought of revolution. At no time was the question submitted to the voters at the polls, and from beginning to end the members of local, state, and national conventions and congresses, which engineered the revolution, were elected in the most irregular fashion. To make sure that no Tories could obscure their councils, the patriot fathers, after the armed quarrel began as the result of an accident at Lexington, made a practice of excluding their avowed opponents from the balloting — a practice not unknown in other times and places.

When the statistics of elections that have come down to us from the Colonial and the Revolutionary period are analyzed, two cardinal conclusions emerge. The first is that it was very common, both before and after the Revolution, for two thirds of those entitled to vote to remain away from the polls. The second is that even popular leaders, such as Samuel Adams, when thundering in the forum and making decisions of power, often spoke for only about ten or fifteen per cent of the eligible voters. It is not likely that any competent student of the Revolutionary age will deny the conclusion of Lecky, the English historian, that 'the American Revolution, like most others, was the work of an energetic minority.'

Now let us take the adoption of the Constitution, which, according to oratorical lawyers, was an act of 'a whole people exercising its first and greatest power.' Of course, as everybody knows, the Constitution was not submitted directly to the voters for their judgment. It was submitted to state conventions composed of delegates chosen by enfranchised citizens. Our statistics of the several elections are fragmentary, but those which have survived time indicate that the great majority of the eligible voters took no part in the adoption of the Constitution. In the hotly contested election in Philadelphia only about one fourth of the adult males participated. This proportion seems to be fairly typical of the country as a whole. On the most conservative reckoning not more than one hundred thousand men out of approximately six hundred thousand free adult males supported the adoption of the Constitution in 1787–88 by voting for it indirectly. Whether the number represented a majority of those who actually voted in the elections is even open to question. In any event, it must be said that the ratification of the Constitution, like the Revolution, was 'the work of an energetic minority.'

Passing by such minor incidents as the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, let us consider the War for the Union. It is generally agreed for practical purposes, leaving aside the metaphysical question of destiny, that the election of Lincoln in 1860 precipitated, though it did not cause, the withdrawal of the Southern states, and thus brought on the armed conflict. What the voters would have done in that year if they could have divined the meaning of their act

is not known and can never be discovered, but it is certain that the election of Lincoln in 1860 was the work of a minority. In round numbers, 4,500,000 votes were cast, and of this total Lincoln received 1,800,000, the remaining 2,700,000 votes being distributed among his three opponents, in such a manner as to give the Rail Splitter from Illinois the presidency. Certainly the issue of war or no war, slavery or abolition, was not submitted to the voters. Certainly none of the candidates on any of the platforms obtained the endorsement of a majority of those who took the trouble to vote, to say nothing of the indifferent citizens. And yet by the decision of a minority, which led to the bombardment of Fort Sumter, Abraham Lincoln acquired a dictatorship which Cæsar might have coveted, and a revolution was made in the constitutional system of the United States.

One more case deserves examination by those who are alarmed by infractions of the majority principle. In 1912, owing to divisions in the Republican camp, Woodrow Wilson was elected president, in spite of a majority against him amounting to 2,459,000 votes. As president he started on a course which could have but one logical ending — war against the Central Empires. Even in 1916, when running on a platform of 'keeping us out of the war,' Mr. Wilson was 275,000 short of a majority of the active voters. What was decided in that year by this exercise of popular will is one of the Delphic mysteries, but it is certain that there was no majority in favor of any policy — peace, war, or friendly neutrality. And the war came.

It would be easy to multiply minor citations of limits on the doctrine of majority rule in its most restricted form. In fact, a complete list of constitutional amendments adopted and officers elected by twenty or twenty-five per cent of the voting population might be so alarming as to bring down upon the head of the compiler the benevolent attentions of the Department of Justice. At any rate it would give him a top place in the doombook of those who watch the sacred fire, in preparation for the next heroic effort to preserve the right of majority rule. But additional details would only illustrate the general principle that all the great lunges forward along the path from barbarism to civilization have been forced by energetic minorities, against the indifference or the opposition of majorities,

using these terms in the correct mathematical sense. With equal justice also it may be said that the backward lunges have been made in the same manner.

III

More than this. High authority can be found in the writings and opinions of the men who established the American constitutional system in the eighteenth century to support the conclusion that the majority of the populace is to be more feared than a monarch and that the rights of persons and property ought never to be placed at the mercy of a mere majority at the polls. Moreover, the frequent custom of requiring some extraordinary process for the adoption of constitutional provisions is evidence that the fear of mere majority rule still obtains, and that the American people believe in placing severe limitations on the power of the majority that takes the trouble to go to the polls. 'Constitutions,' said President Taft in vetoing a Congressional resolution to admit Arizona with her scheme for judicial recall, 'are checks upon the hasty action of the majority. They are the self-imposed restraints of a whole people upon a majority of them to secure sober action and a respect for the rights of the minority.' If the historicity of this statement is a bit clouded, in any event no one could call it un-American. Indeed, the gravamen of the case against direct government, pressed with such zeal by Mr. Taft and his fraction of the Republican Party, consisted mainly in the argument that direct government meant majority rule at the polls. If a minority, by constitutional provisions, maintains the security of its rights against the majority, does it not govern to that extent at least?

It would be easy to go still deeper into the substance of the majority principle. For example, one might inquire whether in many instances the plurality or even the majority secured according to the canons of lawful propriety is not a mere fiction. Let us say, for example, that a president is, in a given case, elected by a plurality of the voters in the manner required by the fundamental law of the land. Does it follow that the result is necessarily obtained by the plurality? May it not be sometimes supposed, with a show of sanction, that the said plurality has been induced to take its line of action by a minority superior in resources, more powerful in press

and propaganda? And if a minority really induces a plurality or majority to act in a given way, then is the plurality or majority more than a shadow? Was the Honorable Elihu Root speaking without authority when he exclaimed, in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1915, that the government of the state had not been in fact the government of the constitution 'halfway or half the time,' that 'Mr. Platt ruled the state — for nigh upon twenty years he ruled it'? Have not several experienced American politicians of high standing declared many times that an invisible government dominated by a minority often operates behind the screen of the lawful plurality or majority? But to press this point would be to obscure the larger issue.

The real upshot of this paper is that, on the showing of the facts, none of the crucial decisions of American politics have enjoyed the sanction of a majority of the electorate expressed at the polls. Conversely, of course, such decisions and actions have been the work of minorities, even on the face of things — minorities ranging sometimes as low as twenty-five per cent of the voting population, if not lower. How, then, can it be said with justification that the cardinal principles of American government include a 'belief in democratic self-government by majority rule'?

As the red tide recedes along the shore of international capitalism, it is probable that less will be heard about majority rule and more about government according to the accepted and established constitutional proprieties of the country, proprieties which look to the preservation of the rights of minorities in persons and goods. Frequently it happens that those who are in political power with the sanction of a plurality are pleased with the processes by which they arrived at their status, while those who are out of power hope to reach that pinnacle by similar route. But if, as in the case of the Southern statesmen in 1860–61, the decision of the plurality seems to be so outrageous as to warrant a revolution, the minority may not accept the rulings of the plurality. Such refusal, of course, is likely to be unconstitutional, especially when carried beyond the forum of the courts, and is usually inexpedient and dangerous.

Yet it would be interesting to inquire just where civilization would now stand if people of ideas, ideals, inventiveness, and superior intelligence had always refused to act on their convictions until they

had won a clear majority of their fellow citizens over to their view of the universe. What would happen if all good things wrested from fortune by minorities were condemned as immoral and rejected by the righteous? The answer is almost as frightful to contemplate as a scene from the palæolithic age.

E. L. GODKIN

THE DUTY OF EDUCATED MEN IN A DEMOCRACY[1]

PERHAPS I ought not to say it, but college graduates are not, as a rule, remarkable for the amount of knowledge, properly so called, which they bring away from the universities. Everything they learn there in the way of languages or of science makes a comparatively small impression on the great mass of them. The great use of the college course is the formation of the habit of attention and study at the age when mental and other habits are most easily formed. But a college education has a perceptible general effect on the intellectual outlook. Its most marked effect on men in relation to their duties to the community at large, is in raising their standards. Their notions of how things ought to be done are changed. They expect a good deal more in the character and attainments of public men, and in the order of public business. The municipal government, for instance, which the educated men would set up, if they had their way, would be something considerably different from any municipal government now in existence. Congress and the State legislatures, too, would be, if the suffrage were confined to college graduates, composed of another class of men than that which now fills them. A very large portion of our present legislation would never be enacted, and the probabilities are that the ceremonial side of the government would be much enlarged. I remember that some years ago President Eliot wrote in *The Forum*, pointing out that our municipal government would never be what it ought to be until all our city officials had received a special training for their work, and

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he mentioned the various kinds of training which they needed. Now this was distinctly the college graduate's view of the matter. The popular mind was not then occupied with the need or the difficulty of getting trained men for such work. It would have been satisfied with men of ordinary honesty. The notion that trained men were a possibility, probably never occurred to the bulk of the citizens.

We should probably, in a college-graduate government, witness the disappearance from legislation of nearly all acts and resolutions which are passed for what is called "politics"; that is, for the purpose of pleasing certain bodies of voters, without any reference to their real value as contributions to the work of government. This would of course effect a very great reduction in the size of the annual statute-book. For, to the mind of the ordinary legislator of to-day, the duty of pleasing the voters is even more obligatory than the duty of furnishing them with good government. In this duty of pleasing the voters there is no question that a college education as a rule unfits a man. He cannot discharge it without a fight with his ideals formed at a susceptible age. James Russell Lowell furnishes an illustration of my meaning. He was unquestionably as patriotic an American as ever lived, and a thorough Democrat. Democracy has never received so fine a tribute as he paid to it in Birmingham. But, somehow, as an educated man, he was out of tune with the multitude. The West never quite took to him. The *New York Tribune* denied him even the right to be considered "a good American." Senator Sherman and other Republicans wrote "Ichabod" on him when he supported Mr. Cleveland. The cause of all this really was that his political standards differed from theirs. He lived in an earlier republic of the mind, in which the legislation was done by first-class men, whom the people elected and followed. In a republic in which the multitude told the legislators what to do, he never really was at home.

This brings to me the question, what is really the attitude of educated men toward universal suffrage to-day? As a general rule I think they really mistrust or regret it, but accept it as the inevitable. Probably no system of government was ever so easy to attack and ridicule, but no government has ever come upon the world from which there seemed so little prospect of escape. It has, in

spite of its imperfections and oddities, something of the majesty of doom, and nobody now pretends that any people can avoid it. There has been, however, a notable change within forty years, in the opinion of the educated class, as to its value, owing to its numerous mistakes; but, curiously enough, these mistakes seem often to be due to the difficulty experienced in finding out what its mind is. Its mass in countries in which it exists, is so large that the process of interrogating it is one of extraordinary difficulty even for the most expert. Politicians, of all varieties, think they know what the people think upon any given question of the day, but most of them are always wrong.

This difficulty is not likely to decrease, and is likely to produce a great many legislative follies; because, unhappily, it seems to be the way of most politicians in all countries, when puzzled or uncertain about the drift of public sentiment, to choose the course which seems the least wise or most childish, meaning by that the course which seems to promise most immediate gratification, or to display most indifference to remoter results. One consequence of this is that universal suffrage has taken the blame of a great many mistakes for which it is not responsible, and which have come to pass simply owing to want of skill in questioning it on the part of law-makers. But, after all allowances and excuses have been made, its errors are sure to be frequent and on a considerable scale. The influential and the rich men are taking the place of the feudal baron and the absolute monarch as objects of popular attack, and moderate physical comforts for all, or a "living wage," have taken the place of political liberty. But the rich man cannot and will not be openly robbed. He runs no risk of having his head cut off, or his property confiscated. He will probably be got at through experiments in taxation, or in currency, which unfortunately rarely reach the precise objects at which they are aimed, and sooner or later, like the silver purchases, involve the whole community in great distress.

The idea that *distribution* must be, in some manner, reformed, is taking greater and greater hold of the world, and the popular mind is so much impressed with what seems to be the injustice of the present system, that hardly any attention is paid to the size of the earth's dividend. And yet, to divide among the people of every country all the accumulated wealth there is in it, or to divide among

them the annual yield of its land and labor, is one of the simplest of arithmetical problems. In no case would any such dividend make any material change in the condition of the great bulk of the population. There is no deduction from the operation of nature more certain than that the earth is not meant to afford much more than a fair subsistence to the dwellers on it. The mass of mankind have been poor from the earliest ages, simply because they multiply close up to the provision which the earth normally makes for them. They have always done so, and probably will always do so, in every country. It is true that their condition has improved since the introduction of steam into the work of production; but their content has not increased, and the contrast between their mode of life and that of the very rich remains about the same. There is no wider interval now between the house of the modern rich man and the laborer's cottage than there was between the castle and the hut of the Middle Ages. If all that needed to be done to make everybody comfortable and contented was to pull down the rich man's palace, and decree that no more should be built, the problem of modern politics would be easy. But the truth is that there is no cure for the evils of our present condition but a great increase in the produce of the earth, without any corresponding increase in population, and without any abatement in the industry, enterprise, and energy of the existing workers. When we think of the enormous resources of the globe which are still untouched, we are apt to forget that, in order to get at them, we have to go on breeding an increased number of men and women, who will keep alive, generation after generation, the old story of unequal and unjust distribution.

But to divide the earth's products equally, or anywhere near equally, among the people, would be to ignore the claims of superior talent, industry, or frugality upon the larger share, or, in other words, to ignore differences of character. I think most educated men will agree that in the long run our civilization could not stand this. All progress has been made hitherto on the competitive principle, which means giving the prize to the best man; and we can hardly conceive of its being made in any other way. To prescribe that no one shall do better than anyone else, is to reproduce China.

Now, in the presence of all this, the rôle of the educated man is really a very difficult one. No intelligent man can or ought to

ignore the part which hope of better things plays in our present social system. It has largely, among the working classes, taken the place of religious belief. They have brought their heaven down to earth; and are literally looking forward to a sort of New Jerusalem, in which all comforts and many of the luxuries of life, will be within easy reach of all. The world has to have a religion of some kind, and the hope of better food and clothing, more leisure, and a greater variety of amusements, has become the religion of the working classes. Hope makes them peaceful, industrious, and resigned under present suffering. A Frenchman saw a ragged pauper spend his last few cents on a lottery ticket, and asked him how he could commit such a folly. "In order to have something to hope for," he said. And from this point of view the outlay was undoubtedly excusable. It is literally hope which makes the world go round, and one of the hardest things an educated man who opens his mouth about public affairs has to do, is to say one word or anything to dampen or destroy it. Yet his highest duty is to speak the truth.

Luckily, there is one truth which can always be spoken without offence, and that is that on the whole the race advances through the increase of intelligence and the improvement of character, and has not advanced in any other way. The great amelioration in the condition of the working classes in Europe within this century, including the increasing power of the trades-unions, is the result not of any increase of benevolence in the upper classes, but of the growth of knowledge and self-reliance and foresight among the working classes themselves. The changes in legislation which have improved their condition are changes which they have demanded. When a workingman becomes a capitalist, and raises himself in any way above his early condition, it is rarely the result of miracle or accident. It is due to his superior intelligence and thrift. Nothing, on the whole, can be more delusive than official and other inquiries into the labor problem, through commissions and legislative committees. They all assume that there is some secret in the relations of labor and capital which can be found out by taking testimony. But they never find anything out. Their reports during the last fifty years would make a small library, but they never tell us anything new. They are meant to pacify and amuse the laborer, and they do so; but to their constant failure to do anything more

we owe some of the Socialist movement. The Socialists believe this failure due to want of will, and that Karl Marx has discovered the great truth of the situation, which is, that labor is entitled to the whole product. The great law which Nature seems to have prescribed for the government of the world, and the only law of human society which we are able to extract from history, is that the more intelligent and thoughtful of the race shall inherit the earth and have the best time, and that all others shall find life on the whole dull and unprofitable. Socialism is an attempt to contravene this law and ensure a good time to everybody independently of character and talents; but Nature will see that she is not frustrated or brought to nought, and I do not think educated men should ever cease to call attention to this fact, that is, ever cease to preach hopefulness, not to everybody, but to good people. This is no bar to benevolence to bad people or any people, but our first duty is loyalty to the great qualities of our kind, to the great human virtues, which raise the civilized man above the savage.

There is probably no government in the world to-day as stable as that of the United States. The chief advantage of democratic government is, in a country like this, the enormous force it can command on an emergency. By "emergency" I mean the suppression of an insurrection or the conduct of a foreign war. But it is not equally strong in the ordinary work of administration. A good many governments, by far inferior to it in strength, fill the offices, collect the taxes, administer justice, and do the work of legislation with much greater efficiency. One cause of this inefficiency is that the popular standard in such matters is low, and that it resents dissatisfaction as an assumption of superiority. When a man says these and those things ought not to be, his neighbors, who find no fault with them, naturally accuse him of giving himself airs. It seems as if he thought he knew more than they did, and was trying to impose his plans on them. The consequence is, that, in a land of pure equality, as this is, critics are always an unpopular class, and criticism is, in some sense, an odious work. The only condemnation passed on the governmental acts or systems is apt to come from the opposite party in the form of what is called "arraignment," which generally consists in wholesale abuse of the party in power, treating all their acts, small or great, as due to folly or depravity, and all

their public men as either fools or knaves. Of course this makes but small impression on the public mind. It is taken to indicate not so much a desire to improve the public service as to get hold of the offices, and has, as a general rule, but little effect. Parties lose their hold on power through some conspicuously obnoxious acts or failures; never, or very rarely, through the judgments passed on them by hostile writers or orators. And yet nothing is more necessary to successful government than abundant criticism from sources not open to the suspicion of particular interest. There is nothing which bad governments so much dislike and resent as criticism, and have in past ages taken so much pains to put down. In fact, a history of the civil liberty would consist, largely, of an account of the resistance to criticism on the part of rulers. One of the first acts of a successful tyranny or despotism is always the silencing of the press or the establishment of a censorship.

Popular objection to criticism is, however, senseless, because it is through criticism — that is, through discrimination between two things, customs or courses — that the race has managed to come out of the woods and lead a civilized life. The first man who objected to the general nakedness, and advised his fellows to put on clothes, was the first critic. Criticism of a high tariff recommends a low tariff; criticism of monarchy recommends a republic; criticism of vice recommends virtue. In fact almost every act of life in the practice of a profession or the conduct of a business, condemns one course and suggests another. The word means *judging*, and judgment is the highest of the human faculties, the one which most distinguishes us from the animals.

There is, probably, nothing from which the public service of the country suffers more to-day than the silence of its educated class; that is, the small amount of criticism which comes from the disinterested and competent sources. It is a very rare thing for an educated man to say anything publicly about the questions of the day. He is absorbed in science, or art, or literature, in the practice of his profession, or in the conduct of his business; and if he has any interest at all in public affairs, it is a languid one. He is silent because he does not much care, or because he does not wish to embarrass the administration or "hurt the party," or because he does not feel that anything he could say would make much difference. So

that, on the whole, it is very rarely that the instructed opinion of the country is ever heard on any subject.

But in criticism one always has hard work in steering a straight course between optimism and pessimism. These are the Scylla and Charybdis of the critic's career. Almost every man who thinks or speaks about public affairs is either an optimist or a pessimist; which he is, depends a good deal on temperament, but often on character. The political jobber or corruptionist is almost always an optimist. So is the prosperous business man. So is nearly every politician, because the optimist is nearly always the more popular of the two. As a general rule, people like cheerful men and the promise of good times. The kill-joy and the bearer of bad news has always been an odious character. But for the cultivated man there is no virtue in either optimism or pessimism. Some people think it a duty to be optimistic, and for some people it may be a duty; but one of the great uses of education is to teach us to be neither one nor the other. In the management of our personal affairs, we try to be neither one nor the other. In business, a persistent and uproarious optimist would certainly have poor credit. And why? Because in business the trustworthy man, as everybody knows, is the man who sees things as they are; and to see things as they are, without glamor or illusion, is the first condition of worldly success. It is absolutely essential in war, in finance, in law, in every field of human activity in which the future has to be thought of and provided for. It is just as essential in politics. The only reason why it is not thought as essential in politics is, the punishment for failure or neglect comes in politics more slowly.

The pessimist has generally a bad name, but there is a good deal to be said for him. To take a recent illustration, the man who took pessimistic views of the silver movement was for nearly twenty years under a cloud. This gloomy anticipation of 1873 was not realized until 1893. For a thousand years after Marcus Aurelius, the pessimist, if I may use the expression, was "cock of the walk." He certainly has no reason to be ashamed of his rôle in the Eastern world for a thousand years after the Mohammedan Hegira. In Italy and Spain he has not needed to hang his head since the Renaissance. In fact, if we take various nations and long reaches of time, we shall find that the gloomy man has been nearly as often justified by

the course of events as the cheerful one. Neither of them has any special claim to a hearing on public affairs. A persistent optimist, although he may be a most agreeable man in family life, is likely, in business or politics, to be just as foolish and unbearable as a persistent pessimist. He is as much out of harmony with the order of nature. The universe is not governed on optimistic any more than on pessimistic principles. The best and wisest of men make their mistakes and have their share of sorrow and sickness and losses. So, also, the most happily situated nations must suffer from internal discord, the blunders of statesmen, and the madness of the people. What Cato said in the Senate of the conditions of success, "*vigilando, agendo, bene consulendo, prosperé omnia cedunt,*" is as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago. We must remember that, though the optimist may be the pleasantest man to have about us, he is the least likely to take precautions; that is, the least likely to watch and work for success. We owe a great deal of our slovenly legislation to his presence in large numbers in Congress and the legislature.

This leads me to say that the reason why educated men should try and keep a fair mental balance between both pessimism and optimism is that there has come over the world in the last twenty-five or thirty years a very great change of opinion touching the relations of the government to the community. When Europe settled down to peaceful work after the great wars of the French Revolution, it was possessed with the idea that the freedom of the individual was all that was needed for public prosperity and private happiness. The old government interference with people's movements and doings was supposed to be the reason why nations had not been happy in the past. This became the creed, in this country, of the Democratic party which came into existence after the foundation of the Federal government. At the same time there grew up here the popular idea of the American character, in which individualism was the most marked trait. If you are not familiar with it in your own time, you may remember it in the literature of the earlier half of the century. The typical American was always the architect of his own fortunes. He sailed the seas and penetrated the forest, and built cities and lynched the horse-thieves, and fought the Indians and dug the mines, without anybody's help or support. He had even an ill-concealed

contempt for regular troops, as men under control and discipline. He scorned government for any other purposes than security and the administration of justice. This was the kind of American that Tocqueville found here in 1833. He says:

> "The European often sees in the public functionaries simply force; the American sees nothing but law. One may then say that in America a man never obeys a man, or anything but justice and law. Consequently he has formed of himself an opinion which is often exaggerated, but is always salutary. He trusts without fear to his own strength, which appears to him equal to anything. A private individual conceives some sort of enterprise. Even if this enterprise have some sort of connection with the public welfare, it never occurs to him to address himself to the government in order to obtain its aid. He makes his plan known, offers to carry it out, calls other individuals to his aid, and struggles with all his might against any obstacles there may be in his way. Often, without doubt, he succeeds less well than the State would in his place; but in the long run the general result of individual enterprises far surpasses anything the government could do." — *Democracy in America*, Vol. I., p. 157.

Now there is no doubt that if this type of character has not passed away, it has been greatly modified; and it has been modified by two agencies — the "labor problem," as it is called, and legislative protection to native industry. I am not going to make an argument about the value of this protection in promoting native industry, or about its value from the industrial point of view. We may or we may not owe to it the individual progress and prosperity of the United States. About that I do not propose to say anything. What I want to say is that the doctrine that it is a function of government, not simply to foster industry in general, but to consider the case of every particular industry, and give it the protection that it needs, could not be preached and practised for thirty years in a community like this, without modifying the old American conception of the relation of the government to the individual. It makes the government, in a certain sense, a partner in every industrial enterprise, and makes every presidential election an affair of the pocket to every miner and manufacturer and to his men; for the men have for

fully thirty years been told that the amount of their wages would depend, to a certain extent, at least, on the way the election went. The notion that the government owes assistance to individuals in carrying on business and making a livelihood has, in fact, largely through the tariff discussions, permeated a very large class of the community, and has materially changed what I may call the American outlook. It has greatly reinforced among the foreign-born population the socialistic ideas which many bring here with them, of the powers and duties of the State toward labor, for it is preached vehemently by the employing class.

What makes this look the more serious is that our political and social manners are not adapted to it. In Europe, the State is possessed of an administrative machine which has a finish, efficacy, and permanence unknown here. Tocqueville comments on its absence among us, and it is, as all the advocates of civil-service reform know, very difficult to supply. All the agencies of the government suffer from the imposition on them of what I may call non-American duties. For instance, a customhouse organized as a political machine was never intended to collect the enormous sum of duties which must pass through its hands under our tariff. A post-office whose master has to be changed every four years to "placate" Tammany, or the anti-Snappers, or any other body of politicians, was never intended to handle the huge mass which American mails have now become. One of the greatest objections to the income tax is the prying into people's affairs which it involves. No man likes to tell what his income is to every stranger, much less to a politician, which our collectors are sure to be. Secrecy on the part of the collector is, in fact, essential to reconcile people to it in England or Germany, where it is firmly established; but our collectors sell their lists to the newspapers in order to make the contributors pay up.

In all these things we are trying to meet the burden and responsibilities of much older societies with the machinery of a much earlier and simpler state of things. It is high time to halt in this progress until our administrative system has been brought up to the level even of our present requirements. It is quite true that, with our system of State and Federal Constitutions laying prohibitions on the Legislature and Congress, any great extension of the sphere of government in our time seems very unlikely. Yet the assumption

by Congress, with the support of the Supreme Court, of the power to issue paper money in time of peace, the power to make prolonged purchases of a commodity like silver, the power to impose an income tax, to execute great public works, and to protect native industry, are powers large enough to effect a great change in the constitution of society and in the distribution of wealth, such as, it is safe to say, in the present state of human culture, no government ought to have and exercise.

One hears every day from educated people some addition to the number of things which "governments" ought to do, but for which any government we have at present is totally unfit. One listens to them with amazement, when looking at the material of which our government is composed, for the matter of that, of which all governments are composed, for I suppose there is no question that all legislative bodies in the world have in twenty years run down in quality. The parliamentary system is apparently failing to meet the demands of modern democratic society, and is falling into some disrepute; but it would seem as if there was at present just as little chance of a substitute of any kind as of the dethronement of universal suffrage. It will probably last indefinitely, and be as good or as bad as its constituents make it. But this probable extension of the powers and functions of government makes more necessary than ever a free expression of opinion, and especially of educated opinion. We may rail at "mere talk" as much as we please, but the probability is that the affairs of nations and of men will be more and more regulated by talk. The amount of talk which is now expended on all subjects of human interest — and in "talk" I include contributions to periodical literature — is something of which a previous age has had the smallest conception. A very large proportion of it does no good beyond relieving the feelings of the talker. Political philosophers maintain, and with good reason, that one of its greatest uses is keeping down discontent under popular government. It is undoubtedly true that it is an immense relief to a man with a grievance to express his feelings about it in words, even if he knows that his words will have no immediate effect. Self-love is apt to prevent most men from thinking that anything they say with passion or earnestness will utterly and finally fail. But still it is safe to suppose that one-half of the talk of the world on

subjects of general interest is waste. But the other half certainly tells. We know this from the change in ideas from generation to generation. We see that opinions which at one time everybody held became absurd in the course of half a century — opinions about religion and morals and manners and government. Nearly every man of my age can recall old opinions of his own, on subjects of general interest, which he once thought highly respectable, and which he is now almost ashamed of having ever held. He does not remember when he changed them, or why, but somehow they have passed away from him. In communities these changes are often very striking. The transformation, for instance, of the England of Cromwell into the England of Queen Anne, or of the New Englard of Cotton Mather into the New England of Theodore Parker and Emerson, was very extraordinary, but it would be very difficult to say in detail what brought it about, or when it began. Lecky has some curious observations, in his "History of Rationalism," on these silent changes in new beliefs *à propos* of the disappearance of the belief in witchcraft. Nobody could say what had swept it away, but it appeared that in a certain year people were ready to burn old women as witches, and a few years later were ready to laugh at or pity any one who thought old women could be witches. "At one period," says he, "we find every one disposed to believe in witches; at a later period we find this predisposition has silently passed away." The belief in witchcraft may perhaps be considered a somewhat violent illustration, like the change in public opinion about slavery in this country. But there can be no doubt that it is talk — somebody's, anybody's, everybody's talk — by which these changes are wrought, by which each generation comes to feel and think differently from its predecessor. No one ever talks freely about anything without contributing something, let it be ever so little, to the unseen forces which carry the race on to its final destiny. Even if he does not make a positive impression, he counteracts or modifies some other impression, or sets in some train of ideas in some one else, which helps to change the face of the world. So I shall, in disregard of the great laudation of silence which filled the earth in the days of Carlyle, say that one of the functions of an educated man is to talk, and, of course, he should try to talk wisely.

G. LOWES DICKINSON

THE MILITARIST AND THE PACIFIST IDEALS[1]

IN the preceding chapters I have set forth the results that must reasonably be expected to follow from a continuation of the existing international anarchy. I have written in the hope that the reader will think those results intolerable and will consequently be ready to urge or support a radical movement in the opposite direction. But I am aware that some who may read this book, and many who will not read it, will be affected differently by the prospect before us. They will not be repelled by it. They may tolerate it. They may even welcome it. And as it is essential that those who intend to fight for peace should understand what it is they have to oppose, I shall now proceed to examine the ideal impulses which make for war and contrast them with those which make for peace.

And first I must point out, what lovers of peace are apt to forget, that there is such a thing as the love of war, either for itself or for its supposed effects on character and life; and that that is one element making for the perpetuation of war. Few people frankly admit this. Yet the admission may be found, and not only among Germans. And it is much more often felt than it is expressed. Here, for example, is an utterance to which it is worth while to attend:

> I do not myself understand our theoretical craze for no-war, which would mean a constipated civilization; . . . all great creative movements have flourished in or sprung from warlike conditions. The idea that as a result of this war Europe is going to develop into an abode of Arcady, where men no longer fight or learn to fight or want to fight, while lawyers and politicians rule over us with unctuous infallibility, and there is no longer need for a stout heart and a dripping sword — this is one of the drollest views ever kibbled for the democratic table. . . . The spirit of

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> fighting is directly associated with the sex instinct. Atrophy of the one inevitably brings about atrophy of the other. . . . To talk of the abolition of war is to conceive of life without strife, which is its inherent reason and beauty.

We who believe in peace as a necessary condition of Good are apt to meet utterances like this with silence, or indignation, or wordy argument. But in doing so we miss our antagonist's point and so underestimate the forces we have to oppose. The words cited are a foolish and trivial expression of a genuine feeling — the feeling that life without war would be a dull and drab affair. The feeling is superficial. It is due to inexperience both of life and of war. But it influences a great many people; more people than we choose to admit. And it will continue to do so, and to do so the more in proportion as the memory of what war really is sinks once again into the background. Let us try to realize, then, what was in the mind of this writer, however crudely he may have expressed it.

At bottom, what appeal to him are certain states of feeling. He likes to imagine himself, and to imagine other men, engaged in a struggle of body and wits so intense that all energies are absorbed in it. It is this release of energy from the checks of reason, of conscience, and of self-interested calculation that appeals to him; the functioning as a unity, free from the paralysis of doubt or the boredom of half-interests; the activity (as he imagines) of all the faculties at their keenest under the stress of imminent and continuous risk. This kind of experience can no doubt be partly obtained in various forms of sport. And, in fact, the men we are considering do often spend the greater part of their peace-life in sport. The connexion between war and sport is very close, at any rate among Englishmen. But sport lacks some of the most important elements of war. It lacks first the sense of "consecration," which lays the conscience to sleep. It lacks, secondly, the enormous enhancement which is given to all emotion by its being shared by great numbers of men. Few people can resist the contagion of a march past, even in a cinematograph. And in one aspect war is (or rather is thought to be, by those at a distance) a continuous march in time, if not physically yet spiritually. This sense of unquestioning comradeship, in acts reduced as

nearly as possible to instinctive reactions, seems to be what at bottom attracts men to war. And I suppose that the most "pacifist" of us are not without comprehension of that.

Now it is true that all this makes an appeal not only to what is bad, but also to something that is good in human nature. But the appeal is that of an illusion about war, not of the reality. Real war is something very different, as all who have experienced it would be the first to admit. Literature has invented a fiction which still inspires boys and old men and romanticists. Vague remembrances of Marathon and Thermopylae blend with mediaeval tales of chivalry. Pictures of hand-to-hand conflict according to the rules, of chivalrous reconciliations, of mutual honour and respect, move confusedly before the imagination. The sentiment and the ethic of a method of war as extinct as the Stone Age are applied to what has long ago become a matter of cold-blooded calculation and organized butchery by machines. For modern war is summed up in such phrases as these, inadequate though they be to represent its monstrous horror. The men who go out to it and go through with it have indeed a courage not the less admirable because, as is now clear, almost every one possesses it. But admirable, too, is the courage of the worshipper who flings himself under the car of Juggernaut. And the nobler the victim the more the pity.

Editors and bishops who take a kind of holiday jaunt along the front, personally conducted and carefully shielded from the real facts, may come back talking cheerfully of war. That is what they went for. It is only those who have lived weeks and months in the trenches, those who have taken part in a bayonet charge, those who have struggled like brutes with feet and hands and knives and clubs, who have trampled on the faces and mangled limbs of wounded men, and staggered away at last hardly knowing what they have been doing; those who have lain hour after hour between the lines at night, tortured themselves and listening to the screams of the tortured; those who have hung in agony on barbed wire till a spout of liquid fire released them: these men, with their bowels dropping out, with their lungs shot through, with their faces torn away, with their limbs blown into space, are the men who know what war is. Is this an ideal? The question answers itself. Yet so long as words take the place of things in men's thinking and feeling, so long as

secondhand emotions, and remembrances of remembrances of books, are substituted for experience, so long will it be possible to write such words as I have quoted above, and so long will such words have a certain weight. It is only possible to idealize war because those who idealize it are dealing with a word, not with the thing.

My first reply, then, to the idealizers of war is that modern war does not really contain the things they hold to be good, or contains them only as one element in such a mass of others as makes them cease to count in the balance. I do not believe this statement can be seriously questioned. But those who have been through the war, and they only, can judge. And to their judgment I appeal.

Let us turn now to the ideal of peace. On what preferences does this rest? The advocates of war are apt to pretend that it rests on a mere love of security. But this is to take a view of pacifism as ungenerous and as false as that which supposes the love of war to arise from a sadistic lust for murder. Pacifists who have a positive and passionate attitude to life (and they are the only ones we need consider) have also at bottom a love for certain feelings and activities. What they like and desire is free friendship, where men co-operate or compete as independent individuals, not as passive creatures of a mass movement. The activity they prize is that of reasonable will, not that of irrational instinct. And they find their conception of the highest life in voluntary creation, in political and social work, in science, in speculation, and in art. To be swept away on a torrent of corporate passion is to them not an ideal at all. On the contrary, it is the negation of all they value. They are neither more egotistic nor more materialistic than the others. But all their social activity they desire to be constantly accompanied by a full sense of personal choice. Further, while the " war-men " overlook the act of killing as trifling and negligible, in view of the tremendous flood of vigorous life which they imagine to accompany it, to the " peace-men " that act, like all violence and coercion, destroys the value of any life they could prize. That the others among whom they labour should be also labouring, equally, freely, and in the same spirit as themselves, is what they want; and that in these concurrent or competitive labours there should be the least possible antagonism.

Now, it is true that such " peace " as we have actually achieved is almost as remote from the ideal of the pacifist as real war is from that of the war-man. The pacifist, therefore, needs and intends

to transform peace as well as to abolish war. But does any war-man mean, or intend, or think it in any way possible, to transform war from its present form of mass-murder? I have never heard of any one who thought that either possible or desirable. Whereas the pacifist's vision of a society of passionate and creative lovers is in the heart of every man and woman who has a peace-ideal at all. That is the pacifist's strength as against his antagonist. War as an ideal lies behind. Peace as an ideal lies in front. The one can spur to action, the other only to regret, or to sentimental or dishonest fancies. The organized butchery that war is, and henceforth increasingly must be, can inspire no man who has seen and known and felt what it is. The harmony of contrasted effort that peace might be may fail to inspire because it may be thought chimerical. But it needs must inspire every one who has the faith to believe it possible.

At this point, very likely, I shall be met by a protest from the war-man. He will say: "You misrepresent me when you suppose me blind to the horror of modern war, when you suppose that my respect for it is based on illusions about its nature. I admit all that you say. The reason that I stand for war is, not that I admire the activity of killing and being killed in the modern way, but that I admire the power to face and endure that. War to my mind is tragic; not a picnic, or a sport (as the superficial Englishman is apt to think), but an assertion of that element in life which gives it all its nobility. War can only be faced if it is faced in the spirit of religion. And there is a religion of war."

What is this religion? I will quote in illustration the following passage: —

> In war and in the right of war man has a possession which he values above religion, above industry, and above social comfort; in war man values the power which it affords to life of rising above life, the power which the spirit of man possesses to pursue the ideal.[1]

Let us consider this. We have, first, the belief on which I have already dwelt, that the tensest, most "worth while" moments of life can only be had in war. But here that belief has associated itself with a reflective, philosophic, and religious temperament. The author has realized the tragedy involved in his standard of values.

[1] Cramb. Cited by Bruce Glasier, *Militarism*, p. 19.

He has realized that the feelings he desires can only be attained at the cost of infinite suffering and infinite evil. That has not led him (as it might have led simpler and less intellectual men) to revise his feeling of what is valuable. It has led him to construct a mysticism. Unwilling to say simply: "We live in an intolerable and futile world, a world not only of tragedy, but of tragedy unredeemable," he affirms that, in some incomprehensible way, some purpose must be served by all this suffering, without which men like him could not have the feelings and activities they desire. He assumes that some "ideal" end is being achieved, though we cannot see what it is (for he is not shallow enough, if I understand his spirit, to suggest that any of the objects that may be attained by war constitute its justification). His religion is thus one form of the religion of suffering — the pagan, not the Christian form; a form which is perhaps best set forth by Nietzsche in the words "Be hard." Accept suffering, injustice, cruelty, all uttermost evil and conflict, for the sake of being hard; and believe that somehow there is some sense in it all, though it does not appear how.

When a war-man is both philosophic and intelligent, that is the kind of religion he is driven to. But if in such matters he is a simple, unreflective soul, he will adopt an easier course, and dispose of the question by assuming another world where we shall all be happy and harmonious; a world in which, if he reflected, he would see that he personally would be very miserable, since he would not be able to fight. Thus, for instance, Bismarck said that if he had not been a Christian he would have been a republican. By which I suppose him to mean that if he had not believed that there was another world, he would have abstained from making hell of this one.

Turning now to the pacifist, he too may have his religion. And his religion, too, may include a belief in some "other world" of harmony. But in that harmony he really would find satisfaction, for it is really his ideal. The bottom of his belief is that the impulse in him to love and to create is the divine impulse; that that is the core and the meaning of the world. And whatever he may believe or not believe about a world beyond, that spirit working in this one is the spring of his religion. That is why Christians and Atheists may, and often do, have the same religion. For the essential thing is the common spirit, not the theology.

On the other hand, between the "War-Christian" and the "Peace-Christian" there is a profound gulf; just as there is between the "War-Atheist" and the "Peace-Atheist." The theological distinctions are not the important ones in this matter of religion. If they were, we should not see, as we do at this moment, one set of Christians persecuting another, while the persecuted are sustained and defended by atheists. The one important difference between men is the difference in what they hold valuable, and in the degree of passion and conviction with which they adhere to and pursue that. The rest is embroidery. To the man who has the religion of peace, the supreme value is love. To the man who has the religion of war, the supreme value is strife. There can be no reconciliation between these attitudes. Men have simply to discover which it is they stand for. And it is these ultimate antagonisms that constitute the tragedy of life.

These ultimate ideals may seem somewhat remote to the reader. Let me then show him, by an illustration, how they affect very important decisions. As I write, the main road from Warsaw into Russia is lined with bones. At intervals all along are baskets, full of the dust of bones. The dust in the baskets is that of little children, whom their mothers were carrying in the enforced flight of the whole civilian population. The rest is that of the mothers and the fathers and the elder children. To both war-man and peace-man we may assume this is a tragic spectacle. The difference is that the peace-man says: "See! War is the crown and consummation of Evil. Down with war!" The war-man says: "No! War is tragic, but it is great. Long live war!" I know not what difference more profound could divide men. I know not in what sharper intensity ideas of Good and Evil could confront one another. I have merely tried to formulate in general terms the spiritual antagonism that issues in these opposite verdicts.[2]

2 The reader, I hope, will understand that the position he in fact may hold — namely, that war is evil, but may be a necessary evil, to avoid a greater one, as in the case of a "war for righteousness" — is one I am not here dealing with. The man who takes that view has apparently the ideal of peace, not of war. He wages war for the sake of peace. It is clear that there need be no war for Right unless some one had first made war for Wrong. In my judgment all wars come from errors somewhere about Good and Evil. But I discuss all this in later chapters.

Now, these opposite religions naturally connect with opposite political and social ideals. And these too it will be worth while to try to describe.

I will start with the familiar antithesis between "liberty" and "authority." The ideal of peace, I believe, goes along with that of liberty, and the ideal of war with that of authority. This, of course, is quite compatible with the patent fact that men have often waged wars for liberty. Have they not also waged wars for peace? My point is that liberty, in the sense in which I am here conceiving it, requires peace for its fulfilment; while authority, if it does not require war, requires a kind of organization best favoured by the preparation for war.

Advocates of liberty take a friendly and hopeful view of human nature. They conceive it as continually pushing and straining — in all men, not only in some — towards a full and noble life, much as trees may be thought to aim at a perfect and symmetrical growth, and only to fail to attain it by overcrowding or by inclemencies and accidents of climate or position. Nothing has to be put into the tree. Everything is there, if it has its chance. So with Man. It all lies there in him. But natural and social obstacles continually hinder its realization. Thus, to the advocate of liberty, the important thing is the preparation of the ground. That is why liberty is sometimes accused of being an empty or negative ideal. What is to come out, the libertarian trusts and feels, it would be presumptuous to define. It is a something "ever on before." But some suggestions of it, to confirm his faith, he finds in every great manifestation of the human spirit. Thus his main aim is always to remove obstacles. The positive content life, set free, will reveal.

And that is why I say that there is a deep connexion between liberty, so conceived, and peace. For the unfolding process is to proceed from an inner need. All coercion is opposed to it; and the profoundest objection of the pacifist to war is that war means coercion. In peace he does not honour a mere absence of contention. He desires no flat and tedious unison of identities; but rather that contest of free spirits in which each stimulates the other by the very difference of his aim, and in which a man would no more kill his opponent than his ally, for his opponent is his benfactor. The object of war is to eliminate the foe, the object of peace is to grow

strong by him. And this all the great men of peace know — the rivals in science, in art, in moral passion, in individual and social ideals. "Freedom for you," they say, "that I may be free; and freedom for me, that you may be." And all freedoms, they believe, can dwell together and multiply in the same world, the same country, the same parish. The word of war is "I *or* You." The word of peace is "You *and* I." War and coercion; but peace and liberty.

It will be replied, "But wars are fought for liberty." They are. But a lover of liberty will never wage them save to remove a coercion by a coercion. And war he will always hold to be a desperate remedy, likely to destroy the very thing it is waged to secure, as we see but too clearly at this moment in England, and are likely to see and feel for years to come. It is only in a true peace — one in which coercion (social and economic as well as political) should have disappeared — that the soul could unfold to perfection. Thus peace, though it is not the ideal, is the condition of it. It can be misrepresented as a negative state. But it is not that. It is the condition of all that is positive. For it is the space that gives room to the soul to grow.

To this ideal of "liberty" is opposed that of what I have called "authority." The difference is radical. The "authoritarian" does not believe in "human nature." He believes in select individuals. The confusion, violence, anarchy which to the libertarian are the result of ignorance and oppression, to him are the spontaneous and inevitable products of the human soul. Man is a quarrelsome, ignoble, incapable brute. So he always has been, and so he always will be. There is no hope for him, save to be drilled into order. And, fortunately, there do appear on the earth select men, capable of doing this. That these men should govern the others, not by their choice, but in their despite, is the proper, the "divine" arrangement. All else is anarchy. This view, of course, is aristocratic, but it is not necessarily oligarchic. The arrangement aimed at may be aimed at for the sake not of the rulers, but of the ruled. And in fact, it is commonly so represented by those who adopt this attitude. The "Many" will be as good as they can be, and as happy as they can be, under such rule. Happier, indeed, than the "Few" who are the rulers. For these have reluctantly assumed a duty, not for their pleasure or profit, but for the Good of the whole.

Once more the tragic element emerges, as in the religion of war. The great man may be noble, but cannot be happy. The masses may be happy, because they cannot be noble.

Now this attitude does not imply necessarily a love of war. But it does imply a love of military discipline, because military discipline is the most rigorous and uncompromising; and the danger of war is an element without which it cannot flourish. It was not really with reluctance that Plato put his *Republic* on a military basis, though he plays a little, at first, with the idea of peace. He required an army for his type of discipline, and the discipline was the purpose of the community. Like all men with this kind of idealistic bent, he stood outside his creation, and contemplated what appeared to him to be its æsthetic beauty. He knew well that there would be little happiness within it. Authoritarians may deprecate war, because war has a side which is anarchy. But they must welcome military organization, because it is the type of order. And they would be as reluctant to inhabit a world without war as the libertarian is to inhabit one with it.

It will readily be seen that to these opposed political ideals correspond opposed interpretations of history. The libertarian thinks of history in terms of progress. He sees in it a continuous removal of hindrances to free life. At the beginning he sees man caught in a fate inherited from his animal ancestors. He sees him emerging in small groups, opposed to other groups by conflicting interests, by lack of comprehension, by contacts that are all of strife and war. He sees the process of history as a constant enlargement of the area of co-operation. And when he looks at the contemporary world, the antagonism of national groups appears to him as an atavism, surviving into a condition in which universal co-operation already largely prevails in spite of political anarchy. To remove that anarchy he believes to be as possible as it is desirable. And its removal he sees as another great step forward in the progressive transformation of human life from the form of coercion to that of co-operation.

The authoritarian reads history differently. He emphasizes the coercion throughout; and he believes that this changes its form rather than its essence. History to him is oscillation, not progress. It is the oscillation of a pendulum about that point of rest which is the

perfect static order that the "philosopher" or the "hero" or the "dictator" would impose.

In setting out this opposition between libertarian and authoritarian, I am of course simplifying the real attitudes of men and omitting those intermediary and compromising positions which in fact most of us adopt. But I wish to bring the reader back to what I believe to be ultimate antagonisms of temperament and outlook, explaining much of the antagonism of practice revealed confusedly in our contemporary life. He will see, I think, what I am aiming at if he will consider, on the one hand, the life-work of Voltaire, Shelley, Mazzini, Walt Whitman, Jaurès; and on the other that of de Maistre, Carlyle, Treitschke, Bismarck, Pobidonostseff. Somewhere deep at the roots of modern life, with more or less sharpness of definition, these ultimate principles are contending. And the difference of orientation given by the difference of the soul affects not only the action of men, but their whole interpretation of the facts of history and society.

Well, the one side is drawn to peace, the other to war, or at least to organization for war. And the pacifist has to fight not only (what are his easier antagonists) routine, stupidity, greed, lack of vision. He has to fight an opposite ideal, claiming its own nobility.

Now, in this contest, it is the contrary of the truth that the pacifist takes the negative and his opponent the positive side. A pacifism which is merely an objection to strife has no force in it. And a cult of war which is strenuous and determined, and has faith in itself, is strong. But the pacifism I am defending has been and is a positive impulse. It is one with that whole movement of social transformation which is vaguely called democracy and which is essentially pacific, even when it believes that it is only by violence that it can attain its ends. It has a conception of the meaning of history and of life as inspiriting as that of its opponents is depressing. It sees the centuries marching with it to its goal and it sees that goal as a free and delighted life.

Compare — that I may make it clearer by an example — the picture of the world presented by Carlyle with that held up by the long and noble line of French idealists, from Turgot, and earlier still, all the way to Jaurès. To Carlyle history represents little but nemesis. It is one long, dreary tale of crime and retribution.

A jealous god lies for ever in wait to punish men who stray for ever from his way. That way they are unable to find or to keep. Therefore he sends them from time to time a " hero " to beat them into submission. And the way of the hero is sword and fire. Odin in Scandinavia, the Teutonic Knights on the eastern marches, Cromwell in Ireland, Frederick in Silesia, these are the figures he is forced to admire. For the mass of men, sheer contempt. For Jesus, or for Socrates, little better. All victory interpreted as Right. All defeat interpreted as Wrong. Everywhere sin and punishment, punishment and sin. All this is but too congenial to the British and German soul. But how other is the vision of the French! As far back as the sixteenth century it was a Frenchman, Bodin, who half saw human life as progress. It was Frenchmen — Turgot, Condorcet, Rousseau — who mixed that fiery wine that set streaming over the world the divinest madness it has ever known. It was Frenchmen who, awakening sobered, saw the social behind the political revolution, and laid down the great lines of a socialism that was truly an ideal, a socialism for all, a socialism where science should co-operate not only with industry but with art, and all of these with love. That, throughout, has been the French note, as distinguished from the German. And the last testimony of Jaurès vibrates with a synthetic passion whereby it stands out, beside Marx's monument to class-war, as the soul of a man beside the corpse of a mammoth. Against this passion of faith, fusing all history and life in its crucible, what can avail the unfaith of authoritarians? Their victory is never anything but that of guns and bayonets. And against these ever will arise resilient the soul of man. In all the philosophy of war there is nothing that could appeal to youth; and youth has the mastery of the world. No! Pacifism is not an obstruction, a refusal. It is the fire at the heart of the world.

And that fire English pacifists would do well to seek in France. We English see and feel too exclusively from the moral point of view, and our notion of morals is too narrow. The obstinacy of simple conviction that, as I write, is defying all the powers of society to force a few poor men to fight when their conscience forbids, is indeed a great English quality. Again and again it has saved for us our liberties and our soul. But it is private, personal,

uninformed, unimaginative, better to resist than to create. It has not been married to intellect. It has not been sown as a seed in the matrix of the world, to grow up as the tree of science and art. The stream of total idealism flows full and strong, where it has always flowed, in France. And it is thence that we may best draw the inspiration that will make of pacifism not a mere protest against militarism but a taking of the field to establish that true peace which is the rivalry of generous souls. The cause of war is the cause of the established order, of capitalists against wage-workers, of social discord and antagonism, of tyranny, of hypocrisy, of stupidity, of cant. The cause of peace is the cause of justice, charity, and love, of immense corporate efforts to control nature by science and art, of an individualism the tenser and fuller in its personal life that it is participating consciously in a collective work. For it is only the collectivism of war that destroys the individual. The collectivism of peace might fulfil him.

What kind of a man, then, does the pacifist look forward to? A tame man, as war-men pretend? No. But neither the war-man's fierce man, nor yet the noble, nor the king, nor the "philosophic ruler," nor any of those types that presuppose a passive subject class, a "twenty millions mostly fools," an orgy of destruction in the midst of which the "hero" shall shine supreme, or an ordered State over which he shall brood like Providence. Not these. But active centres everywhere of passionate life, freely combining for their joint ends. One poet only has had a concrete vision of the pacifists' ideal. From him I take the prophecy of it: —

I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of
the whole of the rest of the earth.
I dream'd that was the new city of friends.
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love, it led the
rest,
It was seen every hour; in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words.
What that city breeds is not soldiers. It is —
The noble character of mechanics and farmers, especially the
young men,
Their manners, speech, dress, friendships, the gait they have of

persons who never knew how it felt to stand in the presence of superiors,
The freshness and candour of their physiognomy, the copiousness and decision of their phrenology,
The picturesque looseness of their carriage, their fierceness when wronged,
The fluency of their speech, their delight in music, their curiosity, their good temper and open-handedness, the whole composite make,
The prevailing ardour and enterprise, the large amativeness,
The perfect equality of the female with the male, the fluid movement of the population,
The superior marine, free commerce, fisheries, whaling, gold digging,
Wharf-hemmed cities, railroad and steamboat lines intersecting at all points,
Factories, mercantile life, labour-saving machinery, the North-east, North-west, South-west,
Manhattan fireman, the Yankee swap, Southern plantation life.
This is the liberty, these the contests, these the heroes of peace.
And if we could achieve such a peace, should we be driven to make an ideal of war?

G. G. COULTON

PEACE AND WAR IN HISTORY[1]

PEACE is not merely a negative idea; if we got rid of steel and gunpowder to-morrow, we should not necessarily get real peace. We can conceive a state of society free from what we now call war, yet more immoral, more retrograde, and less truly pacific, than even the present condition of Europe. Pacificists habitually make

[1] From *The Main Illusions of Pacifism.* Copyright by The Macmillan Company, 1916. Reprinted by permission.

exactly the same mistake about Peace which the leaders of the French Revolution made about Liberty. We may, I think, say fairly of Mr. Dickinson's pamphlets (changing the word *Liberty* to *Peace*) what Lord Acton said about the Declaration of the Rights of Man: Mr. Dickinson does not make it clear "that Peace is the goal, and not the starting-point: that it is a faculty to be acquired, not a capital to invest; or that it depends on the union of innumerable conditions which embrace the entire life of man" (*Lectures on the French Revolution*, p. 107). The French democrats of 1789 conceived Liberty too exclusively as the mere abolition of those particular tyrannies which had weighed upon France in the past: "when those are swept away, we shall have Liberty and keep Liberty!" So Mr. Dickinson seems to conceive Peace too exclusively as the mere abolition of these wars which have disgraced the past of humanity. The French, trusting to a too simple and easy formula, fell from past tyrannies into the worst tyranny of the Reign of Terror, and Mr. Dickinson's simple formula of perpetual peace might possibly land us in conditions worse even than the past conditions of intermittent warfare. It is astonishing that he should appeal to the example of the Roman Empire (as on p. 20 of his second pamphlet), or to that of China (as he does at such length in other writings), without once seriously asking himself what lessons they have to teach us here. The Roman Empire, for three centuries before its fall, enjoyed a deeper peace, over a vaster area, than any other political aggregate of anything like the same size has ever enjoyed in the West. We may see here, on a scale beyond all comparison greater than any other, the progress of a population to whom bloodshed in war was an infrequent experience. Such frontier fighting as took place during these three hundred years was almost limited to barbarians in Roman pay, who defended the Empire against their fellow-barbarians dwelling outside the Empire. What, then, did these three centuries of peace produce after the first few generations? A literature of the kind which (it is difficult to avoid suspecting) would be produced by any generation of young men who might take Mr. Dickinson's advice and crown themselves lords over themselves; a literature of minor poets and minor novelists who have now scarcely more than an antiquarian interest even for the classical specialist; a literature of historians who scarcely rise above the

level of mere chroniclers; and a literature of philosophers dependent for most of their ideas upon the philosophies and religions which they inherited from earlier and less peaceful generations. It was in these earlier warlike days, again, that the school of mechanical and physical sciences at Alexandria was at its greatest. Hero had practically invented the steam-engine before the long peace set in, and these three quiet centuries made no real scientific progress; they scarcely marked time. Sculpture and painting went, on the whole, steadily downhill. Society, instead of developing nobler liberties or higher justice, resigned itself more and more passively to a crushing despotism. The Empire was not even consoled by growing material prosperity; everywhere the steadiest and most industrious classes suffered under ruinous taxation and vicious fiscal arrangements. Christianity did indeed spread steadily all this time; but it had been founded earlier, and in a nation whose whole history, up to that point and for some time after, is a story of perpetual wars. Moreover, many of the most determined modern champions of pacificism would be the last to accept Christianity as a counter-balance to the evils already enumerated. Meanwhile, during these three centuries, the barbarians outside the Empire were at perpetual war. The conflict came at last; and the Empire collapsed like a house of cards. This vast population, which had had the opportunity of strengthening itself during three hundred years of peace, was conquered, plundered, and martyrized for centuries by those barbarians who had been weakened by three hundred years of almost perpetual war. There are, fortunately, considerations which may save us from the most pessimistic conclusions to be drawn from these unquestionable historical facts. It is possible to argue that the greatest minds — Marcus Aurelius, Origen, Augustine, Jerome — were absorbed by religious problems; that the Empire made a small sect into a world-religion, and this was a sufficient task for three centuries of civilization. But the facts are there; and it is unaccountable that Mr. Dickinson should have made no attempt to reconcile them to his theories. It is idle to repudiate Bernhardi if we are only to fall into worse exaggerations on the other side. It is idle to assume that, because war is an undeniable evil, the man who is not at war will necessarily be doing less harm to humanity than the soldier does. It may be argued with much probability that

infanticide, and the growing prevalence of celibacy, did more harm to Rome during the three centuries of peace than her wars had done in the past. When a wayward genius like Propertius could boast, in one of his sweetest elegies, that he was not the stuff either to found a family or to defend it, was he not prophesying, with the military decadence of Rome, her literary and social decadence also? There is no salvation in an empire whose poets tend more and more to the type portrayed in Bernard Shaw's *Candida*.

China, again, seems to tell us much the same story. She was not so peaceful in the past — indeed, experts seem to criticize Mr. Dickinson for having exaggerated her peacefulness at all times — and her fighting days seem also to have been her great days in literature and in art. "The chief glory of the (T'ang) dynasty was the literature which sprung up under the fostering care of the rulers. . . . In the field of battle the nation was as successful as in the arena of literature." The standard dictionary of the Chinese language, and the standard national encyclopædia, are now two centuries old; they date back to the days of the last great conquering Emperor. These two centuries of comparative peace have produced nothing to supersede the old work done under stress of war. The population is kept comparatively stable, apparently, by the murder of superfluous female infants. Though the Chinaman is, by nature, perhaps the cleverest mechanic in the world, the country's vast mineral wealth has been exploited almost altogether by foreigners. Nor does the Chinaman seem to be more progressive in political liberty than in other ways. As Mr. Dickinson himself confesses of the recent upheaval which has produced the Chinese Republic, "it is remarkable and, so far as my knowledge of history goes, unique that in a great revolution in a nation of four hundred millions one man only should emerge with the capacity for government; and Yuan Shih Kai, I believe, will not appear to history to be more than an astute and tenacious opportunist."

This he explains very simply: "The young men have ideas in plenty, but they have no experience, and, it would seem, no practical capacity. Too often they have not character. For it is, I fear, indisputable, as it is undisputed, that many of the new officials and of the new legislators are corrupt as well as incompetent." [2]

2 "An essay on the Civilization of India, China and Japan."

Is this all that peaceful China can produce in her time of need? In Britain, after all our wars, the young men have perhaps more political sense than the young men of any other country, except those which are, or once were, British colonies. Mr. Dickinson looks confidently to our young men as supreme over their own destinies and those of the nation; and he sets his highest expectations on those of them who are now fighting. How then, in the same breath, can he assume it as axiomatic that "every war makes our peace worse"? (*After the War*, pp. 17–19.) In his unguarded moments, he hopes that this war will lead to a nobler peace; moreover, he is as hopeful of higher things from the combative young Briton, as he is hopeless of the young Chinaman who has been formed by two centuries of comparative peace. There may be some other explanation of what seems the obvious lesson to be drawn from these two greatest empires that ever have existed — these two greatest practical examples of long standing pacificism. It may not be true that a long peace, settling down into mere unthinking tranquillity, is worse on the whole than briefer periods of peace, chequered with intermittent wars. It may not be true that such tranquillity breeds a selfishness less violent, yet still more fatal with its slower poison; and that man, when he forgets altogether to become a fighting animal, becomes an equally greedy and ruminant animal. But no serious attempt has ever been made, I believe, to explain away these facts of history: certainly no such attempt is made by Mr. Dickinson, though he quotes China and Rome in a way which necessarily raises this question. He tells us that "a city like Athens or Florence is worth all the empires that have ever been," because the "few thousands" of these small states have produced, in art and poetry and thought, such men as the "gross insignificant millions" of greater countries cannot boast amid their vast numbers. Yet these little states were notoriously most pugnacious, and the gross insignificant millions have notoriously been most plentiful in ruminant China, and the ruminant three centuries of peaceful Rome. It is this which lends real force to the mischievous exaggerations of a writer like Bernhardi, when his opponents so persistently avoid facts and take refuge among vague speculations. As the Union of Democratic Control tempts Mr. Dickinson into the most unexpected literary blunders, so it seems to unnerve even his intellectual courage. He runs away

from the facts which, even on his own showing, most need to be faced. The world would have made far greater progress if the balance of moral courage had always been on the side of peace-propagandists. The general public, hating war, and only too anxious to find any practical means of avoiding war, is too often compelled to choose between the militarist who tramples on fact, and the pacificist who hides his face from it.

WILLIAM T. FOSTER AND WADDILL CATCHINGS

THE DILEMMA OF THRIFT[1]

THRIFT — a virtue almost universally praised and practised; as, indeed, it ought to be. The spendthrift is known for a fool, even though there are always plenty of thrifty ones to abet him in his folly. Nearly everybody — as the rapidly mounting lists of bank depositors, bondholders, stockholders, and insurance-policy holders bear witness — is moved, by some motive or other, to save money in some way or other, instead of spending it; and that is the only sense in which we are using the word 'thrift.'

In praise of this virtue, home and church and school unite with bankers and economists. The precepts of Poor Richard have become the maxims of the nation. This is as it should be. Individuals must save, or almost certainly become paupers; corporations must save, or almost certainly become failures. Nevertheless, since it is consumption and not abstinence that stimulates production, and since most of the money which is saved is next used to create new capital facilities rather than to buy the goods already produced, the question arises whether it is possible for either individuals or corporations to save money without to some extent discouraging production and thereby frustrating the social object of saving. Is there not a real Dilemma of Thrift?

[1] From *The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1926. Reprinted by permission of The Atlantic Monthly Company.

But here we are, rushing headlong into the middle of our subject before we are ready for it. First, we must take a look at the anomalies of this thrifty world.

I

We all remember how prosperity spurred us on to expand business in 1919, and then how prices cracked and business slumped. Amazing, incredible, would have seemed the conditions that followed, had we not time and again suffered similar strokes of paralysis.

Factories and machines there were on every hand, more extensive, more efficient than any nation had ever known before — but not half used. Warehouses bulging with surplus cotton, copper, leather, lumber, chemicals, wealth beyond the dreams of a generation ago — and nobody able to use it. Several millions of men and women eager to work — but with no work to do. And, withal, a monetary system invented by man for his own convenience, and entirely subject to his control. At the same time, a hundred million of us were eager for the innumerable products which these idle workers, by the use of these idle machines, would gladly make and — thanks to the wizardry of invention — could readily make out of these surplus materials. Yet there was sustained business depression.

How to avoid this periodic paralysis; how to prevent the resultant losses to society, losses far greater than the income of all our millionaires; how to have a job for every worker who wants one; how to keep our vast machinery of production moving at some approach to capacity, and the finished products moving into use at about the same rate — that is the great economic problem.

A baffling problem it is. Indeed, to most of us who know little about abstruse economic theory nothing seems more incomprehensible than the fact that with so many of our people in dire poverty, with so many more in want of the minimum requirements for comfort, health, and security, with scarcely one of us who is not eager for more of the good things of life, and with a capacity for producing far more of these things than we have yet produced, the industrial world nevertheless stops short of creating what is well within its power to create, because of the ever-imminent danger of creating too much. Consumers in constant fear that they cannot get enough, and producers in constant fear that they will turn out too much!

What a mess we get into! We work hard to pile our shelves high

with what we most desire, and then we have to stop working because we are unable to take these things off the shelves and enjoy them. Though we produce much less than we could easily produce, we do not distribute to advantage even what we succeed in producing. We condemn extravagant buying at the very time when industry slows down because people are not buying enough. Then, while business wanes because it lacks consumers, we put taxes on consumption; and, precisely when business is in greatest need of people with incomes to spend, we reduce those incomes by reducing wages and dividends. We celebrate 'Buyers' Week' and 'Thrift Week' at one and the same time. By investing our savings, instead of spending them, we deny ourselves to-day in order to produce more in the future, although we are already equipped to produce more than we know how to use. While many at home are in want, we strive to send more and more of our own real wealth abroad; but we are loath to import much in return. Nations, at least, seem convinced that it is more blessed to give than to receive. A topsy-turvy world! Alice in Wonderland found nothing more paradoxical.

Now, the question before us is whether this paradox has anything to do with thrift. We believe that it has. We are confident that we can throw some light on the mystery by seeking the consequences of saving money. This search, however, will take us on a little excursion into the domain of economics; and economics has been called, with reason enough, "the dismal science." Still, to anyone who works for a living, and who cannot buy nearly so much as he wants to buy with the best wages he can get, what we have to say may not seem dismal. For we are to consider how real wages can be permanently increased — and real profits, too, for that matter. We are to inquire whether there is not a way, as yet scarcely discussed, whereby everybody can obtain, as a reward for his labor and his thrift, more of the good things of life. And, fortunately, any man can understand us. All he needs is a knowledge of elementary arithmetic and of the way he spends his wages.

II

Why is it, then, that decade after decade we cannot buy more with our money incomes? The first answer is simple. It is because we do not create more. But why this failure to create? What prevents us,

as producers, from turning out the goods which, as consumers, we are eager to enjoy? The answer to that is not so simple.

One fact, however, is clear: our failure to produce more is not due to lack of capacity. That was proved during the war. Even with millions of able-bodied men taken from productive effort, even with the resultant sudden dislocation of industry, the workers who were left produced so much that they not only supplied the wealth that was sunk at sea and blown up in battle, not only supplied the Army and Navy and peoples abroad, but had enough left to enable them to enjoy at least as high a standard of living as before the war.

The fact that incapacity to produce is not the trouble is also shown by the heights we have actually reached in time of peace. If business could be sustained even at such levels, if severe setbacks could be prevented, far higher standards of living, far higher real wages, would be certain. Demonstrated capacity, moreover, is far below potential capacity. The engineering societies, under the direction of Herbert Hoover, have shown that we are already equipped to double our volume of production.

To double the output of everything — of matches and motion pictures and medicines, and every other commodity and service — is neither possible nor desirable; but to double the output of things in general, with the proportions among them largely determined as they are now determined by the free choices of the people, would be both possible and desirable. Indeed, such gains would be no more than enough to provide all our people with the requirements for comfort, health, security, and education. Any lower aim is indefensible.

It may be said, however, that the greatest need is, not more goods, but better goods. These two aims can be reconciled; the people want and are perfectly able to produce better goods and more of them. Recent advances in the arts, in the application of inventions to production, in management, in the reduction of wastes, in power development, and in the discovery of new resources, make it clear that the progress of human knowledge alone, in the absence of anything to nullify its advantages, would make possible, decade after decade, better goods and far more of them per capita.

What a challenge to the imagination! Evidently we could all but abolish poverty in this country among those who were willing to work, if we could keep at peace with the world and supply whatever

is now lacking to enable us to use our resources, human and material, to continuous advantage.

Precisely what is it that is lacking? Now, as everybody knows, a simple answer to that question will not suffice. A single cause cannot account for all our economic ills, nor can a single remedy cure them. Still, we may find the chief cause and the chief remedy if we hold fast to the truth that in the complex money-and-profit world of to-day, no less than in the primitive barter world, the final end of all production is consumption.

But what do we mean by production and consumption? Once we have answered that question, we are done with technical terms. To grasp what follows, nobody need know anything about the text-books. In fact, the pursuit of fine-spun economic theories sometimes develops a blind spot, which prevents the scholar from seeing what seems clear enough to the baker and the butcher, and to everyone else who is in daily contact with the real world; with the people who bring things to market and the people who buy these things or — for some reason not clearly explained in the textbooks — fail to buy them.

What, then, do we mean by production? For our purposes, we mean the turning-out of things which are ready for final use; not lathes, and harvesters, and spindles, which are used up in the process of making other things, but chairs, and bread, and shirts — the things, in general, for which incomes are spent. These are called consumers' goods; and consumption is, of course, the process of using them up.

Now, as we have said, consumption is the final end of this highly complex industrial world, which presents so many contradictions. Shoes are not made to stock shops, nor leather to lie in warehouses. These myriads of toilers, going daily to their work, — as long as there is work to be had, — planting corn, painting cars, riveting boilers, trimming hats — what are they all about? One end they have in common. All their activities are directed solely toward the consumption of whatever their combined efforts can produce. All other aims are incidental.

Since, therefore, the final end of all economic activity is consumption, and since it is always possible to produce far more than we consume, *consumption regulates production.* There is no use build-

ing more wooden ships, when hundreds are lying idle at the wharves; no use running all our spindles, when it is impossible to sell the cloth we have already made. Too commonplace to mention, this fact may seem; yet it is the basic fact in the whole economic problem. There could not possibly be a serious setback of business in general if consumption regularly kept pace with production. Sustained business-depression accompanied by adequate consumer-demand is no more possible than drought accompanied by heavy rains.

Why, in 1921, for example, was basic output twenty per cent below the output of 1918? Why do we ever curtail production in general — reduce crop acreage, bank furnaces, shut down mills, throw men out of work? For one reason and one only. Because we cannot get our products consumed, which means that we cannot sell them to the people who want to use them, at prices that make continued production possible.

III

The reason we cannot sell these products, though it is the subject of many learned treatises, seems plain enough to the plain people. It is because they lack the money; it is not because they refuse to buy. The " consumers' strike " against high prices, which was the common explanation of the depression of 1921, was imaginary. This explanation is discredited both by statistics and by all that we know about the buying-habits of the public. There was no consumers' strike.

The one thing that is needed above all others to sustain a forward movement of business is enough money in the hands of consumers. With our financial world as it is to-day, let it be known that there will be buyers with money to spend for any known and producible goods, at prices sufficiently high to warrant production, and the goods will be produced. Give consumers the money, and organized business will look out for the rest. There will be no shortage of money on the producing side; the credit and investment world is always able and eager to take care of that. A willing buyer does not have to wait long, but a willing seller may have to wait forever.

It is true that, even if total consumer-demand were adequate, business would still be bothered with unpredictable changes in

the demand for various goods. A mild and sunny fall might reduce the sales of overshoes and ulsters, but sales of motor-cars, millinery, or something else would be proportionately increased. Danger there would still be, as in a barter society, or in a communistic society, or in any other society, of producing relatively too much of certain things — phonographs and tires and Mah Jongg sets, for example; but this danger could not hold back industry as a whole, for there would be no danger whatever of producing too much of things as a whole. Trade could not contract in some places without expanding in others. No longer would there be a vicious spiral of deflation whereby troubles would be passed along from industry to industry in a cumulative process. For business as a whole, overproduction, depression, and financial loss would be impossible.

This is the gist of the matter: there is no possibility of preventing business depressions, giving men steady work, rapidly increasing per capita output and standards of living, unless consumers somehow obtain enough money, year in and year out, to buy all the finished goods about as rapidly as they are ready for sale.

The chief trouble is that consumers do not now obtain the necessary money.

IV

For this deficiency of consumer income, there are two main reasons: corporations must save, and individuals must save.

First, consider the effects of corporate savings. Suppose, for example, a company is manufacturing shoes and selling directly to consumers. In the process it pays out this year nine thousand dollars. That is to say, its expenses for materials, rent, labor, insurance, and the rest — the money payments in connection with making and selling the products — amount to nine thousand dollars. Now any newsboy can see that the company must recover that amount from sales before it can come out even; but the company would not — in fact, could not — go ahead buying materials and paying wages unless it got back more than the cost, more than the nine thousand dollars, something which could be saved.

Where is this profit to come from? It can come only from consumers; business has no other source of income. The company, however, has given consumers only enough money to cover its costs.

In point of fact, successful producers do not, as a rule, pay out enough money to enable people to buy their products at current prices. On account of corporate savings out of profits, the flow of money to consumers in a period of prosperity is not equal to the flow of goods. Largely for this reason, unsold stocks pile up, prices break, production is curtailed, men are thrown out of work, and wages are reduced. Thus the demand of consumers is still further reduced, more men are thrown out of work, and so on, in a vicious spiral downward. Thus prosperity breeds depression.

Here the objection may arise that we are talking about profits as though they were locked up in somebody's strong box, whereas everybody knows that about half the profits of corporations in the United States are distributed as dividends, and about half are used to expand business; used, for example, to pay the workers who build a new factory, and indirectly to pay those who supply bricks, cement, hardware, and the rest. In such ways, it is said, all the money successful concerns take from consumers is returned to consumers.

This is, indeed, often the case; but not always. The one hundred and thirty million dollars of profits which the United States Steel Corporation has accumulated as bank balances have not been distributed to consumers by the Corporation as dividends or in any other way.

Take, however, the case of a concern which does pay out all the money it takes in. Suppose it makes motor-cars at a total cost of eight million dollars and sells them for ten million. Its profit is two million. Now suppose it pays one million in dividends. So far its operations have taken ten million from consumers and paid them nine. Thus it has fallen one million short of providing the public with enough money to buy its product.

Suppose, however, it uses the remaining one million dollars of profits to build additional cars, in such a way that all this money goes directly or indirectly to consumers. The company has now disbursed exactly enough money to cover the full sales-price of the cars it has already marketed; but where are consumers to obtain enough money to buy the additional cars? The corporation has given them nothing with which to buy these cars.

As a matter of fact, however, business is often expanded by the use

of bank loans, which involve an increase in the volume of money in circulation. Are not deficiencies in consumer income made up in this way? Let us see. Let us suppose that a shoe manufacturer, in order to increase his output, borrows ninety thousand dollars from a bank, and that this loan involves an increase of the volume of money in circulation. This borrowed money, we assume, is paid out by somebody as wages. The question is whether such loans offset the deficiencies in consumer purchasing power which are caused by other concerns in the ordinary course of increasing production out of profits. Certainly they do offset these deficiencies at times, for the proceeds of such loans flow into consumers' hands as wages before the resultant commodities are ready for the markets. The time comes, however, when these commodities are offered for sale — offered necessarily at a price in excess of the amount of money borrowed from the banks. There is no mystery about this. Everybody knows that no man borrows ninety thousand dollars to use in his business merely with the idea of getting back the ninety thousand dollars.

The fact is that for every nine dollars that a manufacturer borrows from banks, and pays out as costs, he expects to get back from consumers, let us say, ten dollars. In short, he seeks profits. If he gets them and does not fully disburse them (as dividends or in other ways which do not at the same time increase the output of consumers' goods), he not only fails by means of his bank loan to make up an existing shortage of consumer purchasing power, but he actually increases the shortage. This is not a speculative theory; it is elementary arithmetic. The shortage is as certain as the fact that ten minus one is less than ten.

It is true that if corporations went on forever increasing their output, and, in the process, expanding the volume of money in circulation *at a sufficient rate*, and if the flow of the output to the markets sufficiently lagged behind the flow of the new money as wages to consumers, consumers might continue to buy all that the markets offered. Such an expansion of money, however, does not long take place. Business men always fear a slump in demand; and when they doubt the capacity of consumers to buy current output they have no incentive for increasing output — no motive for using bank loans for that purpose.

So much for the deficit in consumer income caused by the established and approved policy of using profits to finance increased output. So much for the Ten Minus One Theorem, as applied to corporate savings.

V

Corporate savings, however, are not the only form of savings. Individuals also save; and, in so far as they save money, they also may cause deficiencies in sales. That is another point which needs no proof beyond addition and subtraction.

Consumers in this country have no source of income except industry. Industry has no source of income except consumers. If, therefore, industry in some way handed over to consumers all the money it received from consumers, and consumers spent all this money, industry could continue indefinitely to make and sell a given volume of goods at a given price-level. There would be an even flow of money from producers to consumers, and from consumers back to producers, and a corresponding uninterrupted flow of goods. The balance would be perfect. Demand in dollars would exactly equal the supply of goods at current prices.

This could happen — let us note carefully — only if consumers *spent* all the money they received. Every dollar they *saved* would cause a dollar of deficit in consumer buying, unless the shortage was made up in some way. Now of course all of us must save. Consequently a part of the money which industry turns over to us as wages, rent, interest, and dividends, we do not spend, but save.

That part of our savings which we tuck away in the proverbial stocking is a total loss to industry as long as the money is hoarded. Concerning that point, at least, there is no disagreement. Most individual savings, however, are not hoarded, but invested; and, it is said, money that is invested is money spent. Through some channel or other it all flows back to consumers. Hence, we are told, it makes no difference in dollar demand whether an individual spends his income or invests his income.

The essential fact that is overlooked in this argument is that, when anyone invests money instead of spending it, he uses it, not to purchase goods which have already been produced, but to bring about the production of more goods; and every dollar thus saved and in-

vested helps to increase the output of industry faster than the capacity of consumers to buy it.

Suppose, for example, a man decides to save five dollars instead of buying a pair of shoes. Then one pair of shoes is unsold which otherwise would have been sold. Now suppose that he invests the five dollars in such a way that this money is used to produce another pair of shoes; and suppose that in the process the money gets into the hands of consumers. As a result, then, of this particular saving of five dollars, consumers receive enough to buy either the first pair of shoes or the second, but not both. There is an "overproduction" of one pair of shoes. Ridiculously simple as this illustration may seem, it shows the essential difference between money spent and money invested.

The eventual result in this case may well be that one pair of shoes is not made which otherwise would have been made, so that the country, far from gaining by this kind of saving, has in effect lost one pair of shoes. The thrifty individual, it is true, has saved five dollars, and is very likely better off for his thrift. What are savings for an individual, however, are not necessarily savings for society. Everyone who saves money at times when his abstinence helps to curtail production and throw men out of work saves at the expense of other people. For the individual, a penny saved is a penny earned; but for society a penny saved is sometimes a penny lost.

This, then, is the Dilemma of Thrift: both producers and consumers *must* save; but at present they cannot save without to some extent frustrating the social object of saving.

VI

We have seen, in broad outlines, how it happens that, as production is now financed and savings are now made, it is impossible for prosperity to last long; impossible, therefore, to make those large gains in per capita production, decade after decade, without which large gains in real wages, large gains in standards of living, are impossible. As a matter of fact, every forward movement of business culminates in what is called "overproduction," but what, in view of the chief cause of the trouble, should be called "underconsumption." On account of a deficient flow of money to consumers,

caused in part by corporate savings, and on account of the fact that consumers cannot spend even as much as they receive, industry cannot long continue to sell its increased output without a fall in the price-level.

Well, then, why not have a fall in the price-level? Consumers would have no objection to that! Why can we not constantly expand output by means of improved processes, reduced wastes, and lower unit costs, and sell the total product on a constantly falling price-level? Theoretically that is possible. With steadily falling prices, industry could sell an ever-increasing volume of goods, if under these conditions industry could produce the additional goods. Industry as a whole, however, could not produce the goods, for if there is any fact concerning which our statistical evidence fully supports our reasoning it is the fact that falling prices discourage production. If there is any influence that is sure to force business men to curtail output, it is falling prices and the ever-present uncertainty as to how long they will continue to fall and how far they will fall. As a rule, producers have no choice. In the real world, with some conspicuous exceptions, profits fall with falling prices; and with them falls the only motive that is powerful enough to induce men to expand production — indeed, the only practical means of doing so.

Clearly, then, the deficiencies in consumer buying caused by savings are certain to bring about a fall in prices and a depression in business, unless these deficiencies are offset in some way.

VII

At present there is no way in which these deficiencies are permanently offset. They are not offset by government financing, because ordinarily governments do not pay to the people, in wages, pensions, bonuses, and the like, any more money than they take from the people, directly or indirectly, in taxes. Nor do consumers make up the shortage by spending their savings. For even if they did reduce their total savings — which in the aggregate they never do — they would thereby no more than offset the deficiencies caused by the savings themselves.

Many people seem to think that the way out of this dilemma is foreign trade. Any one nation can, in fact, offset the lack of buying power of its own people by sending its surplus goods abroad to

people who cannot pay for them at all, or who are not allowed to pay for them fully with goods. That is to some extent what the United States is doing to-day. This device, however, can make the situation in any one country better only by making it worse in others. Here, again, we need nothing but primary-school arithmetic to show that the practice among nations of dumping their so-called surplus goods on each other cannot decrease by one single dollar the total world-deficiency of purchasing power.

The greatest economic need, therefore, though by no means the only need, is a flow of money to consumers which, after providing for individual savings, would always be approximately equal to the flow of finished goods. With such incomes, consumers could save and still buy all that was actually produced. The certainty that they could do so would be sufficient to induce both employers and employees to increase the output, year after year, for the very good reason that higher real wages and higher real profits would depend mainly on increased output. If, to the highly efficient system which now provides money for production, we could add an equally efficient system for providing money for consumption, we could make rapid and sustained progress toward realizing the potential output of industry; rapid progress, therefore, toward higher standards of living.

In fact, adequate, sustained consumer-demand would do more than any other means now within human control toward increasing wealth, abolishing poverty, maintaining employment, solving labor problems, increasing good will among men generally, and maintaining the peace of the world. No means of preventing war holds out such large, immediate possibilities as this. Whatever mingling of causes may have brought about the World War, that war was in large part a struggle for outside markets among highly organized industrial nations which had found no means of giving their own ill-nourished, ill-clad, ill-housed people enough money to buy what they themselves had succeeded in producing. It is, therefore, difficult to exaggerate the importance of finding a means of sustaining purchasing power. The next world war, if it does come, may well be the last war — at least the last war in which the present great nations will have any interest, for it may well destroy civilization itself.

VIII

This brief statement of the case, we are well aware, leaves many pertinent questions unanswered. Are actual statistics consistent with the theory? Have we not exaggerated the importance of adequate consumer-demand? Does not the whole argument apply just as forcibly to demand for producers' goods? Again, how can we account for the fact that retail trade is fairly well sustained after wholesale trade has slumped? And what about the influence of states of mind on the ups and downs of business? These questions we have discussed at length elsewhere.[2]

There is one question, however, which we may well consider here. To many people our whole argument seems to prove too much. "How," they ask, "has it been possible, if there are really such obstructions in the flow of money, to make the great material progress which we have unquestionably made? How have we disposed of the increased output of goods?"

The first answer is that we have fared as well as we have partly by means which are evils in themselves. Some of the products of industry which could not be sold have been allowed to spoil or become obsolete. Others have gone into large, wasteful increases in inventories. Still others have been wasted in making additions to industrial equipment far beyond the requirements of the markets. Larger still are the products which have been sold, especially in periods of depression, at prices which entail business losses — losses which are borne in the long run by the whole community.

Another evil that has temporarily offset deficiencies in consumer income is a permanent increase of consumer debts. Through buying on installments, — by whatever euphemisms this method is called, — through thus mortgaging future incomes, wage-earners have acquired far more houses, automobiles, furniture, washing machines, radios, even dresses and table-cloths, than their incomes could command. In the past few years business has felt obliged to resort more and more to this method of making sales. This device, however, cannot be extended indefinitely. Having expanded sales this year by mortgaging consumer incomes one year in

[2] *Profits.* Number 8 of the Pollak Books, Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, Newton, Massachusetts, 1925.

advance, industry cannot even sustain sales at that level another year without mortgaging consumer incomes two years in advance; and so on. What the people must have, if prosperity is to last, is the money with which to pay for goods, rather than more and more devices for enabling them to acquire goods for which they do not pay.

All these means of disposing of surplus goods, however, would not have enabled us to do even as well as we have done, had it not been for permanent increases in the volume of money, and for the fact that the past century in the United States has been a period of exploitation of natural resources and development of new productive facilities unparalleled in history, all of which has induced a flow of money to consumers in advance of the flow of consumers' goods. We have no reason to suppose, however, that these means will enable us in the future to fare even as well as we have fared in the past.

The past, moreover, hardly justifies complacence. The recent researches of Paul H. Douglas, soon to be published, show that the gain in real wages in the United States from 1890 to 1919 did not average one half of one per cent a year. For a generation or two we have fallen far short of making the gains in human welfare which should have resulted from our scientific progress.

Still, the problem can be solved. Everything we must do is within our power. We do not need to abolish selfishness, regulate the weather, or remove the sun spots. Drought and floods, it is true, fire and frost, earthquakes and pests, are not entirely controllable; but such acts of God cause far less economic loss than acts of men. Inadequate consumer-demand is not a visitation of Providence.

What we need is more exact knowledge concerning the flow of consumers' goods in relation to the flow of consumers' income, and, on the basis of such knowledge, the wisdom and courage to act. The immediate task before us is to take human nature and the present structure of society very much as they are and, conserving all that is good in both, to modify the structure year after year in various ways so that human beings, with all their imperfections, will be enabled continuously to create better products and more of them, and in the process to receive enough money, in addition to their savings, to buy those products.

The question, what is the best way to achieve that end, — the

best way out of the Dilemma of Thrift, — is too large a question to discuss here. Moreover, we can hardly expect people to wrestle with a problem before they are prepared to admit that any such problem exists. They do not bother to look up trains to Buffalo until they decide that they want to go to Buffalo. At present, few business men or bankers or economists believe that there is any such problem of inadequate consumer-income as the one we have here outlined. Most men believe, on the contrary, that the processes of financing the production of goods automatically yield consumers enough money to buy the goods. They contend that the financial mechanism of society is so nicely adjusted that it will work almost to perfection if left alone. Since they see no essential difference between money invested and money spent, they are satisfied that the invested savings of corporations and individuals can have little to do with the anomalies and shortcomings of the industrial world — that there is no such thing as a Dilemma of Thrift.

Many of these men regard business depressions as the inevitable result of immutable natural law. In economics, as in physics, they say, — being somewhat mistaken in their physics, — every action is and must be followed by an opposite and equal reaction; the farther business moves forward in a period of expansion, the farther back it must slip when the reaction comes. That is, in truth, about what now happens. It does not result, however, from natural law; it results from financial methods deliberately devised by man. The ingenuity of man substituted money for barter, and the admirable Federal Reserve System for a poorer system; and, if necessary, the ingenuity of man can devise the means of enabling people to buy all the finished products they are able and willing to produce. Once the people perceive that the problem exists, there will be no lack of efforts to find a solution. Systems of currency, bank credit, taxation, tariffs, and public works have been contrived by man for his own benefit; and for his benefit he can alter these systems at will. They are no more sacred than flintlock muskets. There is no warrant for comparing the "laws of business depressions" with the laws of physics; there is no scientific basis for the Economics of Despair.

This, then, is the conclusion of our argument: —

Progress toward greater total production and resultant higher

standards of living is retarded because consumer buying does not keep pace with production. Consumer buying lags behind for two reasons: first, because, on account of corporate savings, industry does not disburse to consumers enough money to buy the goods produced, without a fall in the price-level; second, because consumers, under the necessity of saving, cannot spend even as much money as they receive. Partly on account of these savings, there is not an even flow of money from producer to consumer, and from consumer back to producer. Furthermore, the savings of corporations and individuals are not used to purchase the goods already in the markets, but to bring about the production of more goods. The expansion of the volume of money does not fully make up the deficit, for money is expanded mainly to facilitate production, and the product must be sold to consumers for more money than the expansion has provided. Consequently we make progress only while we are filling the shelves with goods which must either remain on the shelves as stock-in-trade or be sold at a loss, and while we are building more industrial equipment than we can use. Inadequacy of consumer income is, therefore, the main reason, though not the only reason, why we do not long continue to produce the wealth which natural resources, capital facilities, improvements in the arts, and the self-interest of employers and employees would otherwise enable us to produce. Chiefly because of shortage of consumer demand, both capital and labor restrict output, and nations engage in those struggles for outside markets and spheres of commercial influence which are the chief causes of war.

HARRIETT BRADLEY FITT

THE ANCIENT VIRTUE[1]

I

IN good business years there is general activity throughout all industry. This means an increasing volume of sales, a minimum of unemployment, a spirit of optimism and confidence, a great stir of life throughout the whole economic structure. Prosperity, once under way, is cumulative. The revival of one business is easily transmitted to others, calling as it does for materials, for tools, for transportation and banking services, for labor. The wages spent give an impulse toward prosperity in the retail trade which is reflected back through the sensitive structure of industrial society. The great basic industries which supply raw materials and the railroads are directly affected by the good fortune of any field of industry. The intricate correlations of finance and industry are so sensitive that good business in one locality or in one trade sooner or later tends to promote general prosperity, and eventually every mill is running to capacity, the railroads are jammed with traffic, the unemployed are all at work and working overtime, jobbers and wholesale houses are hardly able to handle their orders, there is a press of confident buying, and retail stores are thronged with purchasers. This is prosperity. The greatly augmented flood of produce, from building brick to lip sticks, is bought by the thousands of purchasers who are now receiving high wages for full-time and overtime employment. They are now able to afford washing machines, wrist watches, a set of Shakespeare, and a car bigger than the Browns'. Novelties and ephemeral luxuries of every sort are in demand, as are also more durable and conservative commodities like woolen blankets, gas stoves, and bathtubs. Neither does there fail to be a quickening demand for old portraits, antique highboys, "landscaped" gardens, and other things of beauty.

[1] From *The Atlantic Monthly,* July, 1926. Reprinted by permission of The Atlantic Monthly Company.

The authors of "The Dilemma of Thrift," in the *Atlantic* for April, would persuade us that these good times need not come to an end were it not for thrift. This is a serious charge against a habit which we have been taught to cultivate as a virtue. Let us examine the evidence with care.

It is argued that the flow of money to consumers is less than the flow of goods, because some money is put aside as a saving instead of all being paid out in the conduct of business or manufacture. If a company making shoes pays out nine thousand dollars in wages, rent, materials, insurance, and so forth, in a given year, it expects to sell the shoes for ten thousand dollars, but it gives consumers nothing with which to buy the extra one thousand dollars' worth of shoes. Individuals, as well, save some of the money they receive, so that not even all that is paid out by the corporations is spent to buy the produce. A man may decide to save five dollars instead of buying a pair of shoes, and the money saved is withdrawn from the shoe market. But, we object, this money is not saved to be hoarded — it is saved to be invested. The reply is made that money saved by the corporation and the individual is, indeed, usually invested, but that there is an important difference between money spent and money invested, for money invested results in increased production. The thousand dollars saved by the corporation and the five dollars saved by the thrifty man are invested, let us suppose, in such a way as to produce more shoes. The money is spent on wages, and so forth, and thus is dispersed to consumers, so that they now have enough to buy the original output of shoes. But they have received nothing with which to buy the additional shoes. Production must, therefore, be curtailed, and business thrown out of gear; and all of the hardships and wastes of idleness result from the simple fact that people do not spend all the money they make.

In considering this charge against thrift, it must first be made clear that it is general prosperity which is under discussion, and not the prosperity of this or that industry. Differences in the rate of expansion of various industries are conspicuous during a period of general expansion. Although all businesses are inter-dependent and intricately related, there is no constant ratio in the changes which take place. New inventions, new fashions and tastes, are obviously important in determining the trends of trade. In a period

of expansion, when all industries are touched by quickening demand, business is usually especially active in luxury articles, the consumption of which is reduced to a minimum during hard times, and there is demand for goods of better quality and for more expensive things generally — clothing, food, housing, furniture. If the volume of trade from year to year is represented by a series of circles, it is the relative size of the different circles with which the present discussion is concerned and not that of the different segments which represent the trade in shoes, motor cars, harvesters, perfumeries, and so forth.

This point is emphasized because the first effect of thrift is to change the direction of consumption. Where money is saved and invested, it is spent on one thing rather than on another. The demand for shoes is reduced, but the demand for steel is increased. At the same time the expansion of other trades may cause a greatly increased demand for shoes by ditch diggers and miners, while general prosperity stimulates the market in gilt kid slippers. Thrift is only one of a great number of factors determining the size of the market for shoes or any other particular commodity. The tendency in saving is to decrease the potential demand for certain types of luxuries and to increase the demand for producers' goods. Industries must be adjusted to their own peculiar, changing trade condition, and the influence of thrift in promoting certain industries rather than others must be considered as only one of a number of influences which prevent modern business from attaining a stable equilibrium. In considering whether thrift undermines prosperity, this effect of saving is not what is held to be objectionable. For the purpose of sustaining general business activity one industry must be counted with another in making up the totals, and Messrs. Foster and Catchings do not mean to imply that business as a whole is benefited more when trade is relatively active in caviar, chiffon hose, and orchids, and relatively dull in pig iron and lumber. The different trades all employ labor and the other agencies of production, and by means of all of them money is kept in circulation. If money is spent on machines instead of on shoes it is yet ultimately in the hands of consumers and is used in buying the product of industry as a whole. General prosperity, then, is stimulated by saving and investing as much as it is by spending money on shoes and motor cars, so far as the first effect is concerned.

II

The dilemma arises, we are told, because the motor cars and shoes wear out without any after effects, while the effect of investment is to produce more goods. It is this surplus of new goods without a corresponding amount of money in the purses of buyers which causes the difficulty. A man saves five dollars; he invests the money; another pair of shoes is the result. The effect of investment on the volume of produce is exaggerated in this illustration. The price of a pair of shoes does not buy the equipment to produce another pair the following year, and it is the effect of this investment on the immediate situation which is being discussed. The influence of saving in the long run is somewhat beside the point, as it is the short-termed business cycle which is under consideration. By the time the investment of five dollars resulted in the manufacture of one additional pair of shoes, the period of prosperity under which the saving took place would long since have seen its end.

Overlooking the unintentional exaggeration, we find that there is, indeed, made possible by saving and investment some addition, year by year, to the product of industry. But it is hard to believe that this increase of production is significant in the rapidly changing conditions which mark business prosperity. We are asked to picture a balanced flow of money and goods, which is upset by draining off some of the money and adding more goods. There is no such balance during prosperity. The situation is complicated by a very rapid increase of the volume of produce quite aside from the effect of new investment, by an uneven expansion of all the different industries which make up business as a whole, by a rapid increase in the volume of currency through the extension of credit, and by rising prices which make it impossible to compare the market for any commodity this year with that of the next. In this welter of change, we are asked to consider thrift, with its tendency to increase the productivity of labor through providing men with better machines, as the important factor. It seems, however, that the illustrations used are too simple to fit the case and that certain factors, such as rising prices, are too important to be left entirely out of consideration. The changing price level will be discussed presently.

At this point, however, we may pass over the general complexity of the situation and suppose that the production of new goods due to saving is an important factor in the volume of trade. In *The Dilemma of Thrift* it is stated that no additional money is given to consumers with which to pay for the extra goods — shoes, motor cars, or whatever they may be. But investors do not give up their savings without promise of reward. They expect and receive interest. This interest represents, in the long run, the value of the produce their capital has made possible. By the time the five dollars saved by the thrifty man results in an extra pair of shoes, he will receive a dividend check with which to buy them. Producers are willing to pay for the use of the tools of production, and must, as a general rule, pay interest which approximates the marginal productivity of these tools. Competition between different industries and different producers for capital ensures to investors a reward for self-denial and places at their disposal the funds with which to buy the surplus produce made possible by their thrift. Capital will, of course, flow to the industries which are able to make the highest bid for it. Investments will, therefore, not be made in businesses already overstocked, like the shoe trade illustration, but will go to industries in a favored position for expansion. Instead of resulting in another pair of undesired shoes, the five dollars saved on shoes will result in radio tubes, clipper-ship models, tractors, or oil burners, and the interest paid the investor will enable him to purchase his share of the new products. It is clear that thrift does not reduce the amount of money offered for the profits of industry in the first instance, and it is now also clear that the interest paid on savings takes care of the additional goods produced as a result of saving.

III

Further, in defense of thrift, we should point out its positive service to society. The material progress of humanity is based upon an increase in the productivity of human labor. This is made possible by improvements in the human stock, by the development of new natural resources, by improvements in knowledge, technique, and business organization, and, finally, by increasing and improving the mechanical equipment which men use in their work. The possibility of improving human stock is problematical and the outlook

is not encouraging, but knowledge, technique, and organization are more promising fields for improvement. The exploitation of rich natural resources cannot be continued indefinitely, and there is, therefore, all the more need for the improvement of the tools and machines which supplement human hands. Harvesters, lathes, spindles, excavators, ships, locomotives, have multiplied the productivity of society a thousandfold, and these things are created out of savings. Without thrift we should not have even the simplest tools which the savage makes for himself instead of spending his time in idleness or pleasure. Without thrift we could not now add to the complex mass of mechanical equipment which is gradually increasing the economic freedom of humanity and releasing society from the bondage of the struggle for mere existence. Decade by decade humanity is adding to its savings and steadily building up the structure of labor-saving capital. The rapid multiplication of the powers of industry which took place during the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century has been followed by a period of more gradual development. In *The Dilemma of Thrift* figures on the increase of real wages — the net gain when the increase of wages is measured against the increase in the cost of living — in the United States from 1890 to 1919 are quoted. It is stated that the gain did not average one half of one per cent a year. This is slow progress, but it is progress; and the gain for the generation is nearly fifteen per cent — not a negligible amount of material progress, covering, as it does, panic years, years of depression, and war years.

It is worth our while to consider the effects of the war as an illustration of the influence of spending on material progress as compared with that of saving. According to the argument used in *The Dilemma of Thrift,* economic security is strengthened by spending and endangered by saving. During the war many nations ceased entirely the investment of savings in new tools and machinery, and spent lavishly on poison gas and gunpowder. As long as the war demands continued there was industrial prosperity, but the end of the war left these nations stricken and crippled. Spending on ephemeral products does ensure industrial activity for a time, and there is nothing to choose, so far as immediate prosperity is concerned, between extravagant spending and wise investment, but there cannot be any permanent progress, any gain which is maintained

in the long run, unless money is saved and used for the increase of the capital equipment of society. Anything which undermines the habit of thrift must eventually injure society by endangering the slow material advance now being made.

IV

Although there is a gain from decade to decade in material welfare, we are all agreed that this gain is slow. Again and again industrial society has been swept up in a gust of prosperity, only to be dashed to earth after a brief period. Prosperity culminates in panic and is followed by depression. But if industry could for long maintain the pace which characterizes the best years, or if the periods of depression could be made less severe and less prolonged, material progress would be accelerated and the gains now made would be insignificant by comparison. It is this problem that is attacked in *The Dilemma of Thrift.* We have shown that thrift is not the cause of the periodic collapse of business prosperity, and we have shown that thrift is indispensable as a basis for permanent economic progress, but we have not explained the failure of industry to maintain the level reached in the height of prosperity. Let us now turn to the consideration of this problem.

Many economists now believe that the fluctuations of industrial prosperity are due to the inherent difficulties of production under conditions of rapid expansion.[2] When business revival brings into operation machines which have been standing idle and plants which have been closed down these reserves are naturally not so efficient as others already in operation. They lack some advantage or improvement or are on their way to the scrap heap because of old age, but the cost of operating them is the same as for the better, more productive equipment. The dependable, picked laborers who have manned industry in its less active phase are now reënforced by the addition of men and women who are not only new to their work and untrained, but are, for one reason or another, less desirable, less productive workers. Not only do these people lack the ability of the reliable nucleus who are too good to be let go even in slack times, but the psychology of the situation favors indifference. Workers are scarce, jobs are easily obtained, and the average man

[2] W. C. Mitchell, *Business Cycles.*

takes advantage of the chance to hold a job without exerting himself unduly. Yet wages for these less productive workers are as high as for the regular staff. There is also widely current a belief that the work will last longer if the pace is slow. The man who speeds up can be made out to be an enemy of labor by much the same kind of reasoning as that used in *The Dilemma of Thrift*. Many workmen believe there is only a certain amount of work to go around, and class loyalty, as well as laziness, discourages workmen from increasing their productivity.

There also arise annoying and costly delays and obstructions. The railroads cannot handle the shipments properly, and traffic jams occur which cause tremendous losses. The organization of business becomes more complex and details must be entrusted to subordinates. The orderly flow of materials from the raw state to articles ready for use is interrupted by shortages of supplies, industrial accidents, the delay of repair parts, congestion in the shipping department, or jurisdictional disputes between unions which have decided that now is the time to have things out. In order to meet the increasing demand, much work must be done after hours with the extra costs attendant on bad lighting and fatigue, in addition to the higher rate of wages paid for overtime work.

Thus, mounting costs become a problem in the business revival. As prosperity reaches its height, prices must rise or business will be conducted at a loss. The extra volume of trade cannot be handled at the old prices because these prices will not cover the costs. It is no coincidence that every period of prosperity is marked as much by rising prices as by increase in volume of business. The first industries to raise prices find temporary relief from the mounting costs and are still able to show a margin between cost and price; but a rise in the price of steel adds yet another increased cost in the industries using steel, and their prices must be advanced even more if they are to keep up profits. Wage earners find that the cost of living is increasing, and demand higher wages. Thus throughout the economic structure a cumulative advance of prices takes place, which is temporarily successful as a means of protecting profit margins. The need of covering advancing costs by advancing prices is passed from industry to industry and to the ultimate consumer and back again. But since the rising costs are fundamentally genuine, and not merely

money costs, this process cannot go on indefinitely. Labor, managing ability, tools and equipment and land, of inferior sorts have been brought into service to add to the volume of produce, and the costs of business have been increased per unit of product quite aside from the rise of prices which is taking place at the same time.

In a period of prosperity we have to do with a phenomenal speeding up of industry, in contrast to the gradual increase which is made possible by social saving, better technical knowledge, and better organization. In the business cycle industry is suddenly called upon to double output, and this cannot be done economically. For a time the advancing prices can be maintained, but eventually it becomes apparent that some goods have been produced at a cost which is excessive. If prices are advanced further the goods will not be bought. Unless prices are advanced a loss will be incurred. When industry faces this situation, prosperity is at an end. Credit is withdrawn, factories are shut down, men are thrown out of employment, orders for materials are canceled. Thus a business crisis is produced, and it comes with sudden force, where the growth of prosperity was relatively slow. All the busy wheels are stilled, the streets are thronged with jobless men instead of with buyers, and depression sets in. When prices can no longer be advanced the end of the boom is inevitable. Prosperity cannot last indefinitely because industrial output cannot be increased indefinitely without incurring prohibitive costs. Prosperity carries industrial activity beyond the point where it can be made to pay, and reaction is certain.

Hope lies in the direction of preventing excessive inflation with the corresponding reaction and depression. There have been improvements in the credit system which have tended to stabilize business, and at the same time economic research has cleared up the mystery which previously surrounded the whole problem of business cycles. There are now available trade barometers which enable business men to forecast the future more accurately and to avoid the excesses formerly inevitable. As business is now organized it seems impossible to prevent the recurrence of depression, but the peaks and hollows will become less marked, and steady, gradual progress will be better assured.

To sum up, business crises are caused, not by "underconsumption" due to thrift, nor in any other way by thrift, but by increasing

production beyond the point where the cost of additional goods is equal to their value. A reduction in the habit of social saving will not stabilize business. Progress is to be expected only through an increasing knowledge of the causes of business crises and more accurate forecasting of the future.

V

There remains but to mention the service rendered by thrift in stabilizing business. Instead of pushing forward new construction in times of prosperity, the work is often deliberately saved to be executed in periods of depression. City and state governments have found it advisable to undertake improvements in off seasons. Not only is this policy an excellent substitute for bread lines and community wood yards, but the improvements are obtained at low cost. Moreover, it is recognized that the reservation of these expenditures for dull seasons tends to promote the revival of business because of the effect upon related trades. Large corporations are pursuing a similar policy for somewhat the same reasons. The reserves for expansion are accumulated during times of prosperity. If spent then, they would add to the competitive demand for workmen and materials and increase the inflation. But by being carried over to dull times they set people at work who would otherwise be idle. Governments and strong corporations can, and some do, thus employ thrift as a definite aid in restricting overproduction in time of prosperity and stimulating production in times of depression. Thrift, therefore, not only can be defended against the charge of being the cause of the business cycle, but is an indispensable factor in the gradual material progress made by mankind, and can be used to diminish the excesses of prosperity and to promote the revival in times of depression.

EDWIN GRANT CONKLIN

SCIENCE AND THE FAITH OF THE MODERN

A BOOK was published in this country two years ago bearing the striking title *Science Remaking the World*. Fourteen well-known scholars contributed chapters on subjects ranging all the way from electrons to evolution, from industries to food, medicine, and public health, all showing how man is gaining control over his environment. But science is remaking the world in much more fundamental ways than in these practical and material respects. It is remaking not only the outer world in which we live, but also the inner world of our thoughts and ideals. It has brought about the greatest intellectual revolution in human history, a revolution that concerns the origin, nature, and destiny of man himself — and thoughtful men everywhere are inquiring what the results are likely to be.

Many distinguished authors, scientists, philosophers, and theologians have attempted recently to analyze present tendencies and to forecast the future, with results that range all the way from ecstatic visions of optimists to the dismal lucubrations of pessimists. Apostles of sweetness and light and eternal progress have been more than matched by the "Gloomy Dean"; Haldane and Thomson have been answered by Russell and Schiller. Ancient mythologies have been revived in the titles of modern Sibylline Books that set forth the future of mankind as symbolized by Dædalus, Icarus, Tantalus, and Prometheus.

Many advocates of the old philosophy and theology of supernaturalism and tradition attribute the present disturbed state of the world to science, which they say has been undermining the old foundations of the social order, and they call upon all men everywhere to repent and to return to the old faith. On the other hand, many advocates of science and the new knowledge maintain that for persons of mature minds, the old, naïve faith of childhood and of the child-

[1] From *Scribner's Magazine*. Copyright, 1925, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

hood age of the race is gone, and gone forever, and that the only hope for the progress of mankind lies in more knowledge, newer and better faith, and not in a return to old beliefs.

Let us briefly compare some aspects of the old faith and the new knowledge and then inquire what is the duty of forward-looking men in this age of intellectual, social, and religious unrest.

I. The old cosmogony, philosophy, and theology sought comfort, satisfaction, and inspiration rather than unwelcome truth. It magnified man by making him the climax and goal of all creation. It placed the earth, man's home, at the center of the universe. The sun, moon, and stars were created to give light to the earth. All things were made to minister to man's welfare. Man himself was created in the image of God, perfect and immortal. By his first disobedience he fell from his high estate and

"Brought death into the world and all our woe."

But the promise was given that ultimately evil should perish and good should triumph. The great Drama of Humanity ran from *Paradise Lost* to *Paradise Regained*, from initial perfection to final perfection.

In this old philosophy and theology supernaturalism was universal; there was no proper conception of nature and of natural law. The earth was peopled not only with godlike men but also with man-like gods, angels, spirits, witches, demons. Some supernatural being was responsible for every phenomenon. The movements of sun and stars, the return of the seasons, wind and rain, lightning and rainbow, volcanoes and earthquakes, plagues and pestilences, were willed by some supernatural being. All nature was the expression of wills, big or little, good or bad.

The old ethics was based primarily on the will of God, supernaturally revealed in code or book, and to this certain rules were added from time to time by Church or State under divine guidance. Right was what God approved, wrong was what He forbade, and if ever doubts arose with regard to these there were not lacking those who would interpret the will of God. Man himself was a free moral agent. No bonds of heredity or necessity rested on his mind or soul. He was the architect of his own character, the arbiter of his own destiny. All good was the result of good will, all evil of

evil will, and good would be rewarded and evil punished either in this life or in an eternal life of bliss or torment.

There was enormous satisfaction in this view of the universe and of man. It not only glorified man, explained evil, and promised redemption, but it was a great stimulus to efforts for betterment and a source of high ideals and aspirations, and undoubtedly its commands and sanctions worked powerfully to preserve the ethical code. Furthermore, there was admirable directness and positiveness in the old ethics regarding right and wrong, truth and error, freedom and responsibility, rewards and punishments. There was no hazy middle ground between these, no relativity of truth or right or duty to confuse the mind. Things were absolutely true or false, completely right or wrong. This old faith with its specific commandments was especially well suited to immature minds. In the childhood of the individual and of the race there is need of authority and obedience before it is possible to appeal to reason. Childhood is predominantly the age of obedience, adolescence of imitation and example, maturity of reason and judgment. The results of permitting children to grow up as their nature and judgments dictate are perilous for the children and annoying to the neighbors. One such harassed neighbor asked the mother of some children of nature how she expected them to become civilized, and she said, " Oh, we are relying on the germ-plasm "; upon which the unscientific neighbor eagerly asked, " Where do you get it? "

Heredity, or the germ-plasm, determines only the capacities and potentialities of any organism. In every individual there are many capacities that remain undeveloped because of the lack of stimuli suitable to call them forth. These inherited potentialities are both good and bad, social and antisocial, and it is the purpose of education to develop the former and to suppress the latter. In the heredity of every human being there are many alternative personalities. Education is chiefly habit formation, and good education consists in the formation of good habits of body, mind, and morals. It is the duty of parents and teachers to guide children in this respect, to replace unreason by reason, selfishness by unselfishness, and antisocial habits by social ones. To trust to germ-plasm is to forget that heredity furnishes capacities for evil as well as for good, and to disregard the universal experience of mankind.

Society is compelled to repress many of the primordial reactions and instincts of the natural man. Our whole culture rests upon the suppression of antisocial impulses and the cultivation of social and moral reactions. If such reactions are to be built into character and become "second nature," they must be cultivated early, preferably in the home, and ethical teaching must be clear-cut and authoritative. The old ethics, when wisely inculcated, was admirably suited to this purpose. It did develop men and women of high moral character, and to a large extent it forms the foundation of our present social systems.

II. Contrast with this older philosophy, theology, and ethics the newer revelations of science. The man of scientific mind seeks truth rather than comfort or satisfaction. He would follow evidence wherever it leads, confident that even unwelcome truth is better than cherished error, that the permanent welfare of the human race depends upon "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," and that truth alone can make us free. Science is not an esoteric cult and scientific methods are not mysterious or magical processes. Huxley once defined science as trained and organized common sense, and scientific methods of inquiry are only the careful and accurate methods that are used by intelligent people everywhere in the affairs of every day life. These methods consist in observation, comparison, analysis, and generalization. Every sensible person uses these methods in his business or profession, and in his judgments of men, policies, and institutions. It is only in its greater accuracy that the scientific method differs from those in universal use. It is true that no scientific observation, comparison, analysis, or generalization is ever complete or perfect; it is true that in science, as well as in all affairs of life, we deal with probabilities of a higher or lower order rather than with certainties; it is true that all generalizations are theories rather than facts and that all scientific knowledge is relative and not absolute. But in spite of these limitations, no other method of inquiry has been found as reliable as the scientific method.

It would seem incredible, were it not an actual fact, that any one should object to the use of such methods of inquiry regarding the origin and nature of man, society, government, ethics, religion, the Bible, or anything else; but, alas! there are thousands, if not millions, of people in this country, some of them educated and intelligent with

respect to things with which they have had experience, who refuse to apply common-sense methods of inquiry to such subjects, who characterize those who do this as atheists, blasphemers, dishonest scoundrels, and who denounce science and scientists for laying impious hands on sacred things which must never be studied by the methods of common sense.

To those who refuse to apply scientific methods of inquiry to the study of man and society, cosmogony and theology, ethics and religion, but who base their whole conception of these upon ancient traditions or unreasoning emotions, science has no message; they neither understand the language nor appreciate the methods of science. But to the increasing number of those who recognize that man, society, and human institutions are proper subjects of scientific investigation, and who also realize that neither authority, tradition, nor prejudice is a safe guide in the search for truth, the question may well arise as to what effect the scientific study of these subjects will have on human ideals, aspirations, and conduct. Accordingly, these remarks are addressed to those only who accept the methods and results of science in their application to man but who are concerned that mankind shall grow not only wiser but also better as the ages pass.

The methods and results of science have shaken to their foundations the old cosmogony and philosophy. It is now universally recognized that the earth is not the center of the universe, but a mere dot in a mediocre solar system whirling through immeasurable space. Man is only one of some millions of species of living things on the earth, and although in mind and soul he is the paragon of animals, it is becoming increasingly certain that the traditional views regarding his supernatural creation and divine perfection are no longer tenable. On the contrary, the sciences of geology, biology, psychology, sociology, and anthropology are furnishing an ever-increasing amount of evidence that the body, mind, and society of man are products of evolution. The old philosophy of universal supernaturalism is giving place to a philosophy of universal naturalism; everything that has been scientifically analyzed is found to be natural — that is, orderly, lawful, causal — and many men of science claim that "Nature is everything that is." Belief in an anthropomorphic God, a big man in the skies who made us little men in His own image,

established society, ethics, and religion by His commands, and governs the world as a human autocrat, is rapidly yielding place to more idealistic conceptions.

It appears probable that the universe and man are subject to immutable natural laws; that causality is universal in the living, as well as in the lifeless world; that the entire man, body, mind, and soul, develops from a germ and is the product of heredity and environment; that will itself is no exception to universal causality, since it is merely a link in the chain of cause and effect, being itself the effect of preceding causes and the cause of succeeding effects; that freedom is the result of intelligence acting as cause; that intelligence is the capacity of consciously profiting by experience; that instincts and emotions are causally related to body functions; that society, ethics, and even religion are based primarily on instincts, emotions, reaction patterns, and ductless glands.

Some of these conclusions are tentative and may be modified by further research, but there can be no doubt as to the general trend of the scientific study of man and his activities. These conclusions, or others of a similar nature, are now accepted by most of the recent investigators in human biology, psychology, and sociology. The application of science and the scientific method of observation and experiment to human behavior has revealed much concerning the physiology of mind as well as the hidden springs of action, the unconscious complexes that determine our constitutional hopes and fears, our prevailing loves and hates, our delusions and failures, and "the sin which doth so easily beset us." Recent studies indicate that there is also a physiology of ethics, and that our conceptions of right and wrong, of good and bad, are associated with particular body functions, reaction patterns, and instincts. In short, man himself, in all of his manifold complexities and activities, is a part of Nature.

These studies and conclusions have raised serious apprehensions on the part of many friends of science and violent opposition on the part of some adherents of the old order, who hold that the guesses of "science falsely so called" are destroying the foundations of religion, ethics, and all that is most valuable in human life. On the other hand, many Christian scientists who have been convinced by the evidence of the essential truth of these new discoveries, are equally

certain that truth and goodness and beauty, faith and hope and love, reverence and aspirations and ideals are just as real and as desirable as they ever were, and that religion and ethics remain secure whether the old traditions stand or not.

There can be no doubt that science has given us grander conceptions of the universe than were ever dreamed of in former times. Contrast the old cosmogony with the revelations of modern astronomy, physics, and geology; the old conception of the creation of the universe in six literal days with our present conceptions of the immensity and eternity of natural processes; the old views of the special creation by a supernatural Workman of every one of a million different species of animals and plants, beasts of prey and their victims, parasites and pests, with the scientific view that animals and plants and the universe itself are the results of an immensely long process of evolution!

Even in its revelations concerning man, science is giving us not only truer but also grander views than the old ones. There is sublimity in the conception of man as the climax of vast ages of evolution, as the highest and best product of this eternal process, as the promise of something better still to be. The evolution of man from lower forms of life is not degrading but inspiring. Nature and human history love to proclaim the fact that a humble origin does not preclude a glorious destiny. "The real dignity of man consists not in his origin, but in what he is and in what he may become."

So far as the substitution of natural law for chance or caprice is concerned it has been a great gain not only in our conceptions of the world but also with regard to our inmost selves, for it means order instead of chaos, understanding in place of confusion. If all our activities are the results of natural causation, it means that the will is not absolutely free, but practical people have always known that freedom is relative and not absolute; that we are partly free and partly bound. We know that we are able to inhibit many reactions, instincts, and forms of behavior and to choose between alternatives that are offered. But this does not mean that such freedom is uncaused activity; on the contrary, science shows that it is the result of internal causes, such as physiological states, conflicting stimuli, the remembered results of past experience or education, all

of which are themselves the results of preceding causes. Conscious will is not "a little deity encapsuled in the brain," but intelligence acting as cause, while intelligence in turn is the capacity of consciously profiting by experience.

But however we may explain that which we call *freedom*, it is plain that for practical purposes it exists, though in varying degrees in different persons or in the same person at different times, and that it entails a corresponding degree of *responsibility*. The universality of natural law does not destroy ethics nor the basis of ethics; on the contrary, it places morality upon a natural, causal, understandable basis. Furthermore, it leads to a more rational view of human behavior and to a more sympathetic attitude toward the criminal or the offender. As long as men regarded non-ethical conduct as the result of absolutely free will, or of an evil spirit within man, it was logical enough to exorcise the demon by torture and in general to "make the punishment fit the crime" rather than make it fit the criminal. But an understanding of the fact that non-ethical conduct is causal rather than capricious and is the result of natural rather than supernatural causation leads society to look for and to correct these causes rather than to seek vengeance or retribution. Indeed, the only justification for punishment of any kind is the correction of the offender or the protection of society; there is no longer any place in civilized society or in a rational theology for retributive or expiatory punishment.

A study of human history and pre-history shows that there has been a wonderful development of ethics and of religion. There is no satisfactory evidence that these were handed down from heaven in perfect form, but there is abundant evidence that they, in common with all other things, have been evolving and that this process has not yet come to an end. Much of the ethics and religion of the Old Testament was condemned by Christ and would not be tolerated in civilized society to-day. Some of the ethical codes and religious practices current to-day will probably be considered barbarous in times to come.

Variations and mutations are the materials of the evolutionary process and they occur in all possible directions; some of them are progressive, many are retrogressive, but only those that are fit survive. The present is apparently a period of great social, ethical,

and religious mutations, and many of these are certainly retrogressive; but let us hope that the decent instincts and the common sense of mankind will see to it that these retrogressive mutations do not survive.

Whatever the ultimate basis of ethics may be, whether divine commands, intuitions and instincts, utility or pleasure, the content remains essentially the same: however much codes and practices may change, our ideals and instincts remain much the same from age to age. Whether written on tables of stone or on the tables of our hearts, the "cardinal virtues" are still virtues and the "deadly sins" are still sins. The deepest instincts of human nature cry out for justice, truth, beauty, sympathy. Ethics that is based on pleasures of the highest and most enduring sort, on pleasures of the rational mind, the better instincts, refined senses, is not different from the ethics of the divine command to "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." These are "the enduring satisfactions of life." The new ethics of science does not essentially differ in content from the old ethics of revelation, and the commandments of a God within are no less binding than those of a God without.

Nevertheless, the decline of faith in the supernatural origin of man and of ethics, the decreasing fear of hell or hope of heaven, and the increased freedom of thought and action brought about by science and education have led, in some instances, to a general weakening of the ethical code. When increasing freedom carries with it an increasing sense of responsibility and duty it never endangers progress, but when liberty degenerates into license it marks the beginning of social and moral decay. Freedom is one of the principal goals of human endeavor, but the best use man can make of his freedom is to place limitations upon it. We can be safely freed from external restraints only in so far as we replace these by internal inhibitions.

Partly as a result of this increased freedom from the old restraints, but largely as one of the terrible aftermaths of the World War, lawlessness, immorality, and selfishness seem to be more than usually evident throughout the world to-day. The war gave social sanction to murder, arson, and theft; it unchained the wild beasts in men that long had been restrained; it glorified acts which in times of peace would have been abhorred; and it is no wonder that we are now reap-

ing the whirlwind. Grafters in high office and bandits in high-powered cars are preying on society. Lawlessness and selfishness are widespread. Social solidarity has diminished; races and nations are suspicious or antagonistic; many political parties, churches, labor-unions, social classes are split up into warring factions. Jealousy, suspicion, intolerance, hate, and war are preached from some pulpits and from many platforms and presses. The war that we fondly hoped was to end wars, has apparently only ended peace.

The new freedom which recently has come to women, and which is in the main a progressive change, has led to some bizarre views in these later days. Some of its radical advocates are demanding that it shall mean freedom from all sex distinctions and restraints, except such as are purely personal and voluntary — freedom from marriage and reproduction and the care of children; abolition of the family with its cares and responsibilities; state subsidies for such women as are willing to be mothers and state infantoria for the rearing of all children. Less extreme and therefore more dangerous tendencies are seen in the acceptance of pleasure as the sole basis of ethics and the interpretation of the ethics of pleasure as the satisfaction of animal appetites for food, drink, and sex. The reaction from undue sex repression has led to the opposite extreme of sex exploitation. Obscene literature and plays are not only tolerated but justified and patronized by many leaders of public opinion. In several universities student publications have been suppressed recently by the authorities because of indecency or blasphemy. Free love, trial marriage, easy divorce are widely preached and practised. We vigorously condemn and forbid polygamy in Utah but easily condone worse practices nearer home. The question of the old catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" is now answered by multitudes of people: "To glorify pleasure and enjoy it while it lasts." They say frankly: "I have but one life to live and I propose to get the most pleasure possible out of it. Why should I think of social progress or of posterity? What has posterity done for me? Let us eat, drink, and be merry — for to-morrow we die." Yes, persons who live as mere animals die as the beast dieth; they deserve no immortality on earth or anywhere else. Whether we believe in religion or not, our better instincts revolt against such ethics. We are more than brutes and cannot be satisfied with the pleasures of brutes. We may

not accept the old ethics of supernaturalism and tradition, but we cannot adopt the ethics of pigs and hyenas.

III. What is the remedy for this condition? Fundamentalists think that science in general, biology in particular, and the theory of human evolution most of all are responsible. They would, therefore, prescribe by law that the latter may not be taught in tax-supported institutions. But if state legislatures are to decide that evolution shall not be taught, they should also eliminate the teaching of all subjects which furnish evidences of the truth of evolution; they should forbid the teaching of morphology, physiology, ecology, paleontology, genetics, comparative medicine, comparative psychology, and sociology. Indeed, there are few subjects that are now studied and taught by comparative and genetic methods that should not be banned. If the farmers of Tennessee and Kentucky can decide what may be taught in biology, they can also decide what may be taught in mathematics, as indeed one sufferer from interminable decimals proposed when he introduced a bill to fix by law the ratio of the circumference to the diameter of a circle at exactly 3.

I have been assured by persons who are very orthodox in faith but very heterodox in spelling and grammar, that "Evolution is all rot"; that it is "leprocy" (sic); that "the heads of evolutionists are full of mud" (their own, of course, being full of "monkey"); and that "God hath chosen the fools of this world to confound the wise," leaving it in doubt as to who is which. Mr. Bryan's characterization of scientists as "dishonest scoundrels" shows the same unrestrained emotionalism as the antivivisectionists show when they call animal experimenters "inhuman fiends." Antievolution, antivivisection, antivaccination, and antiscience are all the outgrowths of extreme emotionalism, recklessness in handling facts, and an utter ignorance of the value of scientific evidence.

Fundamentalism, if logical, would demand the abolition of the teaching of all science and scientific methods, for science in general and not merely the theory of evolution is responsible for the loss of faith in the old traditions. It is folly to attempt to promote education and science and at the same time to forbid the teaching of the principal methods and results of science. The only sensible course would be to abolish altogether the teaching of science and scientific methods and to return to ecclesiasticism. The Church once told scientists

what they could think and teach, and now state legislatures propose to do it. Such methods of resisting change have always failed in the past and are foredoomed to failure now.

The real problem that confronts us, and it is a great problem, is how to adjust religion to science, faith to knowledge, ideality to reality, for adjustment in the reverse direction will never happen. Facts cannot be eliminated by ideals and it is too late in the history of the world to attempt to refute the findings of science by sentimental objections or supposed theological difficulties. If science makes mistakes, science must furnish the cure; it can never be done by church councils, state legislatures, nor even by popular vote.

The only possible remedy for the present deplorable condition is not less, but more and better science and education; science that recognizes that the search for truth is not the whole of life, that both scientific reality and religious ideality are necessary to normal, happy, useful living. We must keep our feet on the ground of fact and science, but lift our heads into the atmosphere of ideals. "To the solid ground of Nature trusts the mind that builds for aye." Education from the earliest years must teach love rather than hate, human brotherhood rather than war, service rather than selfishness; it must develop good habits of body and mind; it must instil reverence, not only for truth but also for beauty and righteousness.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish." Man cannot live by bread alone; he must have ideals and aspirations, faith and hope and love. In short, he must have a religion. The world never needed a religion of high ideals and aspirations more than it needs it now. But the old religion of literalism and of slavish regard to the authority of church or book, while well suited to some minds, cannot serve the needs of those who have breathed the air of science. Must all such be deprived of the benefits of a religion which they need and be forced into a false position of antagonism to religion as a whole because they cannot accept all the literalism, infantilism, and incidentalism of so-called fundamentalism? The fundamentalists, rather than the scientists, are helping to make this an irreligious age.

IV. Science has destroyed many old traditions but it has not destroyed the foundations of ethics or religion. In some respects it has contributed greatly to these foundations:

1. The universality of natural law has not destroyed faith in God, though it has modified many primitive conceptions of deity. This is a universe of ends as well as of means, of teleology as well as of mechanism. Mechanism is universal but so also is finalism. It is incredible that the system and order of Nature, the evolution of matter and worlds and life, of man and consciousness and spiritual ideals are all the results of chance. The greatest exponents of evolution, such as Darwin, Huxley, Asa Gray, and Weismann, have maintained that there is evidence of some governance and plan in Nature. This is the fundamental article of all religious faith. If there is no purpose in the universe, or in evolution, or in man, then indeed there is no God and no good. But if there is purpose in Nature and in human life, it is only the imperfection of our mental vision that leads us sometimes to cry in despair: "*Vanitas vanitatum*, all is vanity." No one can furnish scientific proof of the existence or nature of God, but atheism leads to pessimism and despair, while theism leads to faith and hope. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

2. Science leaves us faith in the worth and dignity of man. In spite of weakness and imperfection, man is the highest product of a billion years of evolution. We are still children in the morning of time, but we are attaining reason, freedom, spirituality. The ethics of mankind is not the ethics of the jungle or the barnyard. In the new dispensation men will no longer be restrained from evil by fear of hell or hope of heaven, but by their decent instincts and their high ideals. When love of truth, beauty, goodness, of wife, children, humanity, dies in us our doom will be sealed. But it will not die in all men; the long-past course of progressive evolution proves that it will live on, somewhere and somehow.

3. Science leaves us hope for the future. Present conditions often seem desperate: pessimists tell us that society is disintegrating, that there will never be a League of Nations, that wars will never cease, that the human race is degenerating, and that our civilization is going the way of ancient Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome. But though nations have risen and fallen, and cultures have waxed and waned, the major movements of human history have been forward. After civilization had once been attained, it never completely disappeared from the earth. The torch of culture was handed on from Egypt to Greece and from Greece to Rome, and from all of these to us. One

often hears of lost arts and civilizations of the past, but the best elements of any culture are immortal.

The test of biological variations and mutations is whether they lead to increasing fitness, and the test of all social and moral mutations and revolutions, such as those of to-day, is whether they lead to increasing perfection and progress. The great principle of the survival of the fit has guided evolution from amœba to man, from tropisms and reflexes to intelligence and consciousness, from solitary individuals to social organizations, from instincts to ethics, and this great principle will not be abrogated to-day or to-morrow. It is the " power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." Man can consciously hasten or hinder this process, but he cannot permanently destroy it. He can refuse to take part in it and can choose to be eliminated, but the past course of evolution for millions of years indicates that somewhere and somehow this process will go on.

The evolutionist is an incorrigible optimist; he reviews a billion years of evolution in the past and looks forward to perhaps another billion years of evolution in the future. He knows that evolution has not always been progressive; that there have been many eddies and back currents, and that the main current has sometimes meandered in many directions; and yet he knows that, on the whole, it has moved forward. Through all the ages evolution has been leading toward the wider intellectual horizons, the broader social outlooks, the more invigorating moral atmosphere of the great sea of truth.

What progress in body, mind, and society; what inventions, institutions, even relations with other worlds, the future may hold in store, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. What does it matter if some men refuse to join this great march onward, what does it matter if even our species should become extinct if only it give place to a better species! Our deepest instincts are for growth; the joy of life is progress. Only this would make immortality endurable. Human progress depends upon the increase and diffusion among men of both knowledge and ethics, reality and ideality, science and religion. Now for the first time in the history of life on this planet, a species can consciously and rationally take part in its own evolution. To us the inestimable privilege is given to coöperate in this greatest work of time, to have part in the triumphs of future ages. What other aim is so worthy of high endeavor and great endowment?

A. N. WHITEHEAD

SCIENCE AND SOCIAL PROGRESS

IN every country the problem of the balance of the general and specialist education is under consideration. I cannot speak with first-hand knowledge of any country but my own. I know that there, among practical educationalists, there is considerable dissatisfaction with the existing practice. Also, the adaptation of the whole system to the needs of a democratic community is very far from being solved. I do not think that the secret of the solution lies in terms of the antithesis between thoroughness in special knowledge and general knowledge of a slighter character. The make-weight which balances the thoroughness of the specialist intellectual training should be of a radically different kind from purely intellectual analytical knowledge. At present our education combines a thorough study of a few abstractions, with a slighter study of a larger number of abstractions. We are too exclusively bookish in our scholastic routine. The general training should aim at eliciting our concrete apprehensions, and should satisfy the itch of youth to be doing something. There should be some analysis even here, but only just enough to illustrate the ways of thinking in diverse spheres. In the Garden of Eden Adam saw the animals before he named them: in the traditional system, children named the animals before they saw them.

There is no easy single solution of the practical difficulties of education. We can, however, guide ourselves by a certain simplicity in its general theory. The student should concentrate within a limited field. Such concentration should include all practical and intellectual acquirements requisite for that concentration. This is the ordinary procedure; and, in respect to it, I should be inclined even to increase the facilities for concentration rather than to diminish them. With the concentration there are associated certain

[1] From *Science and the Modern World.* The Macmillan Company, 1925. Reprinted by permission.

subsidiary studies, such as languages for science. Such a scheme of professional training should be directed to a clear end congenial to the student. It is not necessary to elaborate the qualifications of these statements. Such a training must, of course, have the width requisite for its end. But its design should not be complicated by the consideration of other ends. This professional training can only touch one side of education. Its centre of gravity lies in the intellect, and its chief tool is the printed book. The centre of gravity of the other side of training should lie in intuition without an analytical divorce from the total environment. Its object is immediate apprehension with the minimum of eviscerating analysis. The type of generality, which above all is wanted, is the appreciation of variety of value. I mean an aesthetic growth. There is something between the gross specialized values of the mere practical man, and the thin specialized values of the mere scholar. Both types have missed something; and if you add together the two sets of values, you do not obtain the missing elements. What is wanted is an appreciation of the infinite variety of vivid values achieved by an organism in its proper environment. When you understand all about the sun and all about the atmosphere and all about the rotation of the earth, you may still miss the radiance of the sunset. There is no substitute for the direct perception of the concrete achievement of a thing in its actuality. We want concrete fact with a high light thrown on what is relevant to its preciousness.

What I mean is art and aesthetic education. It is, however, art in such a general sense of the term that I hardly like to call it by that name. Art is a special example. What we want is to draw out habits of aesthetic apprehension. According to the metaphysical doctrine which I have been developing, to do so is to increase the depth of individuality. The analysis of reality indicates the two factors, activity emerging into individualized aesthetic value. Also the emergent value is the measure of the individualization of the activity. We must foster the creative initiative towards the maintenance of objective values. You will not obtain the apprehension without the initiative, or the initiative without the apprehension. As soon as you get towards the concrete, you cannot exclude action. Sensitiveness without impulse spells decadence, and impulse without sensitiveness spells brutality. I am using the word " sensitiveness "

in its most general signification, so as to include apprehension of what lies beyond oneself; that is to say, sensitiveness to all the facts of the case. Thus "art" in the general sense which I require is any selection by which the concrete facts are so arranged as to elicit attention to particular values which are realizable by them. For example, the mere disposing of the human body and the eyesight so as to get a good view of a sunset is a simple form of artistic selection. The habit of art is the habit of enjoying vivid values.

But, in this sense, art concerns more than sunsets. A factory, with its machinery, its community of operatives, its social service to the general population, its dependence upon organizing and designing genius, its potentialities as a source of wealth to the holders of its stock is an organism exhibiting a variety of vivid values. What we want to train is the habit of apprehending such an organism in its completeness. It is very arguable that the science of political economy, as studied in its first period after the death of Adam Smith (1790), did more harm than good. It destroyed many economic fallacies, and taught how to think about the economic revolution then in progress. But it riveted on men a certain set of abstractions which were disastrous in their influence on modern mentality. It dehumanized industry. This is only one example of a general danger inherent in modern science. Its methodological procedure is exclusive and intolerant, and rightly so. It fixes attention on a definite group of abstractions, neglects everything else, and elicits every scrap of information and theory which is relevant to what it has retained. This method is triumphant, provided that the abstractions are judicious. But, however triumphant, the triumph is within limits. The neglect of these limits leads to disastrous oversights. The antirationalism of science is partly justified, as a preservation of its useful methodology; it is partly mere irrational prejudice. Modern professionalism is the training of minds to conform to the methodology. The historical revolt of the seventeenth century, and the earlier reaction towards naturalism, were examples of transcending the abstractions which fascinated educated society in the Middle Ages. These early ages had an ideal of rationalism, but they failed in its pursuit. For they neglected to note that the methodology of reasoning requires the limitations involved in the abstract. Accord-

ingly, the true rationalism must always transcend itself by recurrence to the concrete in search of inspiration. A self-satisfied rationalism is in effect a form of antirationalism. It means an arbitrary halt at a particular set of abstractions. This was the case with science.

There are two principles inherent in the very nature of things, recurring in some particular embodiments whatever field we explore — the spirit of change, and the spirit of conservation. There can be nothing real without both. Mere change without conservation is a passage from nothing to nothing. Its final integration yields mere transient nonentity. Mere conservation without change cannot conserve. For after all, there is a flux of circumstance, and the freshness of being evaporates under mere repetition. The character of existent reality is composed of organisms enduring through the flux of things. The low type of organisms have achieved a self-identity dominating their whole physical life. Electrons, molecules, crystals, belong to this type. They exhibit a massive and complete sameness. In the higher types, where life appears, there is greater complexity. Thus, though there is a complex, enduring pattern, it has retreated into deeper recesses of the total fact. In a sense, the self-identity of a human being is more abstract than that of a crystal. It is the life of the spirit. It relates rather to the individualization of the creative activity; so that the changing circumstances received from the environment, are differentiated from the living personality, and are thought of as forming its perceived field. In truth, the field of perception and the perceiving mind are abstractions which, in the concrete, combine into the successive bodily events. The psychological field, as restricted to sense-objects and passing emotions, is the minor permanence, barely rescued from the nonentity of mere change; and the mind is the major permanence, permeating that complete field, whose endurance is the living soul. But the soul would wither without fertilization from its transient experiences. The secret of the higher organisms lies in their two grades of permanences. By this means the freshness of the environment is absorbed into the permanence of the soul. The changing environment is no longer, by reason of its variety, an enemy to the endurance of the organism. The pattern of the higher organism has retreated into the recesses of the individualized activity. It has become a uniform way of dealing with

circumstances; and this way is only strengthened by having a proper variety of circumstances to deal with.

In regard to the æsthetic needs of civilized society the reactions of science have so far been unfortunate. Its materialistic basis has directed attention to *things* as opposed to *values*. The antithesis is a false one, if taken in a concrete sense. But it is valid at the abstract level of ordinary thought. This misplaced emphasis coalesced with the abstractions of political economy, which are in fact the abstractions in terms of which commercial affairs are carried on. Thus all thought concerned with social organization expressed itself in terms of material things and of capital. Ultimate values were excluded. They were politely bowed to, and then handed over to the clergy to be kept for Sundays. A creed of competitive business morality was evolved, in some respects curiously high; but entirely devoid of consideration for the value of human life. The workmen were conceived as mere hands, drawn from the pool of labour. To God's question, men gave the answer of Cain — " Am I my brother's keeper? " and they incurred Cain's guilt. This was the atmosphere in which the industrial revolution was accomplished in England, and to a large extent elsewhere. The internal history of England during the last half century has been an endeavour slowly and painfully to undo the evils wrought in the first stage of the new epoch. It may be that civilization will never recover from the bad climate which enveloped the introduction of machinery. This climate pervaded the whole commercial system of the progressive northern European races. It was partly the result of aesthetic errors of Protestantism and partly the result of scientific materialism, and partly the result of the natural greed of mankind, and partly the result of the abstractions of political economy. An illustration of my point is to be found in Macaulay's Essay criticizing Southey's *Colloquies on Society*. It was written in 1830. Now Macaulay was a very favourable example of men living at that date, or at any date. He had genius; he was kind-hearted, honourable, and a reformer. This is the extract: — " We are told, that our age has invented atrocities beyond the imagination of our fathers; that society has been brought into a state compared with which extermination would be a blessing; and all because the dwellings of cotton-spinners are naked and rectangular. Mr. Southey has found out a way, he tells us, in

which the effects of manufactures and agriculture may be compared. And what is this way? To stand on a hill, to look at a cottage and a factory, and to see which is the prettier."

Southey seems to have said many silly things in his book; but, so far as this extract is concerned, he could make a good case for himself if he returned to earth after the lapse of nearly a century. The evils of the early industrial system are now a commonplace of knowledge. The point which I am insisting on is the stone-blind eye with which even the best men of that time regarded the importance of aesthetics in a nation's life. I do not believe that we have as yet nearly achieved the right estimate. A contributory cause, of substantial efficacy to produce this disastrous error, was the scientific creed that matter in motion is the one concrete reality in nature; so that aesthetic values form an adventitious, irrelevant addition.

There is another side to this picture of the possibilities of decadence. At the present moment a discussion is raging as to the future of civilization in the novel circumstances of rapid scientific and technological advance. The evils of the future have been diagnosed in various ways, the loss of religious faith, the malignant use of material power, the degradation attending a differential birth rate favouring the lower types of humanity, the suppression of aesthetic creativeness. Without doubt, these are all evils, dangerous and threatening. But they are not new. From the dawn of history, mankind has always been losing its religious faith, has always suffered from the malignant use of material power, has always suffered from the infertility of its best intellectual types, has always witnessed the periodical decadence of art. In the reign of the Egyptian king, Tutankhamen, there was raging a desperate religious struggle between Modernists and Fundamentalists; the cave pictures exhibit a phase of delicate aesthetic achievement as superseded by a period of comparative vulgarity; the religious leaders, the great thinkers, the great poets and authors, the whole clerical caste in the Middle Ages, have been notably infertile; finally, if we attend to what actually has happened in the past, and disregard romantic visions of democracies, aristocracies, kings, generals, armies, and merchants, material power has generally been wielded with blindness, obstinacy and selfishness, often with brutal malignancy. And yet, mankind has progressed. Even if you take a tiny oasis of

peculiar excellence, the type of modern man who would have most chance of happiness in ancient Greece at its best period is probably (as now) an average professional heavy-weight boxer, and not an average Greek scholar from Oxford or Germany. Indeed, the main use of the Oxford scholar would have been his capability of writing an ode in glorification of the boxer. Nothing does more harm in unnerving men for their duties in the present, than the attention devoted to the points of excellence in the past as compared with the average failure of the present day.

But, after all, there have been real periods of decadence; and at the present time, as at other epochs, society is decaying, and there is need for preservative action. Professionals are not new to the world. But in the past, professionals have formed unprogressive castes. The point is that professionalism has now been mated with progress. The world is now faced with a self-evolving system, which it cannot stop. There are dangers and advantages in this situation. It is obvious that the gain in material power affords opportunity for social betterment. If mankind can rise to the occasion, there lies in front a golden age of beneficent creativeness. But material power in itself is ethically neutral. It can equally well work in the wrong direction. The problem is not how to produce great men, but how to produce great societies. The great society will put up the men for the occasions. The materialistic philosophy emphasized the given quantity of material, and thence derivatively the given nature of the environment. It thus operated most unfortunately upon the social conscience of mankind. For it directed almost exclusive attention to the aspect of struggle for existence in a fixed environment. To a large extent the environment is fixed, and to this extent there is a struggle for existence. It is folly to look at the universe through rose-tinted spectacles. We must admit the struggle. The question is, who is to be eliminated. In so far as we are educators, we have to have clear ideas upon that point; for it settles the type to be produced and the practical ethics to be inculcated.

But during the last three generations, the exclusive direction of attention to this aspect of things has been a disaster of the first magnitude. The watchwords of the nineteenth century have been struggle for existence, competition, class warfare, commercial antagonism between nations, military warfare. The struggle for existence has

been construed into the gospel of hate. The full conclusion to be drawn from a philosophy of evolution is fortunately of a more balanced character. Successful organisms modify their environment. Those organisms are successful which modify their environments so as to assist each other. This law is exemplified in nature on a vast scale. For example, the North American Indians accepted their environment, with the result that a scanty population barely succeeded in maintaining themselves over the whole continent. The European races when they arrived in the same continent pursued an opposite policy. They at once coöperated in modifying their environment. The result is that a population more than twenty times that of the Indian population now occupies the same territory, and the continent is not yet full. Again, there are associations of different species which mutually coöperate. This differentiation of species is exhibited in the simplest physical entities, such as the association between electrons and positive nuclei, and in the whole realm of animate nature. The trees in a Brazilian forest depend upon the association of various species of organisms, each of which is mutually dependent on the other species. A single tree by itself is dependent upon all the adverse chances of shifting circumstances. The wind stunts it: the variations in temperature check its foliage: the rains denude its soil: its leaves are blown away and are lost for the purpose of fertilization. You may obtain individual specimens of fine trees either in exceptional circumstances, or where human cultivation has intervened. But in nature the normal way in which trees flourish is by their association in a forest. Each tree may lose something of its individual perfection of growth, but they mutually assist each other in preserving the conditions for survival. The soil is preserved and shaded; and the microbes necessary for its fertility are neither scorched, nor frozen, nor washed away. A forest is the triumph of the organization of mutually dependent species. Further, a species of microbes which kills the forest, also exterminates itself. Again, the two sexes exhibit the same advantage of differentiation. In the history of the world, the prize has not gone to those species which specialized in methods of violence, or even in defensive armour. In fact, nature began with producing animals encased in hard shells for defence against the ills of life. It also experimented in size. But smaller animals, without external armour, warm-blooded, sensitive,

and alert, have cleared these monsters off the face of the earth. Also, the lions and tigers are not the successful species. There is something in the ready use of force which defeats its own object. Its main defect is that it bars coöperation. Every organism requires an environment of friends, partly to shield it from violent changes, and partly to supply it with its wants. The Gospel of Force is incompatible with a social life. By *force*, I mean *antagonism* in its most general sense.

Almost equally dangerous is the Gospel of Uniformity. The differences between the nations and races of mankind are required to preserve the conditions under which higher development is possible. One main factor in the upward trend of animal life has been the power of wandering. Perhaps this is why the armour-plated monsters fared badly. They could not wander. Animals wander into new conditions. They have to adapt themselves or die. Mankind has wandered from the trees to the plains, from the plains to the sea-coast, from climate to climate, from continent to continent, and from habit of life to habit of life. When man ceases to wander, he will cease to ascend in the scale of being. Physical wandering is still important, but greater still is the power of man's spiritual adventures — adventures of thought, adventures of passionate feeling, adventures of aesthetic experience. A diversification among human communities is essential for the provision of the incentive and material for the Odyssey of the human spirit. Other nations of different habits are not enemies; they are godsends. Men require of their neighbours something sufficiently different to provoke attention, and something great enough to command admiration. We must not expect, however, all the virtues. We should even be satisfied if there is something odd enough to be interesting.

Modern science has imposed on humanity the necessity for wandering. Its progressive thought and its progressive technology make the transition through time, from generation to generation, a true migration into uncharted seas of adventure. The very benefit of wandering is that it is dangerous and needs skill to avert evils. We must expect, therefore, that the future will disclose dangers. It is the business of the future to be dangerous; and it is among the merits of science that it equips the future for its duties. The prosperous middle classes, who ruled the nineteenth century, placed an excessive

value upon placidity of existence. They refused to face the necessities for social reform imposed by the new industrial system, and they are now refusing to face the necessities for intellectual reform imposed by the new knowledge. The middle class pessimism over the future of the world comes from a confusion between civilization and security. In the immediate future there will be less security than in the immediate past, less stability. It must be admitted that there is a degree of instability which is inconsistent with civilization. But, on the whole, the great ages have been unstable ages.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

A FREE MAN'S WORSHIP[1]

To Dr. Faustus in his study Mephistopheles told the history of the Creation, saying:

"The endless praises of the choirs of angels had begun to grow wearisome; for, after all, did he not deserve their praise? Had he not given them endless joy? Would it not be more amusing to obtain undeserved praise, to be worshiped by beings whom he tortured? He smiled inwardly, and resolved that the great drama should be performed.

"For countless ages the hot nebula whirled aimlessly through space. At length it began to take shape, the central mass threw off planets, the planets cooled, boiling seas and burning mountains heaved and tossed, from black masses of cloud hot sheets of rain deluged the barely solid crust. And now the first germ of life grew in the depths of the ocean, and developed rapidly in the fructifying warmth into vast forest trees, huge ferns springing from the damp mould, sea monsters breeding, fighting, devouring, and passing away. And from the monsters, as the play unfolded itself, Man was born, with the power of thought, the knowledge of good and evil, and the cruel thirst for worship. And Man saw that all is passing in this

[1] From *Mysticism and Logic.* Copyright, 1918, by Longmans, Green & Co. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

mad, monstrous world, that all is struggling to snatch, at any cost, a few brief moments of life before Death's inexorable decree. And Man said: 'There is a hidden purpose, could we but fathom it, and the purpose is good; for we must reverence something, and in the visible world there is nothing worthy of reverence.' And Man stood aside from the struggle, resolving that God intended harmony to come out of chaos by human efforts. And when he followed the instincts which God had transmitted to him from his ancestry of beasts of prey, he called it Sin, and asked God to forgive him. But he doubted whether he could be justly forgiven, until he invented a divine Plan by which God's wrath was to have been appeased. And seeing the present was bad, he made it yet worse, that thereby the future might be better. And he gave God thanks for the strength that enabled him to forego even the joys that were possible. And God smiled; and when he saw that Man had become perfect in renunciation and worship, he sent another sun through the sky, which crashed into Man's sun; and all returned again to nebula.

"'Yes,' he murmured, 'it was a good play; I will have it performed again.'"

Such, in outline, but even more purposeless, more void of meaning, is the world which Science presents for our belief. Amid such a world, if anywhere, our ideals henceforward must find a home. That Man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the débris of a universe in ruins — all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built.

How, in such an alien and inhuman world, can so powerless a creature as Man preserve his aspirations untarnished? A strange

mystery it is that Nature, omnipotent but blind, in the revolutions of her secular hurryings through the abysses of space, has brought forth at last a child, subject still to her power, but gifted with sight, with knowledge of good and evil, with the capacity of judging all the works of his unthinking Mother. In spite of Death, the mark and seal of the parental control, Man is yet free, during his brief years, to examine, to criticize, to know, and in imagination to create. To him alone, in the world with which he is acquainted, this freedom belongs; and in this lies his superiority to the resistless forces that control his outward life.

The savage, like ourselves, feels the oppression of his impotence before the powers of Nature; but having in himself nothing that he respects more than Power, he is willing to prostrate himself before his gods, without inquiring whether they are worthy of his worship. Pathetic and very terrible is the long history of cruelty and torture, of degradation and human sacrifice, endured in the hope of placating the jealous gods: surely, the trembling believer thinks, when what is most precious has been freely given, their lust for blood must be appeased, and more will not be required. The religion of Moloch — as such creeds may be generically called — is in essence the cringing submission of the slave, who dare not, even in his heart, allow the thought that his master deserves no adulation. Since the independence of ideals is not yet acknowledged, Power may be freely worshiped, and receive an unlimited respect, despite its wanton infliction of pain.

But gradually, as morality grows bolder, the claim of the ideal world begins to be felt; and worship, if it is not to cease, must be given to gods of another kind than those created by the savage. Some, though they feel the demands of the ideal, will still consciously reject them, still urging that naked Power is worthy of worship. Such is the attitude inculcated in God's answer to Job out of the whirlwind: the divine power and knowledge are paraded, but of the divine goodness there is no hint. Such also is the attitude of those who, in our own day, base their morality upon the struggle for survival, maintaining that the survivors are necessarily the fittest. But others, not content with an answer so repugnant to the moral sense, will adopt the position which we have become accustomed to regard as specially religious, maintaining that, in some

hidden manner, the world of fact is really harmonious with the world of ideals. Thus Man creates God, all-powerful and all-good, the mystic unity of what is and what should be.

But the world of fact, after all, is not good; and, in submitting our judgment to it, there is an element of slavishness from which our thoughts must be purged. For in all things it is well to exalt the dignity of Man, by freeing him as far as possible from the tyranny of non-human Power. When we have realized that Power is largely bad, that Man, with his knowledge of good and evil, is but a helpless atom in a world which has no such knowledge, the choice is again presented to us: Shall we worship Force, or shall we worship Goodness? Shall our God exist and be evil, or shall he be recognized as the creation of our own conscience?

The answer to this question is very momentous, and affects profoundly our whole morality. The worship of Force, to which Carlyle and Nietzsche and the creed of Militarism have accustomed us, is the result of failure to maintain our own ideals against a hostile universe: it is itself a prostrate submission to evil, a sacrifice of our best to Moloch. If strength indeed is to be respected, let us respect rather the strength of those who refuse that false "recognition of facts" which fails to recognize that facts are often bad. Let us admit that in the world we know there are many things that would be better otherwise, and that the ideals to which we do and must adhere are not realized in the realm of matter. Let us preserve our respect for truth, for beauty, for the ideal of perfection which life does not permit us to attain, though none of these things meet with the approval of the unconscious universe. If Power is bad, as it seems to be, let us reject it from our hearts. In this lies Man's true freedom: in determination to worship only the God created by our own love of the good, to respect only the heaven which inspires the insight of our best moments. In action, in desire, we must submit perpetually to the tyranny of outside forces; but in thought, in aspiration, we are free, free from our fellowmen, free from the petty planet on which our bodies impotently crawl, free even, while we live, from the tyranny of death. Let us learn, then, that energy of faith which enables us to live constantly in the vision of the good; and let us descend, in action, into the world of fact, with that vision always before us.

When first the opposition of fact and ideal grows fully visible, a spirit of fiery revolt, of fierce hatred of the gods, seems necessary to the assertion of freedom. To defy with Promethean constancy a hostile universe, to keep its evil always in view, always actively hated, to refuse no pain that the malice of Power can invent, appears to be the duty of all who will not bow before the inevitable. But indignation is still a bondage, for it compels our thoughts to be occupied with an evil world; and in the fierceness of desire from which rebellion springs there is a kind of self-assertion which it is necessary for the wise to overcome. Indignation is a submission of our thoughts, but not of our desires; the Stoic freedom in which wisdom consists is found in the submission of our desires, but not of our thoughts. From the submission of our desires springs the virtue of resignation; from the freedom of our thoughts springs the whole world of art and philosophy, and the vision of beauty by which, at last, we half reconquer the reluctant world. But the vision of beauty is possible only to unfettered contemplation, to thoughts not weighted by the load of eager wishes; and thus Freedom comes only to those who no longer ask of life that it shall yield them any of those personal goods that are subject to the mutations of Time.

Although the necessity of renunciation is evidence of the existence of evil, yet Christianity, in preaching it, has shown a wisdom exceeding that of the Promethean philosophy of rebellion. It must be admitted that, of the things we desire, some, though they prove impossible, are yet real goods; others, however, as ardently longed for, do not form part of a fully purified ideal. The belief that what must be renounced is bad, though sometimes false, is far less often false than untamed passion supposes; and the creed of religion, by providing a reason for proving that it is never false, has been the means of purifying our hopes by the discovery of many austere truths.

But there is in resignation a further good element: even real goods, when they are unattainable, ought not to be fretfully desired. To every man comes, sooner or later, the great renunciation. For the young, there is nothing unattainable; a good thing desired with the whole force of a passionate will, and yet impossible, is to them not credible. Yet, by death, by illness, by poverty, or by the voice of duty, we must learn, each one of us, that the world was not made

for us, and that, however beautiful may be the things we crave for, Fate may nevertheless forbid them. It is the part of courage, when misfortune comes, to bear without repining the ruin of our hopes, to turn away our thoughts from vain regrets. This degree of submission to Power is not only just and right: it is the very gate of wisdom.

But passive renunciation is not the whole wisdom; for not by renunciation alone can we build a temple for the worship of our own ideals. Haunting foreshadowings of the temple appear in the realm of imagination, in music, in architecture, in the untroubled kingdom of reason, and in the golden sunset magic of lyrics, where beauty shines and glows, remote from the touch of sorrow, remote from the fear of change, remote from the failures and disenchantments of the world of fact. In the contemplation of these things the vision of heaven will shape itself in our hearts, giving at once a touchstone to judge the world about us, and an inspiration by which to fashion to our needs whatever is not incapable of serving as a stone in the sacred temple.

Except for those rare spirits that are born without sin, there is a cavern of darkness to be traversed before that temple can be entered. The gate of the cavern is despair, and its floor is paved with the gravestones of abandoned hopes. There Self must die; there the eagerness, the greed of untamed desire must be slain, for only so can the soul be freed from the empire of Fate. But out of the cavern the Gate of Renunciation leads again to the daylight of wisdom, by whose radiance a new insight, a new joy, a new tenderness, shine forth to gladden the pilgrim's heart.

When, without the bitterness of impotent rebellion, we have learnt both to resign ourselves to the outward rule of Fate and to recognize that the non-human world is unworthy of our worship, it becomes possible at last so to transform and refashion the unconscious universe, so to transmute it in the crucible of imagination, that a new image of shining gold replaces the old idol of clay. In all the multiform facts of the world — in the visual shapes of trees and mountains and clouds, in the events of the life of Man, even in the very omnipotence of Death — the insight of creative idealism can find the reflection of a beauty which its own thoughts first made. In this way mind asserts its subtle mastery over the thoughtless forces

of Nature. The more evil the material with which it deals, the more thwarting to untrained desire, the greater is its achievement in inducing the reluctant rock to yield up its hidden treasures, the prouder its victory in compelling the opposing forces to swell the pageant of its triumph. Of all the arts, Tragedy is the proudest, the most triumphant; for its builds its shining citadel in the very center of the enemy's country, on the very summit of his highest mountain; from its impregnable watch-towers, his camps and arsenals, his columns and forts, are all revealed; within its walls the free life continues, while the legions of Death and Pain and Despair, and all the servile captains of tyrant Fate, afford the burghers of that dauntless city new spectacles of beauty. Happy those sacred ramparts, thrice happy the dwellers on that all-seeing eminence. Honor to those brave warriors who, through countless ages of warfare, have preserved for us the priceless heritage of liberty, and have kept undefiled by sacrilegious invaders the home of the unsubdued.

But the beauty of Tragedy does but make visible a quality which, in more or less obvious shapes, is present always and everywhere in life. In the spectacle of Death, in the endurance of intolerable pain, and in the irrevocableness of a vanished past, there is a sacredness, an overpowering awe, a feeling of the vastness, the depth, the inexhaustible mystery of existence, in which, as by some strange marriage of pain, the sufferer is bound to the world by bonds of sorrow. In these moments of insight, we lose all eagerness of temporary desire, all struggling and striving for petty ends, all care for the little trivial things that, to a superficial view, make up the common life of day by day; we see, surrounding the narrow raft illumined by the flickering light of human comradeship, the dark ocean on whose rolling waves we toss for a brief hour; from the great night without, a chill blast breaks in upon our refuge; all the loneliness of humanity amid hostile forces is concentrated upon the individual soul, which must struggle alone, with what of courage it can command, against the whole weight of a universe that cares nothing for its hopes and fears. Victory, in this struggle with the powers of darkness, is the true baptism into the glorious company of heroes, the true initiation into the overmastering beauty of human existence. From that awful encounter of the soul with the outer world, renunciation, wisdom, and charity are born; and with their birth a new life

begins. To take into the inmost shrine of the soul the irresistible forces whose puppets we seem to be — Death and change, the irrevocableness of the past, and the powerlessness of Man before the blind hurry of the universe from vanity to vanity — to feel these things and know them is to conquer them.

This is the reason why the Past has such magical power. The beauty of its motionless and silent pictures is like the enchanted purity of late autumn, when the leaves, though one breath would make them fall, still glow against the sky in golden glory. The Past does not change or strive; like Duncan, after life's fitful fever it sleeps well; what was eager and grasping, what was petty and transitory, has faded away, the things that were beautiful and eternal shine out of it like stars in the night. Its beauty, to a soul not worthy of it, is unendurable; but to a soul which has conquered Fate it is the key of religion.

The life of Man, viewed outwardly, is but a small thing in comparison with the forces of Nature. The slave is doomed to worship Time and Fate and Death, because they are greater than anything he finds in himself, and because all his thoughts are of things which they devour. But, great as they are, to think of them greatly, to feel their passionless splendor, is greater still. And such thought makes us free men; we no longer bow before the inevitable in Oriental subjection, but we absorb it, and make it a part of ourselves. To abandon the struggle for private happiness, to expel all eagerness of temporary desire, to burn with passion for eternal things — this is emancipation, and this is the free man's worship. And this liberation is effected by a contemplation of Fate; for Fate itself is subdued by the mind which leaves nothing to be purged by the purifying fire of Time.

United with his fellow-men by the strongest of all ties, the tie of a common doom, the free man finds that a new vision is with him always, shedding over every daily task the light of love. The life of Man is a long march through the night, surrounded by invisible foes, tortured by weariness and pain, towards a goal that few can hope to reach, and where none may tarry long. One by one, as they march, our comrades vanish from our sight, seized by the silent orders of omnipotent Death. Very brief is the time in which we can help them, in which their happiness or misery is decided. Be it ours

to shed sunshine on their path, to lighten their sorrows by the balm of sympathy, to give them the pure joy of a never-tiring affection, to strengthen failing courage, to instill faith in hours of despair. Let us not weigh in grudging scales their merits and demerits, but let us think only of their need — of the sorrows, the difficulties, perhaps the blindnesses, that make the misery of their lives; let us remember that they are fellow-sufferers in the same darkness, actors in the same tragedy with ourselves. And so, when their day is over, when their good and their evil have become eternal by the immortality of the past, be it ours to feel that, where they suffered, where they failed, no deed of ours was the cause; but wherever a spark of the divine fire kindled in their hearts, we were ready with encouragement, with sympathy, with brave words in which high courage glowed.

Brief and powerless is Man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for Man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, to-morrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of Fate, to worship at the shrine that his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power.

LORD BALFOUR

THE UNRESOLVED DUALISM [1]

I

LET us then consider, in the first place, some points on which all men are agreed. No one practically doubts that the world in which we live possesses a certain kind and measure of regularity. Every expectation that we entertain, every action that we voluntarily perform, implies the belief. The most fantastic fairy tale requires it as a background; there are traces of it even in our dreams.

Again, we are all at one in treating with suspicion any statement which, in our judgment, is inconsistent with the "sort of way things happen" in the world as we conceive it. It seems to us more probable that this or that witness should be mistaken or mendacious, than that the wonders to which he testified should be true. If we have no antecedent ground for thinking him a liar, we probably accept his statements when he confines his narrative to the familiar or the commonplace; when he deals in marvels we begin to doubt; when his marvels become too marvellous we frankly disbelieve — though well aware (if we be men of sense) that what is exceedingly marvellous may nevertheless be true.

Such, roughly speaking, has been, and is, the general procedure of mankind. But evidently it is ill-suited to satisfy historians, philosophers, or men of science. It lacks precision. It rests on no clear principles. It depends too obviously on personal predilections. We seek a criterion of credibility more objective and more fundamental. We should like to know, for example, whether there is any sort of statement which, without being self-contradictory, may always be pronounced untrue.

This question will, to many high authorities, seem capable of the simplest answer. Unbroken experience (they will tell us) establishes

[1] From *Science, Religion, and Reality*. Copyright by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

the uniformity of Nature, and it is the uniformity of Nature which makes inferences from experience possible. Were this disturbed by miraculous occurrences the very foundations of science would be shaken. On broad general grounds therefore "miracles" must be treated in this scientific age as intrinsically incredible. They never have happened, and they never can happen. Many excellent people have indeed professed to see them, and we need not doubt their veracity. But illusion is easy, credulity is limitless, and there is nothing in their testimony which can absolve us from the plain duty of purifying or rejecting every narrative in which a taint of the "miraculous" can be detected.

II

In spite of its apparent precision all this is very loose talk, raising more questions than it answers.

What, for example, is meant by the uniformity of Nature? About the course of Nature we know little; yet surely we know enough to make us hesitate to call it uniform. Phase follows phase in a perpetual flow; but every phase is unique. Nature, as a whole, neither repeats itself, nor (according to science) can possibly repeat itself. Why, then, when we are considering it as a whole, should we describe it as uniform?

Perhaps it will be said that amidst all this infinite variety some fixed rules are always obeyed. Matter (for example) always gravitates to matter. Energy is never either created or destroyed. May we not — nay, *must* we not — extend yet further this conception of unbroken regularity, and accept the view that Nature, if not uniform as a whole, is nevertheless compounded of uniformities, of causal sequences, endlessly repeated, which collectively illustrate and embody the universal reign of unalterable law? Were any of these causal sequences to fail, we should no doubt be faced with a "miracle"; but such an event (it is urged) would violate all experience, and it need not be seriously considered.

III

Now this has always seemed to me a most unsatisfactory theory. It throws upon experience a load of responsibility which experience is quite unable to bear. No doubt, as I have already pointed

out, the whole conduct of life depends upon our assuming, instinctively or otherwise, that the kind of thing which has happened once, will, under more or less similar circumstances, be likely to happen again. But this assumption, whether instinctive or reflective, whether wisely acted on or unwisely, supplies a very frail foundation for the speculative structure sometimes based upon it. Can it be denied, for example, that Nature, uncritically observed, seems honeycombed with irregularities, that the wildest excesses of credulity may arise not from ignoring experience, but from refusing to correct it, that the most ruthless editing is required to force the uncensored messages we receive from the external world into the ideal mould which satisfies our individual convictions?

But what is this ideal mould? We sometimes talk as if by the help of Scientific Method or Inductive Logic we could map out all reality into a scheme of well-defined causes indissolubly connected with well-defined effects, together forming sequences whose recurrence in different combinations constitutes the changing pattern of the universe.

But can such hopes be realized? In the world of concrete fact nothing occurs through the action of a single cause, nor yet through the simple co-operation of many causes, each adding its own unqualified contribution to the total effect, as we picture horse helping horse to draw a loaded dray. Our world is a much more complicated affair. Sequences are never exactly repeated. Causes can never be completely isolated. Their operation is never unqualified. Fence round your laboratory experiments with what precautions you will, no two of them will ever be performed under exactly the same conditions. For the purpose in hand the differences may be negligible. With skilled observers they commonly are. But the differences exist, and they must certainly modify, however imperceptibly, the observed result.

IV

It seems evident from considerations like these that no argument directly based on mere experience can be urged either for or against the possibility of " miracles." Common sense looks doubtfully upon anything out of the common; and science follows suit. But this is very different from the speculative assertion that, since " miracles "

are a violation of natural law, their occurrence must be regarded as impossible. The intrusion of an unexpected and perhaps anomalous element into the company of more familiar factors in world development may excite suspicion, but it does not of necessity violate anything more important than our preconceived expectations.

I think it will be found that those who most vehemently reject this way of regarding the world are unconsciously moved not by their knowledge of scientific laws, but by preference for a particular scientific ideal. They are persuaded that if only we had the right kind of knowledge and adequate powers of calculation, we should be able to explain the whole contents of possible experience by applying mathematical methods to certain simple data. They refuse to believe that this calculable "whole" can suffer interference at the hands of any incalculable power. They find no room in the close-knit tissue of the world process, as they conceive it, for any arbitrary element to find lodgment. They have a clear notion of what science ought to be, and that notion is incompatible with the "miraculous."

V

Now it is certainly true that, so far as Nature is concerned, the idea of a calculable "whole" is one which makes a most powerful appeal to most of us. And it is also true that, remote as we are from its attainment, the science of our own day has made, and is making, marvellous advances towards it. We now know that the units of which the material universe is built are of only two kinds, and strictly conform to one or another of two patterns. We know approximately their size and their mass. We know a good deal about their motions and their powers of radiation. We know that they repel members of their own class and attract members of the other; we know that they constitute the essence of all that interests the physicist, the astronomer, the chemist; of all the objects which are valued for their beauty; of all the physiological devices through which organic life becomes possible, and mind becomes cognizant of matter. In spite of our almost limitless ignorance of details, in spite of the unbridged chasms which still divide one branch of scientific knowledge from another, these discoveries do certainly dangle before our eyes with a new brilliancy, the idea of a cosmic flow of calculable events

depending on measurable conditions, and (in theory at least) amenable to mathematical treatment.

VI

The conception of a material universe, overwhelming in its complexity and its splendour, yet potentially susceptible of complete explanation by the actions and reactions of two very minute and simple kinds of electrical sub-atom, is, without doubt, extraordinarily fascinating. From the early days of scientific philosophy or (if you prefer it) of philosophical science, thinkers have been hungering after some form of all-embracing atomism. They have now apparently reached it (so far as matter is concerned) by the way of observation and experiment — truly a marvellous performance. Yet the very lucidity of the new conceptions helps to bring home to us their essential insufficiency as a theory of the universe. They may be capable of explaining the constitution and behaviour of inanimate objects. They may go some (as yet unmeasured) distance towards explaining organic life. But they certainly cannot explain mind. No man really supposes that he personally is nothing more than a changing group of electrical charges, so distributed that their relative motions enable or compel them in their collective capacity to will, to hope, to love, to think, perhaps to discuss themselves as a physical multiplicity, certainly to treat themselves as a mental unity. No creed of this kind can ever be extracted by valid reasoning from the sort of data which the physics either of the present or the future can possibly supply.

The truth is that the immense advances which in modern times have been made by mechanical or quasi-mechanical explanations of the material world have somewhat upset the mental balance of many thoughtful persons who approach the problems of reality exclusively from the physical side. It is not that they formulate any excessive claims to knowledge. On the contrary, they often describe themselves as agnostics. Nevertheless they are apt unconsciously to assume that they already enjoy a good bird's-eye view of what reality *is*, combined with an unshaken assurance about what it is *not*. They tacitly suppose that every discovery, if genuine, will find its place within the framework of a perfected physics, and, if it does not, may be summarily dismissed as mere superstition.

VII

After all, however, superstition may be negative as well as positive, and the excesses of unbelief may be as extravagant as those of belief. Doubtless the universe, as conceived by men more primitive than ourselves, was the obscure abode of strange deities. But what are we to say about a universe reduced without remainder to collections of electric charges radiating energy through a hypothetical ether? Thus to set limits to reality must always be the most hazardous of speculative adventures. To do so by eliminating the spiritual is not only hazardous but absurd. For if we are directly aware of anything, it is of ourselves as personal agents; if anything can be proved by direct experiment it is that we can, in however small a measure, vary the "natural" distribution of matter and energy. We can certainly act on our environment, and as certainly our action can never be adequately explained in terms of entities which neither think, nor feel, nor purpose, nor know. It constitutes a spiritual invasion of the physical world: — it is a miracle.

VIII

To me therefore it seems that in the present state of our knowledge or (if you prefer it) of our ignorance, we have no choice but to acquiesce provisionally in an unresolved dualism. Our experience has a double outlook. The first we may call material. It brings us face to face with such subjects as electricity, mass, motion, force, energy, and with such manifestations of energy as ethereal radiation. The second is spiritual. The first deals with objects which are measurable, calculable, capable (up to a point) of precise definition. The second deals with the immeasurable, the incalculable, the indefinable and (let me add) the all-important. The first touches the fundamentals of science; the second is intimately connected with religion. Yet different as they seem, both are real. They belong to the same universe; they influence each other; somewhere and somehow they must be in contact along a common frontier.

But where is that frontier to be drawn? And how are we to describe the relation between these co-terminous provinces of reality? This is perhaps a question for metaphysics rather than for religion or science; and some day, perhaps, metaphysics may provide us with

a satisfying answer. In the meanwhile, I may conclude this Introduction at a less ambitious level — concerning myself rather with the relations between religion and science in the practice of life, than with any high problems of speculative philosophy.

IX

I suggest then that in scientific research it is a wise procedure to press " mechanical " theories of the material world to their utmost limits. Were I, for example, a biologist I should endeavour to explain all the phenomena under investigation in terms of matter and motion. I should always be searching for what could be measured and calculated, however confident I might be that in some directions at least the hopeless limitations of such a view would very rapidly become apparent.

In the practice of life, on the other hand, and in the speculation of philosophy, we are free to move within wider horizons. In forming our estimate of the sort of beliefs which may properly be regarded as rationally acceptable, we ought not to be limited by mechanistic presuppositions, however useful these may be in our investigations of Nature. We are spiritual beings, and must take account of spiritual values. The story of man is something more than a mere continuation of the story of matter. It is different in kind. If we cannot calculate the flow of physical events, that is because our knowledge of natural processes is small, and our power of calculation feeble. If we cannot calculate the course of human history, that is because (among other reasons) it is inherently incalculable. No two specimens of humanity exactly resemble each other, or live in circumstances that are exactly comparable. The so-called " repetitions " of history are never more than vague resemblances. The science of history therefore, if there be one, is something quite different from (say) the science of physics. And this is true even when history is wholly divorced from religion. But when it is considered in a different setting, when man is regarded as a spiritual agent in a world under spiritual guidance, events of spiritual significance cannot be wholly judged by canons of criticism which seem sufficient for simpler cases. Unexampled invasions of the physical sphere by the spiritual are not indeed to be lightly believed. But they are certainly not to be rejected merely because historians cannot bring themselves to accept the " miraculous."

X

This point of view, for those who are prepared to take it, may help to eliminate some of the chief causes of conflict between science and religion. In times not far distant there were men devoted to religion who blundered ignorantly into science, and men devoted to science who meddled unadvisedly with religion. Theologians found their geology in Genesis; materialists supposed that reality could be identified with the mechanism of matter. Neither procedure is to be commended; nor is it by these paths that the unsolved riddle of the universe can best be approached. A science which declares itself incompatible with religion, a religion which deems itself a substitute for science, may indulge in controversies as interminable as they are barren.

H. G. WOOD

FAITH IN A PERSONAL GOD[1]

WHAT is at stake in the question, Do you believe in a personal God? What do we gain if we can give an affirmative answer, and what do we lose if we can't? Are the valid considerations which make some men hesitate to use the term "personal" of the power which creates and sustains all things, really subversive of those elements in human experience which make others passionately affirm their faith in a personal God?

The main grounds on which men reject the term "personal" are familiar enough and all of them have weight. The term itself is ambiguous and suggests limitations which are obviously inapplicable to the Divine. In general we are afraid lest by speaking of God as personal we run into the folly of anthropomorphism and make God in our own image. Rupert Brooke rather more vigorously in his poem "*Heaven*" and W. B. Yeats rather more delicately in his poem "*The Indian upon God*" have reinforced and reinterpreted for us

[1] From *The Nation and Athenaeum* (London). Reprinted by permission of the author and the editor.

the warning of Xenophanes. And though that warning was directed against the cruder types of anthropomorphism — the tendency of the Ethiopian to think of God as black and snub-nosed, and of the Achaian to imagine Him with fair hair and blue eyes — yet we suspect it may have a deeper application and preclude the attribution to God of even the essentials of personality — to wit, consciousness, thought, and will.

Then, the study of Nature does not seem to bring us to the concept of a personal God. By many, Nature is still supposed to reveal nothing but the play of blind mechanical Force or forces. According to Mr. Bertrand Russell, the recognition of the absolute sway of this blind and morally indifferent Power is the foundation of the free man's worship. If this interpretation of Nature is proving intellectually less and less adequate as well as religiously unsatisfying, if the signs of purpose in Nature and of progress in biology can hardly be denied, if mechanistic interpretations of the Universe are yielding to ideas of a life-force, yet, even so, the creative power manifested in Nature is not necessarily felt to be personal. The creative, purposive life-force in which Mr. Bernard Shaw invites us to believe is not to be regarded as personal, and so far as evolution reveals the character of this life-force, it is not manifestly personal. Personality in man is indeed among its products or emanations, but this is but a stage in a process and a stage to be surpassed. To put the matter in another way, personality is a mould into which the life-force runs, but not the expression of its essence.

While broad interpretations of Nature lead to a belief either in mechanical forces or in an *élan vital*, which is hardly personal, idealist philosophy also lies in wait for us and forbids us to associate personality too closely with the absolute. If then we believe in a personal God, we are resting in something short of the highest. Our God, in that case, is not the ultimate reality.

It is to be noted that all these considerations — the fear of anthropomorphism, our apparent inability to discover a personal God in Nature or to identify the personal God of Christian faith with the absolute of philosophy — may well make us hesitate in our use of the term "personal," and yet they do not absolutely preclude faith in a personal God, still less do they justify us in dismissing unexamined those elements in human experience which, we might fairly

say, have compelled men to affirm that faith. It is also to be noted that it is the study of Nature apart from Man which accounts for so many philosophies of the impersonal life-force. So long as he is contemplating Nature, Mr. H. G. Wells believes in a blind inscrutable Power. When he turns to human history, he believes, or he did believe, in God, the Invisible King. Mr. Shaw, likewise, when he considers the relation of the life-force to mankind can scarcely avoid the use of personal terms. The popular philosophies which seem to exclude a faith in a personal God are mostly vitiated by being based on the natural sciences to the practical neglect of the study of human history. But it is to history, to the actual experiences on which this faith rests, that we must go, before we can understand its significance or determine its validity.

Rather more than a year ago, Mr. C. D. Broad gave an address to the Student Christian Movement in Cambridge on the grounds of faith in a personal God. He came to a negative conclusion, which must have been somewhat disconcerting to his audience, but he recognized that the issue turns on the validity and interpretation of what we term religious experience. He puts the matter thus: —

> " Finally, I come to the argument for the existence of God which is based on the occurrence of specifically mystical and religious experiences. I am prepared to admit that such experiences occur among people of different races and social traditions, and that they have occurred at all periods of history. I am prepared to admit that, although the experiences have differed considerably at different times and places, and although the interpretations which have been put on them have differed still more, there are probably certain characteristics which are common to all of them and which suffice to distinguish them from all other kinds of experience. In view of this I think it more likely than not that in religious and mystical experience men come into contact with some Reality or some aspect of Reality which they do not come into contact with in any other way.
>
> " But I do not think that there is any good reason to suppose that this Reality which manifests itself to certain men in religious and mystical experiences is personal. I think that we are inclined to believe this because we are most familiar with the religious experi-

ences of Western Europeans and of Jews, most of whom have put this interpretation upon them. We do not know, or we forget, that the mystics and religious teachers of the Far East, on the whole, definitely reject this interpretation. And we are inclined to forget that certain Europeans, such as Plotinus and Spinoza, who have had these experiences also reject this interpretation of them.

"I think, on the whole, then, that there is no inductive argument which makes it at all highly probable that there is a personal God."

This is surely rather a lame conclusion. Mr. Broad gives up the chase just when the scent is hot. The inquiry needs to be taken up at the point where he drops it. We may assume what Mr. Broad concedes, that the mystics are in contact with reality or with some aspect of reality. The validity of their experience is not in question: the true interpretation is in doubt. Oriental mystics in the main speak of this reality as impersonal: Western and Christian mystics in the main speak of this reality as personal. There Mr. Broad is content to leave it. Who can tell which is right?

If we assume, as Mr. Broad apparently assumes, that the experiences of the mystics, Oriental and Western, are identical in essentials, it would be worth while to inquire into the factors that determine their divergent interpretations. East and West differ in their conception of personality. Buddhist psychology would apparently, with Hume, deny the very existence of a self, while in some Hindu philosophies at least the empirical self of ordinary consciousness is held to be illusory and impermanent. If a mystic could arise from the matrix of Behaviourist psychology, he would no doubt interpret the reality with which he was in contact in an impersonal way. He would report that he was now conditioned by the Great Condition. But if a psychology without a self or with an illusory self is for us untenable, why should we be impressed by interpretations of the mystic experience which rest on a psychology that we hold to be false?

Again, if East and West differ in their interpretation and valuation of personality, can we be certain that the different interpretations of the mystic experience are contradictory and not rather complementary? The conflict may be verbal rather than real. The

Hindu mystic with one conception of personality denies that he finds it in God. The Christian mystic with another conception of personality affirms it of God. They may both be right. Even assuming that the experiences of the two are essentially the same, why must we choose between one interpretation and the other?

But are we justified in assuming that the mystical experiences which lead to such different interpretations are identical? May not the two types of mystic be in touch with different aspects of the same reality? We should probably all agree that God is not *merely* personal or at least that personality in God cannot be fully understood by the nature of personality in ourselves. What God is in Himself we cannot know, and as Dr. John Owen says somewhere, our knowledge of God at its best is but a vision of His back parts. The truly reverent believer must be agnostic. But nevertheless he has a positive faith and he is not afraid to affirm it. Now the colour and the interpretation of our experience vary according as we are preoccupied with God as He may be known to us or with God as He is beyond the reach of our thought. There can be no true religion without both these elements. God would not be God if He could be fully known by us, and God would not be God if He could not be known at all. It is not surprising that there should be two types of mysticism according as men's minds are directed towards the one or the other of these truths. But an interpretation and an experience dominated by the first, as we see it in Plotinus, for example, certainly cannot invalidate an interpretation and an experience based on the second. Similarly it will make a profound difference whether the mystic is looking for God outside history or within it. Both quests may be legitimate. Certainly God cannot be exhaustively revealed in history, in spite of Croce, and as certainly, if history has any real meaning or significance, God must be in it. Now to the typical Hindu mystic God lies beyond history, to the true Christian mystic God is gloriously and convincingly present in history. Their interpretations will naturally differ, but it is idle to appeal to the Hindu's mysticism as if it explained and supplanted the true Christian mysticism.

Dr. Deissmann has drawn attention to a possible classification of mystics as acting and reacting. The first are the great seekers, in search of a reality that is passive and awaits discovery. They are

the men who take the Kingdom of Heaven by storm. The reacting mystic is one who responds to an approach or appeal from the Great Beyond. The former are the seekers; the latter are the sought, not the finders but the found. The former are those who have come to know God, the latter are those who recognize with St. Paul the profounder truth that God has taken note of them. By the former the great reality may be interpreted impersonally, though by them too, even in the East, personal terms are often felt to be inevitable. But to the latter, the great reality must be personal. And the fact that many of the former acting mystics are content sometimes with an impersonal account of the great reality leaves the claim of the reacting mystic unaffected. For if you admit that his experience is valid, you must also admit that his experience is profounder than the other's, and his interpretation of it necessary. That God takes the initiative, that He knows, guides, and loves us, that He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities — these are the foundation-discoveries of the Christian mystic. This means that God must in some real sense be personal. For love is not a vague spirit or diffused influence. Love does not exist except in persons. Strictly speaking, it is a relation between persons. As Mr. Broad perceives, if God is not personal, we could still personify Him and so love Him, but He could not love us. Christianity stands or falls with the conviction that God first loves. That is why the question of faith in a personal God is so fundamental, and that is why an affirmative answer should be enriching, and why a negative answer tends to poverty. It is difficult to see how a philosopher who once admits the validity of the mystic experience can resist the conclusion that the interpretation of the reality as personal springs out of the richer experience and contains the deeper truth concerning God.